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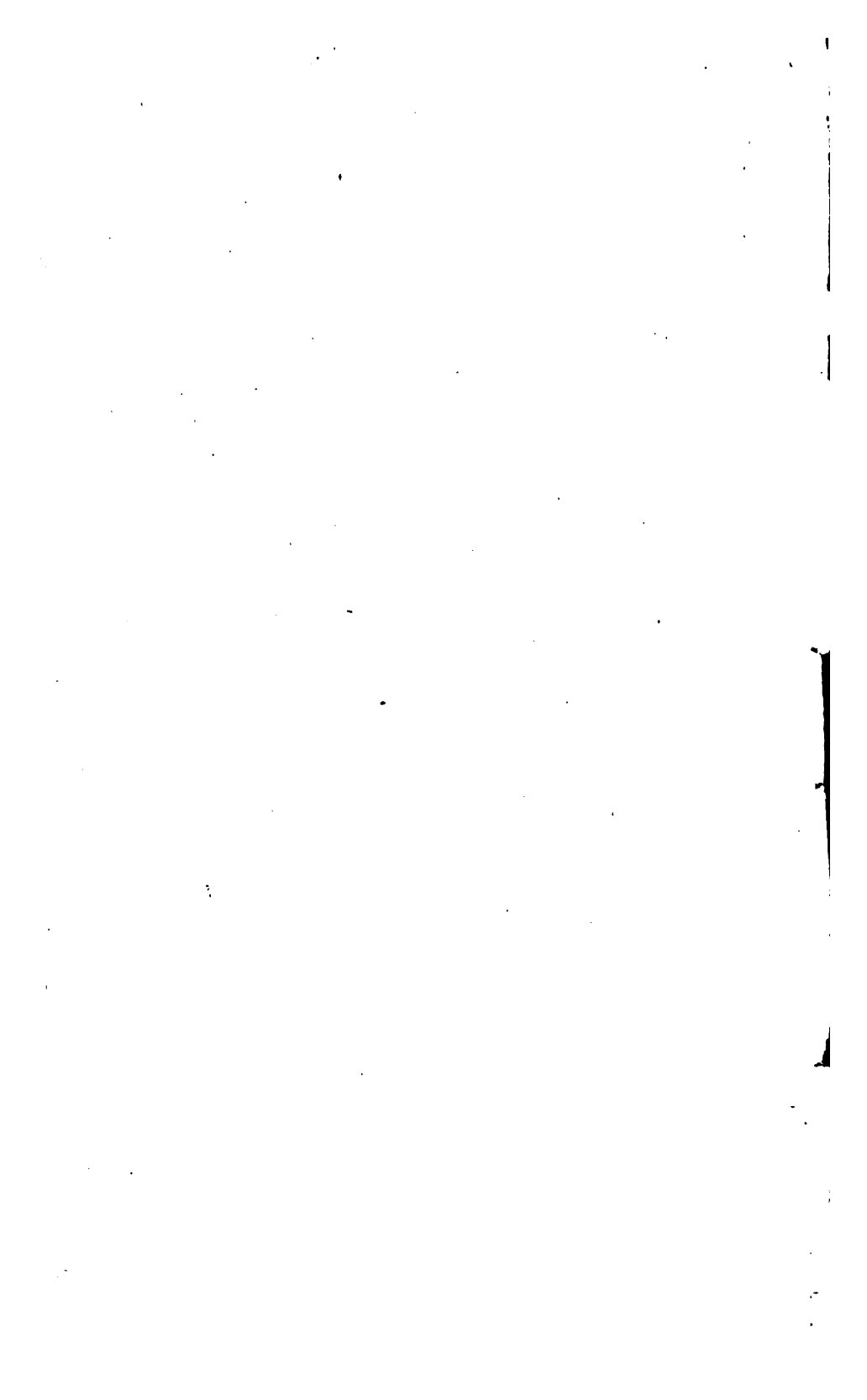
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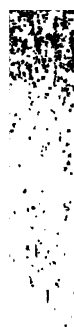
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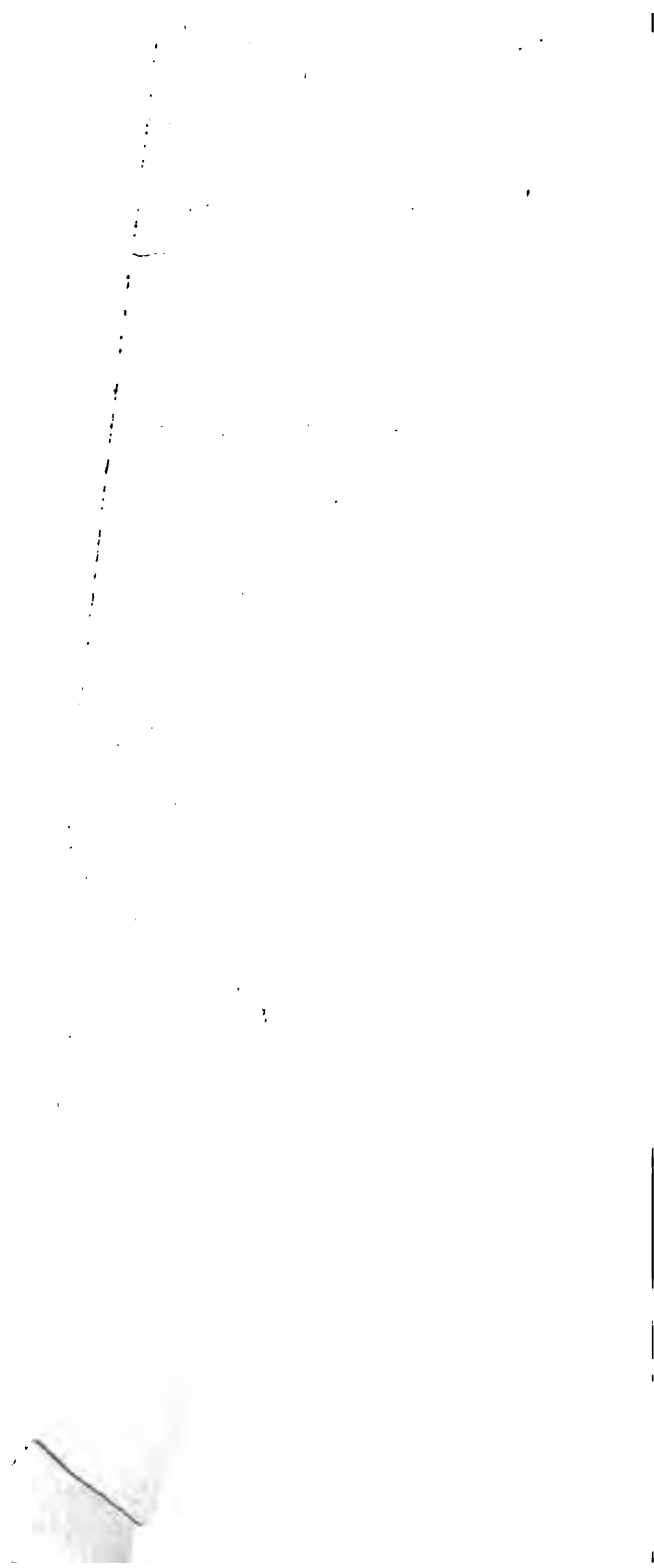
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1915. 12

1915. 12

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE.
OR
Monthly Calendar
of the Transactions of
The Turf, The Chase
AND
EVERY OTHER DIVERSION
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure, Enterprise & Spirit.
VOL. 17. NEW SERIES.
or Vol. 67, Old Series.



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Embellished with,

I. PHEASANT SHOOTING, engraved by WEBB.

II. STABLES of the DUKE DE BOURBON at Chantilly.

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

THIS plate is taken from a painting by Mr. Cooper, whose talents as an Artist need no eulogy from us. His faithful delineations of sporting subjects are at once a test of his being as able a tactician in the field as he is in the *sanctum sanctorum* of his more laborious exertions.

"He best can paint them who can feel them most."

SPORTING CHIT-CHAT.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

YOUR pages are so well and so amusingly supplied by corre-

spondents of high and justly-acknowledged talent, that an humble scribbler like myself is almost afraid to shew his face; and a bad article is, in these prolific times, a great rarity with you. However, at the risk of this being put down as the only stupid letter in the next Number, I feel much inclined to venture a little chat with you. Allow me then, Sir, *imprimis*, to congratulate you upon the vast improvement that has lately been effected in the style, type, matter, and execution of your *best of all periodicals*. The change of date, although an apparent trifle, is by no means unimportant—much inconvenience having frequently arisen from the former ar-

A

arrangement—and though a late boon, it will not be the less acceptable to us all. Continue, Sir, your exertions, and fear not for the result. NIMROD, most excellent NIMROD, has assuredly, of his single self, established an interest in the *Sporting Magazine*, incredible to those who have not witnessed it. People now read it who formerly never thought of such a thing: and to be ignorant of its contents is, in the country, deemed little better than a state of absolute barbarism. For my own part, I have no hesitation in declaring my firm belief, that the present period will one day be looked back to as the commencement of a new era in the *Sporting World*; and the discoveries of NIMROD—rendered doubly attractive by the polished style in which they are divulged—will very far surpass those of any former time. That he has given us much new and much invaluable information, it is absurd to deny. My humble advice to all who still remain sceptical upon the summering system is, to put NIMROD's plan firmly to the test—and to such a one, I am sure he will have candour enough to say—

“ Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus impert: si son, his utere
mecum.”

All the theory in the world cannot controvert authenticated facts and a long-continued practical experience: let us then hear no more of old fogeys sitting down in their

arm chairs, and presuming to criticise what is evidently far beyond their capacity to *understand*; and, above all, let no one presume to give any opinion, till, like Charles Mathews' Alum, he has “*analysed* it and *tasted* it, and then he *must know*.” NIMROD has, however, been so be-devil'd with praise, that there is not much occasion for my assistance—besides “*Laudari a laudato viro*,” is what such a writer deserves; and there is nothing of that sort about me.

I have, of course, been a constant reader of his letters from the commencement, and there has been all along something in their style which has captivated my ear, and pleased my taste beyond measure; but it was not till lately that I discovered wherein this peculiar sympathy consisted. In the July Number, your readers may recollect, he casually mentions having been brought up at Rugby School. Down went the Magazine—Tally-ho! I have it. “The education,” as NIMROD says, “of one gentleman is so much like another, that they act and speak alike;” but depend upon it, Mr. Editor, a *Rugbæan* is a *Rugbæan* all the world over; and I almost marvel I did not find it out by instinct, as “the lion knows the true Prince.” At the same time NIMROD must pardon me, if I tell him, that in speaking of his *dame* he has made use of a term unknown to *Rugbæans**, though by his selection of that word I

* This word always puts me in mind of rather a ludicrous circumstance, which happened to myself and some old schoolfellows in town. We had been out with Lord Derby, in Surrey, and had a hard day of it; when, after dining together at the Hummums, we found ourselves (why or wherefore I am as ignorant as the Great Mogul) involved in a sort of “street row.” We were all Rugby men, and had of course been talking over old school recollections, and many a good one had been toasted with pretty considerable effect. During a short pause in the fray, one of our party, with more wine than wit on board, roared out, “Here we are—four *Rugbæans* against the field!”—“*Rugbæans*!” exclaimed one of our opponents—“they say they're *Rugbæans*!—I wonder what the Hell trade that is!”

could almost swear he was one of *Mother Bucknill's* set.

Henceforth I shall consider him as a bit of an acquaintance, and only hope to be some day able to shake him by the hand.

NIMROD talks of visiting the Burton Hunt in his travels next season. I can only tell him he must take some good ones down, unless the bounds are much altered since Sir Richard Sutton took them: but if they are altered, the fences and the country are not, and they will be found strong enough and deep enough for any thing. Jack Shirley is still alive and merry, which, all who remember him twenty-five years ago in Mr. Smith's service, will be glad to hear. The best place to send horses to is the Crown and Anchor in Lincoln. I know nothing of any other public stables, but my horses have stood there, and the accommodation is capital.

Sir Richard intends hunting six days a week next season. The country is full of foxes, and in all probability they will again taste their *fifty brace*. In one of your late Numbers casual mention is made of Dick Vaughan. Can any body furnish you with a copy of that most admirable ballad, beginning, "Dick neck-or-nought sat in the White-horse Tap?" It is one of the best things ever written, and your readers would be vastly amused by it.

I have lately received a little sporting news from a brother of mine stationed in the East Indies, which may perhaps prove interesting. If you wish it*, I shall have much pleasure in forwarding extracts from his letters.—Your constant reader,

MERTON.

SIR JOHN SEBRIGHT'S BANTUMS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

HAVING heard a great deal of Sir John Sebright's breed of Bantum fowls, it would be desirable that some one of your correspondents would favour the public with some particulars respecting them, their breed, and the large prices given for them when pure.
—Your obedient servant,

GALLUS.

A VINDICATION OF STAGE-COACHMEN.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

BEING a constant reader and admirer of your interesting publication, I was sorry to see, in the September Number, an article signed VIATOR, which does little credit to its pages. The writer seems to have taken his pen for the sole purpose of abusing a useful, industrious, and I may say respectable class of men, and of fixing, without exception or discrimination, the stamp of infamy on every individual of their calling. What can be the motives for such an attack, I am at a loss to guess. Such calumnies should not, however, go unrefuted; and, from want of a better champion, the much-abused "stage-coachman" must let me take up the cudgels for him.

It would be absurd to suppose that there existed any class of men among whom you would not find many of bad disposition and habits; nay, among whom you would not, perhaps, discover every vice to which human nature is ad-

dicted. Statesmen, persons, lawyers, merchants, every flock has its black sheep, and the vices of these are the more flagrant and unpardonable, as they have greater advantages of education, and less temptation. But it would be equally absurd, not to say unjust and uncharitable, to affirm that a whole class of men, or even the greater part of them, were entirely devoid of every virtuous and honest principle: for thus has VIATOR described the stage-coachmen in general—drunken, profligate, careless, insolent, abettors of roguery and poaching—no term is too bad for them.

I have travelled a great deal in my time (though I am not an old one) by stage-coaches in all directions from the metropolis, but more particularly on the Northern roads; and, as far as my experience goes, I should venture so much to differ with VIATOR as to say, that the conduct of stage-coachmen, when on their duty, is that of quietness, carefulness, attention and civility to all passengers, and particular anxiety and skill in conducting the vehicle entrusted to them safely and punctually, with the greatest ease in their power to their masters' horses. I have rarely, if ever, met with a drunken coachman, and never witnessed the insolence talked of to females and others on the road: on the contrary, I think they are remarkable for a kind of gallantry and attention to all unprotected women coming under their care. A stronger proof than any argument or affirmation of my own is, the very long periods for which many of them remain on the same coach, and under the same masters. Would such persons as Mrs. Nelson, Mr. Horne, of London,

the Messrs. Brotherton of Liverpool, keep in their service and trust their valuable horses to men of such worthless characters as VIATOR has described? There is one coach (the Liverpool and London Umpire) upon which I have known the same five coachmen, whose names I could give you, for the last ten years—the same is the case on other roads and for longer periods.

The coach proprietors I have named, and others of equal respectability, have a pride and emulation in their concerns, and feel that their own characters are involved in those of their servants. With the great improvement of the roads, the horses, the vehicle, and the condition of the coachman himself are becoming better, and in many instances I see they are returning the compliment to the gentlemen, and imitating them as closely as many of them have spoiled the coachman. Had VIATOR employed his time and pen in ridiculing the absurdity of persons of rank and education adopting the style, manners, and dress of the coachmen, it would have been more to the purpose.

I am not prepared to run into the opposite extreme to VIATOR, and declare that there are not some, nay many, regues and men of bad character among the drivers of stage-coaches; but from my own observation, for which I have had many opportunities in each of the last fifteen years, I should say, that the character of the English stage-coachman is by nature and by interest generally quite the reverse, in every respect, of that given him by your correspondent VIATOR. My comprehension may be dull; but I was totally at a loss to make head, tail, or common

some of the "Glee-up" story which occupies a considerable portion of his letter.

Should no more able writer have undertaken to answer VIATOR, I think you will only be doing justice to the parties most concerned, by the insertion in your next of the above hasty remarks.

Yours, TIM BOMBIN.

Liverpool, October 17, 1884.

CAUTIONS TO YOUNG FOX-HUNTERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE season for fox-hunting having commenced, and with it many entries of young Nimrods, as well as young hounds—and the former not having had the same sort of discipline with the latter—I think you cannot do better, by way of making them steady, than recommend a perusal of Mr. Beckford's "*Thoughts upon Hunting*." To many, of some few seasons standing, a refresher may not be amiss. In letter the 17th, he has written thus:—

"Fox hunting—an acquaintance of mine says—is only followed because you can ride hard, and do less harm in that than in any other kind of hunting. There may be some truth in the observation; but to such as love riding only, would not a trail scent be more suitable? Gentlemen who hunt for the sake of a ride, who are indifferent about the hounds, and know little of the business, if they do no harm, fulfil as much as we have reason to expect from them; whilst those of a contrary description do good, and have much greater pleasure. Such as are acquainted with the hounds, and can at times assist them, find the sport more interesting, and

frequently have the satisfaction to think that they themselves contribute to the success of the day. It is not by a foolish attempt to hunt the hounds that gentlemen can be of service; it is not by riding close upon them, but by keeping wide of them—when by so doing they may hear a halloo, or wind the fox. This is a pleasure that you often enjoy; a pleasure without any regret attending it. Gentlemen, when hounds are at fault, are too apt themselves to prolong it; they should always stop their horses some distance behind the hounds; and, if it be possible to remain silent, this is the time to be so. They should be careful not to ride before the hounds, or over the scent; nor should they ever meet a hound in the face, unless with a design to stop him. Should you at any time be before the hounds, turn your horse's head the way they are going, get out of their track, and let them pass by you.

"In dry weather, foxes, particularly in healthy countries, will run the roads. If gentlemen at such times will ride close upon the hounds, they may drive them miles without any scent. No one should ever ride in a direction which, if persisted in, would carry him amongst the hounds, unless he be at a great distance behind them. High-mettled fox-hounds are seldom inclined to stop whilst horses are close at their heels.

"An acquaintance of mine—a good sportsman, but a very warm one—when he sees the company pressing too close upon his hounds, begins with crying out, as loud as he can, 'hold hard!' If any one should persist after this, he begins moderately at first, and says, 'I beg, Sir, you will stop your horse—Pray, Sir, stop—God bless you,

Sir, stop!—God damn your blood, Sir, stop your horse!

"If, after such a rate as this, men will over-ride hounds—and, alas! it is but too frequently the case—they must not be surprised if the real sportsmen are inclined to wish them the same sort of sackcloth Mr. Beckford recommends for an incorrigibly riotous hound.

I shall make no apology for sending you this, being an old subscriber; and therefore knowing that your pages are always open to any thing that may contribute to sport, I remain, yours, &c.

HAVE-A-CARE.

BRECON RACES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

AN invitation from a Gentleman residing in the vicinity of Brecon, not only afforded me the pleasure of fulfilling my promise to you, but also gave me the opportunity of visiting a race course (for the first time) in my native country: it presented to the inhabitants as well as myself a novel scene, being the first Meeting that ever took place in that neighbourhood. Every heart seemed to be elated with joy, and every countenance looked forward with a degree of pleasure to the sports of the day, when the high-bred cattle were to contend for the different prizes over the grassy and pliant plains of Abercynrig. The morning was beautiful: bustle and confusion were the order of the day—the inns full of company; waiters busily employed; chambermaids, pin-stickers, valets, and hair-dressers to be met with on every stair, from the attics to the ground floor; coachmen brightening the harness, grooms brushing over their

horses, anxious to surpass their neighbours in the splendour as well as the elegance of their equipage. About the hour of twelve the streets were crowded by vehicles of every description, from the elegant barouche to the common tax cart; both equestrians and pedestrians were making for the race course, and every face was full of good humour and cheerfulness—not that moroseness that might be observed in the countenances of some that frequent the far-famed plains of Newmarket, Epsom, and Doncaster.

The course is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Usk, distant from Brecon about two miles. The turf is excellent, being of elastic quality; and the subscription for next year is very liberal, which undoubtedly will ensure good sport.

For the first day's plate Doctor Eady, Fiddle-de-dee, and Little Thomas started. The race was between the Doctor and Fiddle-de-dee, which was well contested, and both heats won by only a head. The Doctor is a fine horse of great bone, likely to become a valuable sire, admirably calculated to get hunters and hacks, and having won twenty-five times without being amiss, has proved that his constitution and legs are good.

The Half-bred Stakes were won by a horse called Sweetbriar, but his owner not being able to prove him half-bred, the stakes were claimed by Whisp—Uncle John having broken down the first heat, but notwithstanding came in second.

The second day's plate was won by Mima, on three legs, beating Yny-symaengwyn and Little Thomas; and the Hunters' Stakes by Pavilion, beating Sweetbriar, &c. I consider Pavilion one of the finest

half-bred horses I ever saw, equal to fifteen stone, and has speed for any hounds in the kingdom.

The ordinaries and balls were well attended, the morning and evening amusements excellent, and altogether one of the pleasantest meetings I ever attended.

I am, Sir, with much respect, your humble servant,

AP SHENKIN.

INQUIRIES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IF any of your numerous correspondents will be so kind as to inform me why the *near* horse of a coach is so called; and whose property that celebrated race horse Ditto was, and whether any of his issue have won any stakes, and where, and when—he will very much oblige me.—If you will be so kind as to give this a place in your Magazine, you will oblige one who has often experienced great pleasure from the perusal of it, and who takes this opportunity of adding his mite to the numberless thanks which are through your Magazine justly returned to NIMROD, for his very interesting communications.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

B., A DRAGSMAN.

October 12, 1835.

PRACTICAL EFFECT OF NIMROD'S SYSTEM OF SUMMER-ING THE HUNTER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN the last Number I am sorry to see that your correspondent

NIMROD has concluded his very entertaining Tour. Among the many contributors to the *Sporting Magazine*, no one has afforded more amusement, and at the same time given more instruction—

“Omne tulit punctum, qui minuit stille
dulci.

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.”

For myself I have to thank him for the many pleasant moments I have passed while perusing his Tour, and for the useful information which I have derived from his letters on the condition of hunters. To his communications on the latter subject I owe the preservation of a promising young hunter. Having purchased at the latter end of the last season a thorough-bred one, by Partisan, rising six, I was by no means decided whether I should summer him in the stable or in the field, particularly as he was allowed to be at that time in the highest condition. However, by the unanimous advice of the knowing ones in this part of the country, I was induced to turn him out, and they all prophesied the most beneficial effects.

Accordingly, after his proper doses, &c. he was consigned over to the *fostering* care of Nature. While in his paddock the greatest possible attention was paid him; but notwithstanding all my exertions, in little more than a month he was in a truly deplorable state, having lost all his good flesh, and his eyes so inflamed from the heat and constant tormenting of the flies, &c. &c. that I despaired of ever getting them right again. In fact he was altogether such a perfect object of misery that apparently his place of destination was the kennel. Even then, those who persuaded me to turn him out

were not quite convinced, and recommended me strongly to try what a salt marsh would do; but this time I declined taking their advice, and took him up immediately.

I have since pursued strictly the plan laid down by NIMROD; and after the greatest care and attention he has again recovered his former state, and has already gone through one or two sharp days this season. A friend of mine has not been quite so fortunate; as he turned out a favorite hunter this summer; and inquiring about him a few days since, he informed me that *Windsor* had come up from grass completely broken-winded; and added, that, from observation and personal experience, he was fully persuaded that, to a hunter in high condition, a summer's run was nothing short of absolute perdition.—I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

A DEVONIAN.

Brenton, October.

THE BETTING RING.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

AFTER the usual bustle of paying and receiving had subsided, some brisk betting took place on the three great races. Monarch and Bolivar were warmly supported for the Derby; whilst the others, with the exception of Spectre junior, were scarcely touched upon.—The four fillies for the Oaks being equal favorites, a good deal of money was laid between them—a sovereign being given for a hundred for choice. Little-bo-Peep was brought into notice, and something considerable was done upon her.—Bedlamite and Crusader, standing so highly

in public opinion for the Leger the bettors were somewhat shy; and the odds, however trifling, were eagerly caught at.

Yours, truly,

Z. B.

Tottenham, Oct. 24, 1835.

DERBY.

- 8½ to 1 agst Monarch.
- 9 to 1 agst Bolivar.
- 15 to 1 agst Cedric.
- 15 to 1 agst The General.
- 16 to 1 agst Spectre junior.
- 18 to 1 agst Sophist.
- 25 to 1 agst Baron Munchausen.
- 25 to 1 agst Advance.
- 25 to 1 agst Pollio.
- 30 to 1 agst Viscountess.
- 30 to 1 agst Syphon.
- 30 to 1 agst Brother to Scratch.
- 40 to 1 agst Waterman.
- 40 to 1 agst Carthago.
- 40 to 1 agst f. out of Henry's dam.

4 to 1 on the Field agst the first two.

OAKS.

- 8 and 9 to 1 agst Sister to Moses.
- 8 and 9 to 1 agst Pawn.
- 8 and 9 to 1 agst Henry's dam.
- 9 and 10 to 1 agst Parasol.
- 13 to 1 agst Elizabeth.
- 13 to 1 agst Bizarre.
- 14 to 1 agst Little-bo-Peep.
- 15 to 1 agst Sister to Augusta.
- 15 to 1 agst Fillagree.
- 20 to 1 agst Mr. Thornhill's.
- 20 to 1 agst Louisa.
- 5 to 4 on the Field agst four.
- 1000 to 16 agst f. out of Henry's dam winning the Derby and Oaks.

ST. LEGER.

- 8½ to 1 agst Bedlamite.
- 14 to 1 agst Crusader.
- 17 to 1 agst Brother to Barefoot.
- 23 to 1 agst Barataria.
- 30 to 1 agst Belsoni.
- 30 to 1 agst King Catton.
- 30 to 1 agst Sister to Homer.
- 40 to 1 agst Tarrare.
- 40 to 1 agst Decision.
- 40 to 1 agst Lady Crumfear.
- 50 to 1 agst Masquerade.
- 50 to 1 agst Monarch.
- 50 to 1 agst Spectre junior.
- 100 to 1 agst Magister.
- 100 to 1 agst Skirmisher.
- 100 to 1 agst His Worship.
- 1000 to 7 agst naming all three winners.





STABLES OF THE DUKE OF BOURBON AT CHANTILLY.

STABLES OF THE DUKE OF
BOURBON AT CHANTILLY.

WE this month give a plate of the celebrated Stables at Chantilly, mentioned by NIM NORTH in the August Number of last year, which may not be uninteresting to our readers, many of whom have doubtless visited the place, and will bear witness to the accuracy of our engraving.

The magnificence and size of this building, and its advantageous situation, would cause a stranger to mistake it for the Chateau itself; and indeed, since the Grand Chateau was pulled down, it seems almost an incongruity to have such superb stables to such a comparatively insignificant residence.

This edifice (built by Louis Henri de Bourbon, seventh Prince of Condé, from the designs of Jean Aubert) was begun in 1719, and finished in 1735. The façade is 576 feet in length by 57 in depth. At each extremity are two pavilions, 65 feet square, and 45 feet high from the *rez-de-chaussée* to the *entablature*. In the centre is another square pavilion, larger and higher than the other two, in which is the principal entrance. Above the door an arch is turned that serves as a sort of frame to a bas relief of three horses in different attitudes. This pavilion is also ornamented by Ionic pilasters, and trophies of war and the chase. On its dome there was, before the Revolution, a leaden statue of a horse, but it disappeared in the general destruction of that period of worse than Gothic barbarism. A flag-staff is erected in its place, on which now floats, in peaceful tranquillity, the Lily of the Bourbon. What a singular chain of ideas it causes to rise to our imagination! When

we first saw Chantilly, the tricoloured flag was flying from that staff, and a regiment of Polish Lancers occupied the stables. The next time, a squadron of English Horse Artillery were its inhabitants; and now it is again filled with the hunters of a Bourbon Prince.

The interior is 558 feet in length, by 36 in width, and 40 feet and a half in height. From these vast dimensions, and the size of the windows, we should think that, although it may make a very good summer stable, in the winter it must be considerably too cold for the horses; particularly when any number of them are absent with the hounds. Two hundred and forty horses can stand comfortably in it; but it is capable of holding a much greater number, as four hundred of the Lancers have been quartered in it at one time. In the centre is the dome, which is 60 feet in diameter, and 82 in height. Opposite the door is, or rather was, a very beautiful fountain; but it is in a great measure destroyed. It was in this dome that the Prince de Condé gave the grand dinner to the Comte de Nord. After the dinner the Forest was illuminated for many miles, and the Royal Party amused themselves with a hunt by torchlight, by way of something new.

The "*manège*," which you see in the plate, is an open circular building, the gate of which is beautifully ornamented by trophies, figures of horses, the arms of Condé, &c. carved in stone.

The kennels (of which there are three) are on the western side of the stables, the entrance to which is also very highly ornamented by carvings of a wild boar, hounds, trophies, &c. Indeed, in our opti-

B

nion, the western façade, which is 216 feet in length, is the chastest and best-proportioned part of the building. The kennels themselves are very good, but they have no yards attached to them, which is a very great drawback. In the court, are the bake-house and other offices belonging to the establishment. They feed their hounds upon baked barley bread, broken and mixed with water, which, although it may suit their system very well, would not at all answer in our opinion of the thing.

To conclude: we know not which to admire most—the magnificence of the structure itself, or the folly of erecting such an edifice (which, even when the old Chateau was in its glory, must have thrown it into the shade), for the purpose of stables and kennels, where the comfort of the animals has been the last thing thought of, and the grandeur and appearance of the building the sole object kept in view.

INQUIRY into the CELEBRATED GREYHOUND-BITCH, MADAM.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

FOR the entertainment of your numerous readers, and more particularly with a view to elicit some information as to the breed of a very celebrated and extraordinary fawn-coloured greyhound-bitch, called Madam, which is at present enveloped in mystery, I am induced to subjoin a few remarks, and to annex a list of the performances of three of her puppies, which were all of one litter.

MADAM was given to the Earl of Chesterfield by Mr. Hassall, of Packington, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and her three puppies be-

fore mentioned were got by his Lordship's dog Nelson, bred by Mr. Worthington, of Burton-upon-Trent; and afterwards, his Lordship presented these three dogs (when puppies) to Mr. Hassall, and they were called Claret, Bergami, and Vengeance.

I have recently purchased from Mr. H. a brace of greyhounds of the same blood; and it would therefore afford me much pleasure if any of your numerous readers could in anywise elucidate the breed of Madam.

It is believed that Madam's dam was purchased by Mr. Thorold (brother to Sir Charles Thorold, of Syston Park, Lincolnshire), at or near Newmarket, for fifty guineas; and Madam, after passing through the hands of Mr. Barker, of Stanton, near Newark, and the late Mr. Deverill, of Newton, Notts, became the property of Mr. Hassall.

This is all that is known of Madam's breed. She was, however, the best greyhound of her day where she ran, and her produce has invariably been good. The three dogs in question were from the last litter Madam ever bred, and the only ones that ever appeared at public meetings, as Mr. Hassall had only then just commenced as a public courser.

Mr. Hassall has also a fawn dog called Hercules, bred by him, and got by Bergami, one of the above three; and as his performances are not of ordinary occurrence, they are also subjoined.

Claret killed himself at a fence, in running with all the fire imaginable, last December.

Bergami, Vengeance, and Hercules, are now in Mr. Hassall's possession.

It will be seen by the statements

below, that Madam's three puppies, and Hercules, who was got by one of them, have only had *eleven courses* decided against them out of seventy-two, which they have run at public meetings, where they have won *one gold cup, five silver cups, and seven sets of sweepstakes.*

In the hope that this letter may be the means of producing an account of the performances of other celebrated greyhounds, I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

J. T.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Sept. 1828.

PERFORMANCES OF CLARET, BERGAMI, AND VENGEANCE, OUT OF MADAM, BY NELSON; AND OF HERCULES, BY BERGAMI, OUT OF MR. HASSALL'S LAURA, SISTER OR NEAR RELATION OF MR. G. L. FOX'S BULOW.

CLARET, as Mr. Hassall's red dog Hudibras, at the Derbyshire Meeting, February 1822, won the Sudbury Puppy Stakes, beating Mr. Hoskins' Deserter, Mr. Rowland's Yarico, and Mr. Baker's Blackbird; after which time he became the property of Mr. Hoskins.—At Newmarket, November 1822, as Mr. Hoskins' Horatio, for the Gold Cup, he beat Mr. Rust's Bonus and Lord Stradbroke's Eel, but lost a Toss-up Course with Mr. Fox's Tickler.—At Louth, December 1822, in the name of Dancer, he won the Cup, beating Colonel Elmhurst's Clara (Clara had won a Cup), Mr. Chaplin's Grizzle, and Mr. Cooper's Jane (Jane won the Cup there the year before).—At Ashdown Park, November 1823, he won a Sweepstakes of eight dogs, and one or two matches at Halsey.—At Newmarket 1823, as Horatio, he won the Gold Cup, beating

Mr. Gent's Stopper, Mr. Redhead's Lady, Mr. Rust's Belinda, and Mr. Wilkinson's Clara.—(Clara won the Gold Cup, November 1824, at Swaffham as Cowslip, and at Newmarket as Clara).—Claret was run over by a cart, going to the Louth Meeting 1823, which prevented his running there.—At the Derbyshire Meeting 1824, as Capsicum, he was beat for the Great Doveridge Stakes by Lord Tamworth's Brief.—At Swaffham, November 1824, as Sir Hildebrand, he ran an undecided course with Lord Stradbroke's Egbert, and beat Mr. Young's Valentine: much betting on the first turn with Egbert, which Sir Hildebrand won.—At Newmarket, November 1824, he was beat by Lord Rivers' Repulse.—At Louth, he ran an undecided course, as Comus, with Mr. Chaplin's Gaylass.

BERGAMI*, as Mr. Hoskins' red dog Diomed, at the Derbyshire Meeting 1822, won the Sudbury Stakes against aged dogs, beating Mr. Calvert's Racer (Racer, as Topper, had won the Cup there two years together), and Mr. Crockett's Wallace; also a match with Mr. Rowland's Romulus.—At Newmarket, November 1822, as Mr. Hoskins' Highflyer, he ran two courses with Lord Rivers' Rupert—lost the first, but won the second.—At Louth, December 1822, as Mr. Hoskins' Diomed, he beat Mr. Eves' Helen, and Mr. Wilkes' Dart. He broke his leg in training for the Derbyshire Cup 1823.—At Chatworth, February 1824, as Mr. Hassall's Bergami, he beat Mr. Longdon's Negress. (Negress after this became Mr. Hoskins', and won the Louth Cup, December 1824, as Clarissima).—

* Bergami and Vengeance were given to Mr. Hoskins in 1822, on condition that Mr. Hassall had them again when Mr. Hoskins parted with them, which was in 1823.

At the Derbyshire Meeting 1824, he beat Mr. Lloyd's Agatha, but was beat by Mr. Nixon's Pert.—At Burton-upon-Trent 1825, as Mr. Hassall's Hogarth, he beat Mr. Calvert's Jerry and Mr. Hoskins' Aspasia, and ran an undecided course with Mr. Hoskins' Ajax.

VENGEANCE, as Mr. Hoskins' black dog Doricourt, at the Derbyshire Meeting 1822, for the Second Doveridge Stakes, against aged dogs, beat Mr. Lathbury's Jessamine and Mr. Worthington's Wormwood, but was beat the concluding course by Mr. Rowland's Rachael.—At Louth 1822, as Mr. Hoskins' Doricourt, he was beat by Mr. Cooper's Bashful, and ran an undecided course with Mr. Wilkes' Fly.—At the Derbyshire Meeting 1823, as Mr. Hassall's Hamlet, he won the first Sudbury Stakes, beating Mr. Longdon's Spanker, Mr. Hoskins' Conundrum, and Mr. Whateley's Welkin.—At Chatsworth, November 1823, he ran two matches, and won them both.—At Louth 1823, as Mr. Hassall's Hermit, he won a Sweepstakes, beating Mr. Wing's Helen, and Mr. Meredith's Myrtle.

HERCULES, as Mr. Hassall's fawn puppy dog at the Derbyshire Meeting 1823, for the Cup, beat Mr. Worthington's Stella, Mr. Wade's Snowball, and Mr. Longdon's Remus, but was beat the concluding course by Mr. Dickins' Spider, and won the Goblet.—(Stella won a Sweepstakes at Burton 1825, as Wowski).—At the Anson Hunt Coursing Meeting 1823, he won a Sweepstakes of eight greyhounds, all in the same day.—At Chatsworth, November 1823, he won a match for ten sovereigns.—At Louth 1823, he won the Cup, beating Mr. Hoskins' Crowflower

(who won a Cup called a Piece of Plate, at Louth 1824), Colonel Elmhurst's Clarissa, and Mr. Chaplin's Gratitude.—At Chatsworth, February 1824, from the scarcity of hares the last day, he divided a Sweepstakes with Mr. Kettle's Hamlet*, having beat Colonel Halton's Fly and Mr. Longdon's Grasper.—(Grasper won the Conclusion Puppy Stakes at the Derbyshire Meeting 1823, and the Great Doveridge Stakes 1825; also a Sweepstakes, as Mr. Hoskins' Harbinger, at Swaffham 1824, beating Mr. Capell's Jesse and Mr. Wilkinson's Cognac. Cognac came second for the Swaffham Cup, 1823).—At the Derbyshire Meeting 1824, for the Cup, Hercules beat Mr. Calvert's Lord Rivers and Mr. Beer's Venus, but lost his third course with Mr. Hope's Squib.—(Squib won the Cup, and in 1825, at the same place, Squib won the Goblet).—At Louth, March 1824, he lost a match with Colonel Elmhurst's Clarissa.—At Louth, December 1824, he won a cup called a Piece of Plate, beating Mr. Hoskins' Colchicum (Grasper), Mr. Nicholson's Wonder, and walked over, Mr. Richard Chaplin's Mary Anne† being drawn.—At the Derbyshire Meeting 1825, he was beat by Mr. Bache's Tipper.—At Burton-upon-Trent 1825, as Mr. Smith's Iago, he won the Cup, beating Mr. Hoskins' Aspasia, Mr. Wilmot's Nestor, Mr. Hunt's Hoyden, and Mr. Hassall's Hippogriff.—(Hoyden was lent for the Meeting by Mr. Hassall, and, as his Handy, won a Sweepstakes at Chatsworth 1824, and another at Louth the same year).—He ran as Mr. Hassall's Hercules all the above times, except the last.

* Mr. Hassall lent Hamlet for this Meeting, who is Own Brother to Hercules.
† Mary Anne was lent by Mr. Hassall for this Meeting.

PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IN my younger days, when health and happiness were blessings I freely possessed, when pleasure was my chief concern, and "the young blood ran madly through my veins," I was passionately fond of field-sports. With my gun I have beguiled many a day; and with my dog as my only companion I have enjoyed many an hour. But my chief amusement, and in which I was an enthusiast, was fox-hunting. For upwards of thirty years I followed it with untired delight; and it was to me an additional source of pleasure, after a hard day, seated in my arm-chair, to contribute to the pages of the old *Sporting Magazine*. After a silence of many years, I once more take up my pen, not from any foolish vanity of wishing to appear in your New Series, but to take a last leave of the Sporting World, in which I passed many happy years, ere I go hence for ever.

Time, Sir, has blanched my cheek, and "thinned my flowing locks;" age has impaired my constitution, and my feelings have become "mellowed by the stealing hours of time;" yet they are not so deadened, but I still enjoy, from reading your Magazine, scenes in which I once so delightfully shared. And here allow me to offer my small but sincere tribute of thanks to NIMBON, a tribute justly due to him, from whose instructive and amusing letters I have received so much pleasure—as they recal to my mind lively images of the past, happy days of "auld lang syne," dearer to me because I can only enjoy them by retrospection; and if it will be any gratification to

him to know, that he has cheered the declining age of an old sportsman, that gratification is his. I here return him my best thanks.

I have often reflected, in my hours of solitude, on the many changes, both in men and manners, which I have witnessed during my "pilgrimage on earth:"—not one has struck me with so much surprise and regret as the character of the country gentleman, at present so totally different to what it was forty years ago. As far as regards myself, it affects me, perhaps, but little. I have seen kindred and friends sink successively into the silent grave, and I am left alone, to regret their loss, and cherish their memory. I look around me, and exclaim, "Where are the companions of my youth?" and Echo answers, "Where?" But enough of these melancholy thoughts.

I am induced occasionally (though, from my retired kind of life, but seldom) to visit the gentlemen near me. Now and then, as a matter of form, I am prevailed on reluctantly to dine with them; but I never fail to return with increased feelings of dislike, I had almost said disgust, to the parade and ceremony which meet me at every step. Elegant furniture, gilded cornices, a sumptuous side-board, and a costly entertainment, add but little to the comfort of a party, who are met together to enjoy themselves. I do not eat with more relish off silver plate than I should off ware. I do not sit with greater ease on my chair, because a liveried footman stands behind me watching my every motion. Nor am I tempted more by the high soups and sauces of foreign cookery, than by the less rich, but more substantial, fare I

enjoy at home. A settled gloom seems to hang over the party assembled, which the host himself in vain endeavors to dissipate: there is but little conversation; and that little consists of arguments on the superiority of French over English cookery, or discussions on the different sorts of wine on the table. If at any time the conversation does become more general, they have their own jokes, their own anecdotes of their own set, which I am either not at all interested in, or which I do not understand; and, as soon as I can do it with propriety, I take my leave, too happy to be released from my disagreeable situation.

Such, Sir, is a faithful description of what I am sometimes doomed to undergo. It was not so formerly. After the fatigues of a hard day, we met together at a plain, but well-supplied, board, to a dinner seasoned with good-humour and hospitality, where nought but harmony and sociability prevailed: we talked of the sport of the morning; we "fought our battles o'er again, and thrice we slew the slain;" we drank success to our next meeting, and retired with glee to our beds, there to sleep off the fatigue of the preceding day, and to dream of the pleasures of the expected morrow. Those times are past and gone—and why should I regret them? "My sun is nearly set"—others may prefer the change. It may be that I am prejudiced; that the cynic has grown on me; that I have too good an opinion of *other times*: from whatever cause it arises, it appears to me that society is not what it was, or what it should be. Such are my feelings—singular, perhaps, they may be:

When we consider the two spe-

cies of country gentlemen, as they once existed, and are now, there may be some, especially amongst the lower ranks of people, who may have reason to lament the change:—to what this change is owing, I leave to others to discover. The one, forty years ago, rode over his grounds in the mornings, conversed familiarly with his tenants, and was looked up to by them as a friendly superior, one who would afford them consolation and advice in the hour of difficulty and distress; he resided among them, and, with his wife and family, was an example of nuptial harmony, correct conduct, and well-regulated benevolence. The descendant of such a man, at the present day, seldom sees his tenants or his estate: his decayed mansion-house is inhabited by a bailiff or the steward; he squanders in London the wealth which would make his dependants contented and happy, whilst the charities of domestic life "are discarded as forgotten."

But I have done—I once more, and for ever, drop my *sporting* pen. Your readers may, perhaps, smile at the *egotism* displayed in his letter—in a garrulous old man it is a fault often found, and easily pardoned. Allow me to subscribe myself

"*Laudator Temporis acti.*"

September 19, 1825.

WHIST.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Belonged to the Genevree Club for many years, (which might justly boast among its members some of the finest Whist players,) and have seen the most extraordinary instances of luck predominating over good play, and *vice versa*;

but confess I was somewhat staggered at the communication inserted in your last—(see *Number for September*, p. 337).—till I had played over the hands as described by your correspondent.

The old adage, "that cards will beat their makers," was perhaps never more completely exemplified than in two instances which I witnessed at the Club—even when any odds might apparently be safely betted; so much so indeed, that in the first which I shall name a guinea to sixpence was refused. The dealer turned up the knave of Spades, having also king, queen, and six; ace, king, knave, and nine of Hearts; ace, queen, ten of clubs; and knave ten of Diamonds.—He lost three by cards.

The first two tricks were won by the adversaries—the eldest hand leading off ace and king of Diamonds; an only Heart (the ten) followed, in the hope of making a trump—won by the dealer with the knave, who immediately led his king of trumps, which made; then the queen, which also made; and presuming that his partner had the ace, he played the six, that the two remaining honours might make separately:—"he caught a Tartar." The *now* last player sat with ace and nine of trumps; consequently he won the six with the latter, and drew the knave with the ace, bringing in the remaining five Diamonds.

It may be urged that the dealer ought not to have given a chance away, and consequently should not have continued the trumps after his king and queen had made; but when the cards remaining in his hand are considered—(viz. three probable tricks in Hearts, ace,

queen of Clubs, and knave and another trump)—with three tricks made, and confidently presuming that his partner had the ace—together with the almost incalculable chances, of seven cards out of eight remaining in one hand, and that he only wanted the odd trick to win the game—I do think no one will say the play was bad, even though by so doing he lost the game, which he must otherwise have won.

On the same evening I saw a game won against three times four by honour.

As your *Miscellany* treats of every sporting subject, this communication may not be unacceptable, and by inserting it you will oblige,
PAM.

Old Windsor, Sept. 28, 1835.

P. S. The following anecdote on the word *whist* may be new to some of your readers:—It is well known that *Whist* was the ancient interjection for silence*, from which the name of a favorite game of cards is supposed to be derived, as requiring mute attention. In this sense it is used by an old translator of Virgil, at the commencement of the Second Book of the *Æneid*. "*Conticuere omnes*" are the words of the Poet, which are thus done into English—"they *whisted* all:"—but the compositor, either a humorist or too fond of ale, by adding a letter gave the passage a laughable turn—"they *whistled* all."

SMOLENSKO.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IN compliance with the wish of your good correspondent VAGUS, I beg to tell him Smolensko was once beat by—

* Vide Lyly's "Mother Bombe," Act IV. Sc. 2.—"Halfpenny—Without laughing my spleen would split; but *whist*, here comes the man."

Mr Andrew's br. c. The Corporal, by
Orville 1
Lord Foley's ch. c. Macdonian 2
Smolensko 2

This was in the First October Meeting 1813. At the Second October Meeting, in the same year, he paid 80gs. forfeit to Lord Foley's Benedict, a match, T. M. M. 200gs. h. ft. He won all his other races—viz. the 2000gs. Stakes—12 started: the Newmarket Stakes—10 started: the Derby (51 subscribers)—twelve started: the Magna Charta Stakes at Egham. At the Houghton Meeting he beat Gen. Grosvenor's Redmond, 8st. 7lb. each, D. I. 200gs. In 1814 he only started twice and won both times—viz. at the Craven Meeting, in a Match, he beat Mr. Prendergast's Tiger, A. F. 8st. 7lb. each, 200gs. h. ft. At the First Spring Meeting he won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, A. F. 9 subscribers, beating Pyramus, Don Cossack, Phosphor, and Punic.

These were the only times of his starting. In the Spring of 1815 he was advertised as a Stallion at Barton and Oatlands, at 20gs.; and the following year at Ledston Hall Farm, near Ferrybridge, at 15gs.

† Another Letter on this subject has also come to hand.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

THE eccentricities of Nature are at all times worthy the observations of the curious, and from a long winter acquaintance with the spirit of your book, I hope the following communication will not be deemed either unworthy or obtrusive.

About a month ago a little terrier bitch in my possession whelped four puppies, two of which were perfectly formed, but the remaining totally

destitute of the fore legs; the shoulder blades are perfect, with the natural facility of motion, and there is a little pit to mark where the fore leg should be joined. I have preserved one in order to see how Nature will kindly make up for the deficiency in locomotive power.

The bitch was not kept close, but a son of hers had access to her. Whether these abortions may proceed from the too intimate union or not, wiser heads than mine may speculate on.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

MENEVIENSIA.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN HORSES.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I Cannot let your correspondent A TYKE's letter of the September Number, and dated July 8, relative to the comparative merits of North and South country horses, pass without a few words to shew him the fallacy of the conclusions he has there drawn.

Are not they of the North indebted to South country blood for almost every good horse they have now, or have had for years back?—For instance, Reveller, winner of the St. Leger, was got by Comus, a South country horse, and bred by Sir John Shelley; Theodore, winner of the St. Leger, was got by Woful, a South country horse, bred by the Duke of Grafton; Jerry, another winner of the St. Leger, was got by Smolensko, a South country horse, bred by Sir C. Bunbury; Memnon, the winner of the last St. Leger, was got by Whisker, a South country horse, bred by the Duke of Grafton. Even Count d'Artois, that A

TYKE talks about; was got by Bourbon, a South country horse; and as to any credit that may attach to him for winning the first class of the Oatlands, at Newmarket last year, he beat nothing in that race to make him a good one; nor has he since done any thing to establish that character, and "*multorum sanguine ac vulneribus ea Pænis victoria stetit.*" Moreover, in the Meeting after this great feat of his, he was beat by Nicolo and Logic, the latter giving him 10lb.; and of the same year, he was beat at Leicester by Reindeer, a bad horse: he was beat twice at Holywell—once by Oswestry and Sir Gray; and again by Princess Royal and Etiquette: he was beat also at Ludlow by very indifferent horses. Therefore, after all this, I think the poor Count cannot be brought forward as a specimen of Northern excellence.

Again—What does he think of the fate of that stalking horse of the North, Filho da Puta, who was cried-up as a second Eclipse, and was to beat all the world? and perhaps he might to this day have maintained that character if he had stayed in the North; but his owner must, forsooth, have temerity enough to send him on bad terms to Newmarket, where "*miserabile dictu*" for the Yorkshiremen! Sir Joshua shewed them there was still some running left in the South; and even this Leviathan of the North was out of a South country mare.

Again—With regard to Barefoot, TYKE says, "He was brought into the South, and his owner offered to run him against Emilius. Why was not that challenge accepted?" That I do not pretend to know; but I do know that he was beat at Ascot by Bizarre, who was supposed to be a worse horse than Emilius.

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What does he think, on the other side of the question, when Figaro, a South country horse, goes into the North, and canters away with every thing precisely as he pleases?

As to South country horses winning the great St. Leger, that is decidedly impossible—witness the practices played upon Redgauntlet this year—which are but too well known—and which I should think would most effectually deter any South countryman from ever sending a horse for that stake again.

Yet I am not so bigoted in my opinion as to deny the need to merit where it is due; I do agree with TYKE that no such horses as Barefoot, Abron, and Tinker, ever came out of one and the same South country stud in the same year, and I question whether South or North will produce such a lot again for some time to come.—I am, Sir, &c.

B. B.

P. S. I have just received the Number for October, and see no reason to withdraw the above letter, as MORLAND and myself do not clash in our arguments. He is evidently not justified in bringing Cedric, Serah, and Longwaist in competition with Barefoot, Abron, and Tinker: the three former were not out of one and the same stud; the three latter were, which was TYKE's argument.

In answer to the query of A WEST COUNTRY FLAT (and very flat he must be!) who dates his letter Tavistock, September 20, I must say, that if a gentleman condescends to jockey his own or another man's horse, he must also condescend to act up to the part he has undertaken, and carry his saddle and bridle from his horse to the scales, or incur the penalty of being distanced.

C

ANOTHER LETTER ON THE SAME
SUBJECT.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

ALLOW me, Mr. Editor, to say a few words in favour of the South Country horses, in reply to your correspondent, A TYKE:—

Can the North produce three brothers equal to what the Duke of Grafton has bred—viz. Whisker, Whalebone, and Woful?—whose progeny and performances, I may venture to say, are superior to most horses in the kingdom—two out of the three having won the Derby, and their stock are becoming equally good. Look at Memnon, Abron, Moses, Longwaist, Augusta, and Zinc:—the two latter winning the Oaks, Moses the Derby, and Memnon the Leger—all their descendants. And these horses, if my memory is correct, were got by Waxy, out of Penelope, going directly South, Waxy being bred at Lewes in Sussex, and Penelope by the Duke of Grafton, and her sire Trumpator by the late Lord Clermont. Look also at Comus and Phantom, both of which, I believe, were bred by Sir John Shelley; and who, I can say, has bred more good horses from his number of mares (having then but three, viz. Houghton Lass, Cressida, and Cedric's Dam) than any other man in England. Comus got more winners the last year than any other horse: and Phantom got three winners out of the four for the Derby and Oaks two years in succession.

We will now look at Mr. Watt's stud in the North. The noted Tramp's dam (Fraxinella), if I am not mistaken, goes directly to Lord Egremont's favorite Gohanna and Driver's blood. The dam of Lottery, late Tinker, by Tramp, I

think, is also a descendant of his Lordship's Woodpecker and Trentham blood. Sherwood's dam was also own Sister to Lord Egremont's Bobtail, by Precipitate, and bred at Petworth in Sussex. The dam also of Filho da Puta, I think, was got by Waxy, another South country horse. Look again at the rising stallion in the North (Catton), another descendant of Lord Egremont's favorite Gohanna blood; also Smolensko, sire of Jerry, winner of the last year's St. Leger: the North country breeders, I think, have nothing to do with his pedigree, being bred by the late Sir Charles Bunbury, by his favorite horse Sorcerer; and, on the side of the dam, from the late Sir F. Poole's Mentor and Waxy. I have merely stated a few facts in favour of my native South country horses: at the same time, do not suppose that I am even attempting to depreciate the blood of the North country horses. For we all know what the Orville and St. Peter blood still is, and what it has been. By inserting these few lines in justification of the South, you will much oblige

TURF.

October 9, 1825.

REPLY OF "A TYKE" TO MORLAND.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

HAVING just read in your Magazine MORLAND's answer to my letter, and his wish to drop the subject for ever, I must inform him that after these few lines I shall never trouble him with an argument he cannot answer, nor your readers with a letter too stupid for them to read.

He allows every thing I have stated concerning Palais Royal, as it would have been impossible to

have denied it. His defence of my second statement is, I think, very poor: "Colonel Udny refused to run his horse on account of the greatness of the sum proposed." Now Emilius had beaten every thing that had been opposed to him in the South; yet when Lord Darlington brought Barefoot into the South, Colonel Udny would not risk his money or his horse's reputation in running against him.

Barefoot only ran once in the South before he met with his accident, and then he beat all his horses easily. MORLAND calls Orion a third rater; he is at present one of the best South country second raters.

The first race at Doncaster this year shewed what a North horse could do, when Lottery beat Figaro, Helenus, and Zealot; and again for the Cup beat, in addition to the above, Longwaist and Cedric, two of the best South horses, by MORLAND'S OWN ACCOUNT. Cedric's fame was certainly not increased by his running; he may run a mile and a half with Serab, but he won't do to run two and a half with Lottery.

It would have been wiser in MORLAND to have contended that Osmond beat no good one in the Derby race—for Serab cannot be a very good one to have been beat so easily by Cydnus, for the King's Plate at Ascot. Some of his admirers state that he was unwell when he started; but his owner says that he fed as well the morning after the race as any horse in England. When there are three Meetings at Newmarket, instead of seven, in a year, there will be better horses to run, and more interest excited by their running. What a difference there is in the Grand Duke Michael Stake of this

year and that of 1821! This year Bolero and Lionel Lincoln were first and second; in 1821, Emilius and Zinc.

I had perhaps better not have said any thing about the Duke of Grafton, as he has never tried the North running—I may be allowed though to speak about Lord Exeter, who has tried it, and been uniformly unsuccessful.

MORLAND has not yet answered my question about Barefoot, Tinker, and Abron. These three came from one stud. The South must be bad indeed if it could not altogether produce three better horses than one North-country stud.

What stallion can the South produce equal to Whisker, or running horse equal to Lottery? Such horses as Abron, Mustachio, Caccia Piatti, Swiss, Reformer, Memnop, &c. would make any stallion of note. Neither Phantom nor Whalebone are equal to him—for to one good one they get, there are always three bad ones.

Hoping that MORLAND and the South may continue as well contented with their South racing as we are in the North with ours, I remain yours,

A TYKE.

FIELD SPORTS IN CORNWALL.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

HOW frequently do we see and hear a Western County (Cornwall) accused of the *sterility* of its soil, its *rugged* moors, and *uncouth* inhabitants—but in my opinion without cause. To there being some uncultivated moors I plead guilty; but to the other charges (as a lawyer would say), I put myself on my country. I am convinced such remarks never emanated from the

pen of one who sojourned among its inhabitants, but from that of a prejudiced traveller, or perhaps an outside passenger on the mail to Falmouth, which runs through the main road of the county, and over the largest tract of moor abounding therein; but of the interior it is impossible to judge—the immense hills by the road side completely screening it. Instead of Cornwall being sterile, as is generally supposed, the *reverse* is the case: in the interior and midland parts, there the husbandman is well repaid with plenteous crops for all his toil in the spring, and few counties produce finer grain than the cultivated soil of Cornubia. To the lovers of field sports not many counties can hold forth such amusement, though there are few preserves; but that arises, not from a want of wood to form such, but from the non-residence of its largest land proprietors. Did the possessors of the noble domains of Bocomnoc, Lanhydrock, Glynn, and I might name others, whose mansions are tenantless as regards their lord, become residents, minding to preserve their game, they would find little difficulty in having as much as they could wish—detection of poachers being the only thing to look to—every concomitant being afforded them by Nature for that purpose.

Of game, most species are found, some more plentiful than in other counties—the woodcock, for instance, which arrives in large flocks the end of October, and remains until March or April, affording to the sportsman the finest possible amusement. Snipes are also abundant, and on the moors are to be got at all the year, as they never leave the county, but breed in its marshes. Pheasants are very scarce

from the reason I have before stated, few preserves being kept. Partridges, I may say, are to be found here in greater plenty than in any other unpreserved county. I have had, whilst visiting in this county, some very fine partridge and woodcock shooting. Of the former I have bagged my six and eight brace a-day. This may be laughed at by those accustomed to preserve-shooting; but when you have some distance to walk over, it is fair sport, and I have always enjoyed a country with a moderate quantity of game, far more than those preserves where it is reduced to little short of *barn-door shooting*. Wild fowl, plovers, &c. are visitors during the winter months. Near the marshes, large ponds are made by the inhabitants, through which there is a constant flow of water, to prevent its freezing; at the end is built a mud hut, with holes for the gunner to look through and place his instrument of death, having a command of the whole sheet of water. Hither he hies at morning's grey, at which time the fowl are generally on the wing. They roost on these ponds, and are easy of access in the early part of the morning, where, I am told, large quantities fall to each pull of the trigger, their guns being of uncommon size and length, consequently carrying a heavy charge of shot. Foxes are scarce in the Northern part of the county, where foxhounds are not kept, the farmers wreaking their vengeance on poor reynard, and allowing their servants to trap him whenever an opportunity occurs, a reward being given by the churchwardens of the parish, in which the slaughter (I should say murder) takes place. The head is afterwards exhibited

at the doors of the neighbouring yeomen, who liberally contribute their mite to the destroyer.

In the Western part of the county I understand foxes are plentiful: here are some good fox-hounds, and in consequence their game is preserved. I have been told Sir Rose Price's pack is of the best blood, and hunted in a very superior manner, little regard being had to expense. The Four-Burrow are not what they once were, when their late venerable possessor was in the hey-day of his youth: they were then an almost matchless pack, and their runs wonderful. Who has the remnants I know not, or whether there are any kept in their old kennel.

Hares are very numerous, especially on the moors, where they will run, *à la* fox, straight a-head five or more miles, ere a turn is made, and of stoutness equal almost to a fox; this is accounted for by their having to travel so far inland for their feed. There are several packs of harriers kept, and, I hear, well hunted. This county, I should think, might dispute the palm in hare-hunting with any other. I was some years since, on a visit to as hospitable and good a fellow as breathes, who resides not twenty miles from Roughton's Head, and has an eye to do the thing well when he wishes, and who might at one period have challenged the county, if not many counties, with having two of the most beautiful things in nature (women excepted)—viz. the most beautiful terrier, and certainly the *handsomest* and most *perfect* horse I ever saw, and I have seen plenty. An equal to poor Romulus is seldom met with, and I can only regret, as does its

possessor, that his portrait was never drawn.

Whilst staying with my friend I was invited to a gallop on the moors with a neighbouring farmer's cry of dogs, and readily assented; judge my *astonishment*, when I saw *eight* dogs to afford amusement, and catch the flying hare. The hounds appeared full of flesh, and in any condition but to do the *trick*; their colours tan and blue mottled: however I was consoled by being told they were *clippers*, and regular *artists* in their work. We threw off, and soon settled on a walk, which, after hunting in a style that would have delighted even Tom Oldaker, puss gave us a run of an hour and forty minutes without a check; and from the way she ran, had I not viewed her, I would have laid a small wager a fox was our game. We killed two other hares, which ran exceedingly well, but were obliged to yield their breath to such staunch pursuers. I have hunted much in several counties, but never have enjoyed hare-hunting as on that day, with only *eight* hounds: their music was delightfully *deep-toned*, their speed *quick* enough for any horse, and their *cold* hunting on the *road* astonishing. Did I want to form a pack of harriers, one little hitch (I think her name was Damson) among them should be mine, cost what she might: every thing a harrier should possess, I think Mr. Beckford would have pronounced to have been centered in her.

In conclusion, I must say, that those who have seen no more of Cornwall than the view which the high road presents, will be agreeably surprised by visiting it as soon as may be, when, if they are not pleased with the *county*, its

sports, and its inhabitants, then say I am a false prophet.

A Member of the Burton Hunt.

JEM WARD AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Hope that it may not be altogether frivolous for me to offer a remark on the polite and candid letter of A CONSTANT READER, AND FRIEND TO FAIR PLAY; but I cannot help wondering that he thinks Ward more sinned against than sinning. What difference, I ask, was there between his fault, and any other cross that has been committed since the days of Old Broughton? Ward heard the offer, accepted the price of his perfidy, and deceived the public; and that, I believe, is the general way of going to work. To tell me Ward did not know that he was doing a thing that was wrong, is to tell me at once *à la Coroners* that black is white. O! would that he had been refused a re-admittance, and then all this acrimony would have been avoided!

I cannot but agree with your correspondent that the ways of the Ring are sadly altered: in fact, no gentleman likes now to sport his money on a fight, so little confidence can be placed in the combatants. But to his principal argument—He says, that his great objection to my letter is the time at which it appeared; but, I would ask him what would have been the use of writing, when I—nor was I

Multis à millibus unus—
thought that Cannon (a truly honest man!) would have succeeded to the belt?

I am sorry to have said so severe

a thing against Jem Ward; but the truth must be told at all hazards.

Yet before I conclude this letter, I beg leave again to express my opinion of my rival's gentleman-like letter; and thus I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

MORLAND.

October 2, 1825.

RACES AT COVENTRY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

PERHAPS the following account of some races which took place near here, may not be uninteresting to some of your readers. Should it meet with a favorable reception from you, when anything else occurs which may be worthy of a place in your entertaining Magazine I shall lose no time in forwarding it to you.—I remain, very obediently,

One of your Constant Readers.

October 5, 1825.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1825.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, p. p.:—three-year-olds, 8st. 4lb.; four, 9st. 7lb.; five, 10st. 7lb.; six and aged, 11st. 4lb. One mile.—Fifteen horses belonging to the Officers of the 12th L. D. (Royal Lancers) were entered, and the following six started—

Mr. Webster's ch. g. Brook, 5 yrs old.
b. g. Missionary, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Petre's b. g. The Doctor, 6 yrs old.
b. g. Irvin, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Dewes' b. g. Bang-Up, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Stewart's b. m. Symmetry, 5 yrs old.

At starting, two of the horses (Missionary and Doctor) ran on the wrong side of the post, and the race was won by Irvin. The Doctor came in first, and was evidently the best horse; but owing to the above-named accident the Sweepstakes was carried off by

Irvin, who came in second. The Gentlemen who rode displayed every requisite necessary for good horsemen.

The second race was a Match between Capt. Moore's b. g. Schedoni, against Mr. Petre's Doctor, for 25 sovereigns—half-mile heats. This race was extremely well contested, and won in fine style by the Doctor.

This race was followed by a Handicap of 15 sovs. each, between Mr. Hyde's Dandizette, Mr. Webster's Brook, and Mr. Petre's Irvin. At starting Irvin bolted, and the other two horses coming in neck and neck, a fresh heat was ran, which was won in the most superior manner by Dandizette. This was the best race of the day.

The next race was a match between Mr. Williams' g. g. Rattler, against Mr. Dewes' blk. g. Crib, for 50 sovs. which was won cleverly by the former.

The sports concluded by a Steeple Chase across the country, from the course to a tree in the Chapel Fields, and back again—between Mr. Marryatt's g. g. Turk, and Mr. Dewes' blk. g. Crib. The race was won by the latter Gentleman, who came in two minutes before the other.

A considerable number of the *yokels* were on the ground, and the trees on the course presented the resemblance of the Tree of Knowledge in Lilly's old Latin Grammar, being covered with the more nimble of the *natives*.

SOME REMARKS ON THE "DEVONIAN."

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

A Person, under the signature of DEVONIAN, has thought pro-

per to intrude himself on the public, in the two last Numbers of the *Sporting Magazine*. I hope you will allow me to make some remarks on his very unsportsman-like essay. He begins, in the September Magazine, by stating that a Cup is to be run for by hunters, V. V. "over a two-mile course," and "to jump over a bar four feet in height"—a slight mistake: for *two*, read *one* mile. He goes on thus: "A more unsportsman-like race was never heard of." Here, mayhap, many of your readers, Meltonian ones too, will not agree with him, as races of this sort are likely to produce a breed of horses with lots of blood and bone, and to bring them into the field ready-made hunters. In the next sentence he says, "the idea of this race originates from a person enjoying the reputation of a good sportsman, and *who, past the time* of indulging much in his favorite pursuit, at present reposes on his well-won and hardly-earned laurels." Who past the time? V. V. What a thumper! Why, the person with whom the idea originated is as good and as hard-working a sportsman as ever he was, and there never was a better one in any country! I will answer for it that his sinews are at present so well strung that he could squeeze the DEVONIAN into a mummy!

Since your correspondent wrote, the race has been run over the Tavistock course, and that worn-out sportsman was greeted with applause loud and long for his very good riding, he having chosen the most raw and unbroke horse to exhibit upon. He then (the DEVONIAN) insinuates that wise men come from the East, and are a scarce article in the West. If he

is of the West, he of course includes himself among the fools, or he has not a spark of modesty in his composition; but I rather hope he is not a Western man. I think him some ill-omened cynic, who has placed himself upon Brentorr to rail and croak at our manly amusements.

In his second communication he dares—O ye fox-hunters of Devonshire!—he dares affirm that fox-hunting ought to be put out of the question in this our fair country! Why is Devonshire not a fox-hunting country?—the climate is mild, the soil rich in general, and seldom hardened by frost: it carries a very good scent, and the country is not so very difficult to cross; as many a man who hunts with the fox-hounds can bear witness. I could mention a host of bold riders who live their time out well with the hounds, and see them eat their foxes after chases from forty minutes to one hour and fifty minutes. I could mention many a good chase in which I have participated, where the course has been over commons without fence, or any thing to stop a man, for seven or eight miles: in short, I myself, who am not worthy to be reckoned among the bold ones, can affirm that I have seen the whole from the tally-ho to the death-whurra—the tear-him-and-eat-him scene—I have seen the prologue, play, and epilogue, of many a fox-chase in this country.

Say this is not a country adapted to fox-hunting: yet, if large fields of gentlemen and yeomen are amused by seeing hounds find their fox well, and by riding at break-neck leaps, and enjoying the enthusiasm of the chase, in the name of all that's good, why not allow them that enjoyment, without stirring up the bile of

poultry-fanciers, goose-eaters, and turkey-feeders? As to blank days, the hounds I hunted with last season had but two from the first of October to the first of April, and those were owing to the earths not having been stopped. Those hounds met twice a week. I rather think, when the DEVONIAN writes about a bag-fox, he must be quizzing the Tavistock cry of dogs, his neighbours, who, may be, do now and then turn out a bagman. Perhaps this DEVONIAN, having lived so long in the West, mistakes the thing altogether, and has so far put on the party-coloured garment of folly and delusion, that he really thinks a cry of Tavistock harriers is a pack of regular Devonshire fox-hounds. Of course, he never heard of the kennels of the Honorable Newton Fellowes, Doctor Troite, Mr. Templer, and of the more recent fox-hunting establishments of Mr. King and Mr. Poole.

The DEVONIAN praises Mr. Woolcombe's hounds. They do deserve praise; here I agree with him: they are indeed excellent; and it is a pity they should chase such timid game. A finer country than Broadberry never was looked upon by the eye of a hunter. Oh! it would be glorious if the rich ones of the land thought as I do! Broadberry should resound with the war-cry of the fox-hound; and the costive DEVONIAN should hear it on the top of Brentorr. He says, Mr. Woolcombe's hounds go away at a tremendous pace, and run up to their hare in forty minutes; and that the only ones who object to this are those who possess horses which are not up to the scratch. Oh! rare and desperate hare-hunter! oh! flying Nimrod! I hope I shall have

a trial with thee yet, if thou art really a follower of the Ashberry hounds! I hope I shall have a trial with thee yet on a prad, which has eaten grass all the summer in *an orchard*! I fear not thy NIMROD-fed horse; and could with pleasure ride over thee for thy presumptuous sins in putting fox-hunting out of the question.

I am very fond of hare-hunting, and would get up at any time in the morning to see a pack of harriers walk up to a hare; "it is a pretty sight for to see." I like to see a pack of harriers do their work well and quickly too: but let them be harriers. Mr. Woolcombe's are not harriers: they ought to be fox-hounds. There is a pack of harriers near Plympton, which are real hare-hounds; they must please the most fastidious. They kill their game well, and give a man time to admire their great sagacity. They hunt, not course, the hare to death—I hunt with them regularly twice a week. Thus I do not despise hare-hunting, though I hope the DEVONIAN will excuse my bad taste if I prefer fox-hunting, even in Devonshire.

The DEVONIAN then allows that there are men who can go across

a country, and begins with Mr. Fortescue, sen. of Buckland House. I certainly have never had the honour to meet that elderly gentleman upon Broadberry, though I have been there often; nor have I ever seen Mr. Buck in the field, but I hear he is a right good one; so I can say nothing about them. As for the others, I know them well: the first on the list I know intimately, and that man must be something flying that can get rid of Mr. Phillipps in any country. Messrs. Woolcombe and Russell are likewise in the first class of workmen across a country—yet there be many in this fair country who can ride as well as they. His (the DEVONIAN's) attack on the Devonshire baronet is very, very spiteful.

I will finish with an earnest exhortation and prayer to the DEVONIAN—that he will not discuss, as he has threatened, the merits and demerits of Devonshire fox-hunting.

A Fox-hunter, Rough and Ready.

* * We have taken some liberties with our correspondent's letter; which, on reflection, he will thank us for. The language in many passages greatly exceeded the limits of temperate discussion.

ON THE GAME LAWS; THE PRESERVATION OF GAME, AND THE NON-PRESERVATION OF FOXES—BY NIMROD.

Continued from page 308.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SINCE I wrote to you last on this subject, I have once more carefully perused Mr. Stuart Wortley's Bill, "to amend the laws for the preservation of game," dated 29th March, 1825; and am still more than ever confirmed in my opinion, that the remedy would

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be worse than the disease. This Bill, as we remember, was, on the second reading, carried by a majority of sixty-eight in the Commons, and finally lost by another majority of seventeen in the Lords. I will humbly state my objections to some of the clauses as they present themselves to my view:—

Page 2. "And be it further
D

enacted, that all hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, grouse, black game, heath and moor game, and the young and eggs thereof, found in or upon any stinted pasture, *uninclosed common*, or waste land, are and shall be deemed the property of the lord or lady, or lords or ladies of the manor, lordship, or royalty, within which such stinted pasture, *uninclosed common*, or waste land, shall be situated."

Now, great part of this "*uninclosed common*" (better known by the name of common field) is in a high state of cultivation, but occupied by numerous individuals; the game, therefore, found on this land, is proposed by this clause to be taken from the proprietors, and given (*for the first time*) to the lord or lady of the manor; that is to say, if there be such lord or lady; but if not, "such game shall be deemed," by the following clause, "to belong to the *owners of rights of common* over the same."

Here, in the first instance, it is evident, the proprietor is divested of his rights, and it does not require a prophet to foretell the numerous squabbles which would arise among all these newly-made owners of game—the owners of rights of common. In many instances half a parish, at least, might lay claim to it.

Page 4. "Be it further enacted, that every person who shall, without the consent or authority of the person or persons entitled, enter upon any land with dog, gun, &c. for the purpose of taking, killing, or destroying, or shall be found thereon with any hare, &c., and shall not give an account how he came into possession of the same; or shall pursue, take, kill, or destroy thereon, any hare, rabbit, pheasant, partridge, grouse,

black game, heath and moor game, *bustard*, *woodcock*, *sniipe*, *quail*, *landrail*, *wild duck*, *teal*, or *widgeon*, shall forfeit and pay to the person or persons who shall be entitled as aforesaid to the property in, or the use or enjoyment of, the game on such land, or to the person or persons entitled to or exercising any right or reputed right of free warren or free chase over and upon such land, any sum, not being less than twenty shillings, nor more than five pounds, at the discretion, &c.; and the further sum of forty shillings for each and every hare, &c. which shall be by him there taken, killed, or destroyed, or found in his or her possession. Penalty to be levied by distress. If distress be not sufficient, hard labour in House of Correction for three months. Not to extend to any person or persons on horseback hunting with hounds; or on foot, accompanying any person or persons on horseback hunting with hounds; nor to any person or persons coursing with greyhounds, and in pursuit of game already started; nor to any lord of the manor, or gamekeeper duly appointed by such lord, within his manor."

The following are objections to this clause:—First, persons trespassing *without* consent (they could not trespass *with* consent) are to be punished *instantly*, without the previous notice to keep off, as now allowed. This would of course include all descriptions of persons; and no gentleman, however qualified, could shoot in a country with which he was not very well acquainted, without maps in his pocket, or he would be pretty certain of being brought before a Justice the next day. This clause would also destroy the healthful and long-established pastime of hare-hunt-

ing—at least in a great many instances—a pastime so congenial to an Englishman, and so admirably suited to persons at certain periods of life—in youth and in old age. Secondly, the penalties on the eight last-mentioned birds must be considered severe and arbitrary.

Page 3. "On all lands held on lease, the game to be the property of the tenant, unless specially reserved."

Much alarm has been created by this clause. It gives a power to a tenant, which, although he possessed it before, he very seldom exercised. In this case he would say to his landlord, "I will take my game to market, and *you shall not* sport over my farm so long as my lease exists. This would destroy much of that proper feeling which ought to subsist between landlord and tenant.

Page 5. "Trespassers refusing to quit land, may be *apprehended*, when verbally required to do so by the person or persons entitled to the property in such game, or by the occupier or occupiers of any such land, or by the keeper or keepers, *servant or servants*, of such person or persons, &c. and conveyed into the custody of a *peace-officer*."

A law more severe than this could not well be applied to the midnight poacher; but to put such power into such hands, and to which any qualified gentleman may be subject, is a measure which will not only be not much relished in this country, but is one which would be attended, in numerous instances, with very unpleasant consequences. I think, among my acquaintance, I could name a few who, with double-barrelled guns in their hands, would not like to be seized by any clodhopping farmer's

servant who approached them, and might insolently demand their names. Bloodshed would inevitably attend the execution of such a law as this!

Page 6. "Punishment of night poachers."

My readers will recollect, that in the year 1817, in consequence of the number of desperate affrays that took place between gamekeepers and night-poachers, an Act was passed (57 Geo. III.) subjecting any person who shall "unlawfully enter or be found in any forest, chase, park, wood, plantation, close, or other open or inclosed ground, in the night time," (such time being specified,) "having any gun, net, engine, or other instrument, for the purpose and *with the intent* to destroy, take, or kill, or shall wilfully destroy, take, or kill, any hare, &c.; or if any person or persons shall be found with any gun, fire-arms, bludgeon, or with any other offensive weapon, protecting, aiding, abetting, or assisting any such person or persons as aforesaid, every person so offending, being thereof lawfully convicted, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be sentenced to transportation for any term not exceeding seven years."

Now the public voice has certainly been raised against this clause; it being contended, that it should be left to no man's judgment to pronounce what another man's *intent* may be; and accordingly, it is more than possible, that a person walking in a dark night, in a lonely foot-path, with fire-arms or a bludgeon in his hand for his own protection, may be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and be sentenced to transportation for the term of seven years. Sir M. W. Ridley said in the House of Commons,

that men have been transported for having guns in their possession, at night. In Mr. Stuart Wortley's Bill then it is proposed, "that persons found as above, with the intent to kill, and convicted thereof, shall be committed to the common gaol or house of correction of such county, &c. for the space of three months, there to be kept to hard labour; and at the expiration of the said period, such person shall find sureties, himself in ten pounds, and two sureties in five pounds each, for his good behaviour for the space of one year. In case such sureties are not entered into, such person shall be further imprisoned and kept to hard labour until such sureties are entered into, or for the space of six months. For second offence, six months' imprisonment and hard labour, and sureties for two years' good behaviour—himself in 20l. and two sureties in 10l. each; and one year's imprisonment if such sureties be not found. And for third offence, such person shall, upon conviction thereof by a jury at the Quarter Sessions of the county, &c. where the offence was committed, be adjudged guilty of felony, and be sentenced accordingly to the punishment of transportation for the term of seven years, or to such other punishment as the Court shall think fit."

All those who have a due consideration for the frailty of humanity will certainly, on reflection, approve of this clause of Mr. Wortley's—it being too severe a punishment, even admitting the intent to have been realized, and no bloodshed ensue, to tear away a man from his country and his family, for being *once* guilty of

taking a hare or a pheasant; and more particularly so, when the temptation to commit the crime is every year multiplied to his view.

Do what they will, the Game Laws must be anomalous! By Mr. Wortley's Bill, certificates to kill game are required; or in other words, a man is not to touch the animal he breeds and feeds, and which is termed in this Bill his own private property, until he has purchased the permission to do so from Government. The interest, however, of the national debt must be paid, and therefore there is nothing much to complain of on this head. When certificates were first required (24 Geo. III.), the tax only affected qualified persons, but this restriction was of short duration, and no questions have since been asked.

Page 9. "No persons (except game-keepers) to have snares, nets, or any other engine, to take or destroy game, *except persons who, under the provisions of this Act, are entitled to the property in, or to the use and enjoyment of, such game.*"

Here, brother sportsman! is a fine nursery for poachers. All those persons who might rent and preserve their game for the market, and who could not shoot, would snare it, in which they would of course be assisted by their servants; and the art of snaring, and "ginning*," as it is called—not at present by any means generally understood—would be made as easy as A B C. Other objections might also be produced here.

I have one or two observations to make on the proposed poulterers' licence to sell game. The Bill provides, with suitable precaution, against the appointment of

* *Gin*, a corruption of the word engine. device.

Engine, from the Latin word *Ingenium*, a

improper persons to be employed for this purpose; but there are two clauses not congenial to the feelings of Englishmen. First, "if it be proved that any licensed dealer in game shall have such game in his possession otherwise than agreeable to the provisions of this Act, he shall, on conviction thereof, not only forfeit his recognisance (50l.), entered into when such licence was granted, and the said licence made null and void, but he shall also forfeit, for every head of game found in his possession, and not properly accounted for, the sum of forty shillings, together with the costs or expenses attending such conviction."—So far no fault may be found; but when we read a little further (p. 13), and see that "such penalty shall, when recovered, be paid, one half to the informer, *whether such informer shall be the person actually buying or selling, or otherwise dealing in, such game,*" we must be aware that, exclusively of the encouragement given to the odious and insidious office of informer, and the frequent temptation to which the dealer would be subject, the chance of obtaining such a sum would be also a lure to encourage poachers to procure, and offer for sale, game, *with that sole view*. It may further be observed, that it would be impossible for poulterers always to know whether the game offered to them was honestly obtained, or not.

The next clause (page 13) requires, "that every licensed person shall deliver, or cause to be delivered, with all game sold by him, a written or printed label or ticket, containing *his name and place of abode, and the name and place of abode of the person to whom such game shall be sold, and*

also the name or names of the person or persons from whom the same were procured or purchased by him, under forfeiture for every sum of twenty shillings for every head so sold; and the person who shall buy or receive the same without such label or ticket affixed thereto, shall forfeit the sum of forty shillings for every head of game so bought or received." This is not the way we have been accustomed to do business, or to sell the produce of our soil in this land of liberty!

Page 14. There is a power granted to search licensed game dealers' persons, and their premises, upon information on oath that there is reason to believe or suspect that any person so licensed shall be possessed of game unlawfully purchased. An Englishman's house is his castle, and as little power as possible should be given to the arm of the law to invade this sacred territory.

Page 14. "No gamekeeper to deal in game, *except with permission.*" That he would be permitted to do so, in innumerable instances, if Mr. Wortley's Bill were to become law, we cannot for a moment doubt; and then God help all foxes within his power, and God help some of his neighbour's game! This Bill was not meant to extend to those parts of the United Kingdom, called Scotland and Ireland.

Now it is somewhat singular, that on a subject on which penal legislation has been almost exhausted, the question of *what is game?* only lately appears to have been satisfactorily answered. The word it appears is of Saxon derivation, and merely expressive of something that affords amusement and recreation; but its application to animals is comparatively mo-

dern. Professor Christian tells us he did not find it in Magna Charta, or Charta Forestæ, nor any where else, till 22 Edward IV. in the year 1482, where it was applied to swans. Blackstone says it is, in legal acceptation, that species of wild animals which the arbitrary constitutions of positive law have distinguished from others; and modern law has confined it to hares, partridges, pheasants, and moor game, *which the law requires every man should know**. The Romans rendered the word *game* by the Latin word *Feræ*.

The next point which has exercised the inquiring faculty of man is—to whom does game belong? Some (among whom is Blackstone) say, to the King, because he can grant a free warren. Some, to the owner of the soil (*ratione soli*); and others, to any one who can catch it. It is, however, at length settled to be the property of the owner of the soil on which it is found. Thus the lord of a manor being owner of the soil, though not of the *grass* which grows on the waste—which may be taken by the mouths of the commoners—the *game* on that waste is his. The King, it appears, has no property in game by his prerogative, except in forests; for, if he had, all wild geese or ducks, all widgeons and teals, in short every thing coming under the denomination of *bona vacantia*, or things without an owner, would be his, which is not the case, at least with very few exceptions. There is no instance, either criminal or civil, of any party being prosecuted by the King for taking game, unless he took it within some privileged place.

It has been doubted whether a man can have property in things *feræ naturæ*, which cannot be confined by any fence; but the celebrated Bishop of London's case settled the point, that as long as they are in his ground, they are in his possession. The case was this:—The Bishop let his park to a tenant on a lease, but reserved the trees in the park. He brought an action of trespass against the tenant for taking the herons and shovelers out of those trees, and recovered—the Court holding that he alone had a right to take the herons, shovelers, or wild honey, or whatever was annexed or attached to the trees, whilst it continued so annexed or attached. This case is cited by Lord Coke, in his argument from the Year Book 14 Henry VIII. and has been considered conclusive as to property in *feræ naturæ*.

Now it being admitted that there is, either *ratione soli*, or *ratione privilegii*, a possessory property in game, it is but fair to observe that this property has no protection but in the game laws; for at common law—that is to say, independently of any legislative enactment—there is not sufficient property in game, in any individual, to support an indictment or criminal prosecution against a person for taking it—that is to say, when it is alive, and unreclaimed. If a man steal a tame peacock or a tame pigeon, he is guilty of felony by the common law; but if he take or kill a hare, pheasant, partridge, or moor game, it is not an indictable offence, but is punishable only in a particular manner by the Statutes. Indeed we find (the King v. Turner and seven others) that an indictment will not

* See Chitty on Game Laws, page 1225.—It appears straining the point a little, that every man should know the law of the land, but so it is; for the laws which would excuse the ignorance of their subjects, would confess their own imperfections.

He for conspiring to commit a civil trespass upon property, by agreeing to go and by going into a preserve for hares the property of another, for the purpose of snaring them; though alleged to be done in the night by the defendants, armed with offensive weapons for the purpose of opposing resistance to any endeavours to apprehend or obstruct them. These defendants, or more properly speaking, poachers, were found guilty; but it was afterwards moved to arrest the judgment for the insufficiency of the charge, which was only that of an agreement to commit a mere trespass upon property, and to set snares (100 were found) for hares, and was not an indictable offence, but an injury of a private nature, prohibited, *sub modo*, under a penalty; and accordingly the rule was made absolute. Lord Ellenborough (Chief Justice) said, he should be sorry that the cases in conspiracy against individuals, which had gone far enough, should be pushed still further: he should be sorry to have it doubted whether persons agreeing to go and sport upon another's ground, in other words to commit a civil trespass, should be thereby in peril of an indictment for an offence which would subject them to infamous punishment*. The preserves entered into on this occasion were those of Thos. Goodlake, Esq. of Letcombe Regis, in the county of Berks: and the trial took place in 1811.

Here then, we must observe, arises the absolute necessity of particular laws for the preservation of game against the attacks of night poachers, as Mr. Goodlake had no remedy at common law. I shall therefore attempt a few observations on the nature of those laws.

First, are the present Game Laws oppressive? They are generally said to be so, and also to be the remains of the feudal system; but I could soon prove that they have no more to do with the feudal system than they have with the Mosaic law. They are simply restrictive of the right which, in a mere state of nature, exists in every one to kill animals *ferie naturæ*, wherever he may find them; also in restraint of the common-law right of every owner of land to kill game on his own estate; and the first restriction was in the reign of Richard the Second (1369), when the spirit of the feudal system was defunct. A qualification of forty shillings only per annum was then required.

I do not think I should have relished the dry study of the law, though Cicero recommends it as equally pleasant and instructive. When speaking of the Twelve Tables, he observes—"They amuse the mind by the remembrance of old words, and the portrait of ancient manners; they inculcate the soundest principles of government and morals, and surpass in genuine value the libraries of Grecian philosophy;" and he concludes his panegyric by exclaiming, "how admirable is the wisdom of our ancestors!" We are informed, however, by Mr. Gibbon, that subtleties and fictions were invented in those early days to defeat the plainest meaning of the decemvirs, and there "was a long divorce between law and equity," which were only reconciled by the composition of the Perpetual Edict.

Now, although we have borrowed some excellent principles from these twelve tables, as also from ancient-Roman laws in gene-

* See Chitty on the Game Laws, page 1372.

ral; yet those relating to game, or *fera*, appear to be erroneous and unsatisfactory. Although the Aquilian law defended the living property of a citizen, including his cattle, slaves, dogs, &c. from malicious injury or negligence, and the highest price that could be ascribed to the animal injured, on any one day of the year preceding the injury, was awarded him under its statutes; and although by the twelve tables—accepted by the free voice of the people—a man was hanged for damaging or destroying his neighbour's corn in the night; yet there is no mention of stealing animals which we call game, or entering a gentleman's preserves in the night; and with them transportation was reserved for more honorable culprits. By the Institutes of Justinian, quoted by Professor Christian on the Game Laws, as also by my Lord Suffield in his pamphlet, it is evident that all animals which we call *fera*, as well as fish and bees, were, by the Roman Game Laws, the property of those who could catch them, although an action of civil trespass would lie against a person for entering the ground for the purpose of catching or hunting them, if the proprietor of that ground was inclined to bring such action, and provided he had foreseen the intent of the trespasser. The law of England has made these animals real property, or part of the inheritance—therefore it is natural and just to suppose that laws should have been made to protect them. Accordingly we find such laws made and unmade at different periods of time; and, it must be admitted, becoming, every day, in some respects more severe. Previously to the year 1721, no penalty would lie for keeping or

using dogs, nets, or engines for the destruction of game; but in the year 1817, owing to the increase of game, and consequently the increase of poachers, and the enormities committed by them, the Legislature felt themselves called upon to pass an Act which subjects a man to the horrid punishment of transportation for being found at night with the intent of taking, killing, or destroying game. The necessity for this, however, is strongly set forth in the preamble, in these words:—"Whereas the laws now in force have been found insufficient to prevent idle and disorderly persons from going out armed in the night-time for the destruction of game: and whereas such practices are found by experience to lead to the commission of felonies and murders, &c."

It does not remain for me to observe, that these various provisions in the Game Laws have generally been treated by authors of great authority, and by Blackstone in particular, not only as tyrannical, but as unnecessary and arbitrary restraints on the liberty of the people. May I be allowed to say—taking into consideration the change in the state of the country—I do not look upon them in this light? Game being admitted to be property, where is the injustice in defending that property? "There is no injustice," says Mr. Chitty, "in excluding a person, who has no property in land, from pursuing game on the land of others. In a civilized state of society, all property is appropriated, and no one can acquire any interest in it but by purchase or descent; and even the air itself, though considered common to all, cannot be enjoyed upon the land of another, without

subjecting the party to an action for the unlawful entry. "This exclusive dominion over his own soil," adds Mr. Chitty, "contributes to its improvement, and is of great benefit to agriculture; and though wild animals may frequently change their situation from one estate to another, yet as they reciprocally feed upon the corn and other produce of the respective owners, there appears sufficient reason for vesting the right of taking game in such owners, *in exclusion of those who have no land, and who consequently do not contribute to the sustenance of those animals.*"

On the subject of qualification, Mr. Chitty is equally correct. "The liberty to kill game," says he, "is confined to persons whose rank and fortune may justify the application of their time to the sports of the field; and with respect to the precise amount of the required qualification, the law must proceed upon *some settled rule*, and cannot fluctuate according to the change in the value of property."

On the *policy* of the restrictive regulations, Mr. Chitty's remarks are excellent. The avowed policy of the Legislature has *sometimes* been the prevention of idleness and dissipation in persons of low degree, which (as Blackstone admits) would be the unavoidable consequence of universal licence; and at *other times*, the preservation of the game, which would soon be extirpated by general liberty of sporting, and which the modern statutes, without reserve, state to be the object of the enactment. Now though no Legislative interference can, perhaps, be available totally to prevent idleness and encourage industry, yet any provision which excludes inferior persons from pursuing

game, is at all events advantageous, for habitual poachers are generally obnoxious members of society in other respects. At all events, they rarely become industrious members of society, and any law which deters persons of this description from such pursuits must be beneficial to the community.

Where is the heart that would not rejoice if men could be governed by the mere application of moral motives, and obviate the necessity for laws, as *we are told* was the case in the reign of Astrea? All things, then, were common to all; contentions and disputes were not in existence, and men were just from inclination, and not from restraint. If, however, we do not live in the golden, we must not be said to live in the iron, age, as we cannot complain of much oppression, and we must not forget that our country is called "the Land of Liberty." Having styled it such, I am not willing that to *the Game Laws alone* should be attached the stigma of robbing it of so enviable a title; and therefore propose entering a little into the general operation of those laws. Should I succeed in proving that they are not unjust, I think it may be admitted that they are not oppressive. My readers, perhaps, will excuse me if I have recourse to the interrogatory style, as the more comprehensive on such a subject; and we will suppose the following conversation to take place between myself and a friend.

"Is it well ascertained what is game?"

"Certainly:—hares, partridges, pheasants, and moor game."

"Is game declared property?"

"It is the property of the man on whose land it is found, or the occupier of it, and is part of the

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inheritance. 'Moreover—if I am a qualified man, and have a licence, I can start a hare on my own land and kill it on yours—the *property remaining in me!*'"

"Whether I am or am not a qualified man, can any qualified man come on my freehold for the purpose of killing my game?"

"No man can come upon your freehold without your consent, unless he have right of free warren, which is rare. If he do come, and refuse to quit after notice, you can use force to turn him off, and bring an action against him for trespass afterward."

"If I am an occupier of land—not possessing any of my own, nor otherwise qualified—can I shoot the game that feeds on the land I occupy?"

"You cannot shoot the game that feeds upon the land you occupy, but you may (unless reserved by covenant with your land-land) invite a qualified man to do so for you, or you may lease it to him for that purpose."

"Can my landlord shoot or take the game on the land I occupy, without my permission?"

"Your landlord cannot, unless he have a right of free warren over the same, or you have entered into covenant with him to do so. The possessory interest is vested in you as lessee or tenant."

"Can the lord of the manor do so?"

"The lord* of the manor cannot do so, unless he have a right of free warren, which is seldom the case."

"Can the lord's gamekeeper do so?"

"His gamekeeper cannot do so."

"Who can?"

"No one without your consent, unless by right of free warren over the same."

"Why have I not the power to shoot, take, or destroy the game that feeds on my own land?"

"Because you cannot shew that you possess the qualifications which the Legislature has thought fit to require of you, to enable you so to do."

"On what pretext did the Legislature require a qualification to kill game?"

"First, because it considered that a certain degree of real property can alone justify the application of a man's time to the sports of the field; and secondly, because it wished to preserve the breed of game, as contributing to the health and amusement of noblemen and gentlemen who have property in the country."

"At common law, had not every man a right to kill game on his own land?"

"He had, unless his land were situated within the limits of a forest, chase, or free warren."

"Why was that right taken from him?"

"Because it was found that this unlimited right to kill game tended to the total destruction of it; and therefore the Legislature, at a very early period, restrained this common-law right, and required some freehold interest, in real property, to enable a man to kill game. 'Afterwards,' says Mr. Chitty, 'according to the fluctuating policy of the times, (and, probably, in favour of those who, being in trade, and possessed of considerable personal property, had influ-

* Although it is settled that a lord of a manor or his keeper can *kill* game within their manor, they are only exempted from the penalties on *killing*, and not from trespass for entering without consent.

ence with the Legislature), *personal* property to a certain amount was made a qualification. But as commerce increased, this was found to extend the privilege to too many, and the qualification was restored, as it now continues, *to an interest in real property.* The amount of qualification has increased according to the decrease of the value of money, (and not from increase in severity of the laws, as one year's imprisonment was once the penalty,) and from 40s. a year in the reign of Richard the Second, it was raised to 100l. in the time of the second Charles."

"May I ask why in these more enlightened and eminently commercial days, *personal property* should not give a qualification to kill game, and why a wealthy citizen of London, Bristol, or Liverpool, should be denied the pleasure of killing or buying it?"

"Sir Charles Burrell, Member for New Shoreham, has answered that question—in his place in the British Senate—much better than I can answer it. 'Let those gentlemen,' said the Baronet, 'lay out their money—for which they now receive 15 per cent.—in land, for which they will only receive two and a half per cent, and then they will have game on the same terms as the country gentlemen have it.'"

"Are not the laws against poachers more severe than they were?"

"They certainly are; but here I must be allowed to digress a little. That clear-sighted writer, Montesquieu, observes, when apologizing for, or rather admitting, the insufficiency of the Roman laws—that though good and just laws may raise the reputation and power of a small republic, yet they may become improper and useless to it when once its grandeur is esta-

blished, because it was the natural effect of those laws to make a people great, but not to govern them when made so.' A change of laws, experience tells us, always follows a change in the manners of the people; and to that change is, in great measure, to be attributed the evil we are now speaking of. Game is now preserved to an extent both extravagant and useless; and the vast temptation it presents has induced men to form themselves into banditti, to enable them to get possession of it by force, and, I lament to say—as it is a new feature in the history of this fine country—with a determination to shed blood if opposed. The character of the poacher has changed with the value of the prize. We cannot forget the dreadful attacks on Col. Berkeley's and Lord Middleton's keepers, and the desperate affrays that have since ensued in other places. If, then, crime increase, punishment must also increase; and unless the punishment be made adequate to the crime, it avails us nothing."

NIMROD.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF A SPORTING CHARACTER.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE following appeared in the *Bristol Mirror* newspaper, and thinking that you would have no objection to afford it a place, I send it to you, remaining your constant reader,
R. S.

"And rich rogues hear with a disdainful smile
The low and petty annals of the poor."
PARODY ON GRAY'S ELEGY.

"July 3, died of a dropsy, in Holton-street, Saint Paul's, aged 66, Mr. John Underwood, who, off and on, during the last 40 years,

had been door-keeper and bill-sticker to the Theatre Royal, Bristol. These humble capacities afforded no great scope for genius; but John had other qualifications, which entitled him, as a *public character*, to a niche amongst the departed worthies of his day in the Sporting World. He commenced his career as gamekeeper to the late Mr. Wyndham, of Dunraven Castle; he thence passed into the service of the late General Rooke, who wished him to bear him company to Goree, on the coast of Africa; but John, understanding from a friend that there were very few trout streams in that neighbourhood, and very little shooting, except now and then with a musket at *black game*, excused himself. He had, however, a most handsome letter of credentials from his master, for 'any to whom these presents may come greeting;' but he determined to lay by the shot-belt, and see the world. With this intent he offered himself to the celebrated Collins, whose '*Evening Brush for brushing away Care*' was then in such great estimation. John had so excellent a memory, that he was soon master of every word, and acted as Prompter to his Master, giving him his cue whenever he made a halt, or bolted out of the course. John could also, when need was, 'scrape the tail of the horse upon the bowels of the cat,' and sing a good song when called upon—both valuable acquisitions to the profession of *gaggers*. 'Old coachmen (they say) like a smack of the whip,'—and so it was with John. He accepted a service in the Forest of Dean; and there 125 couple of cocks fell before his single barrel in the course of the season, besides other game; and he it remembered that in those days there were neither detonators nor Joe Man-

tons. After this he came to Bristol; but Bristol is a bad sporting country, and our hero longed to have his index upon the trigger; and so, for lack of other sport, he used to bring down the swifts upon Brandon Hill; and, for lack of swifts, he would practise upon a flung-upha'penny, which he seldom failed to mark with the lead. Now and then, he won a bag of shot by a bet that he hit a dozen times following. His great secret was to let drive at the *stand still* moment, when the piece of money, like the cannon-ball of Hudibras, and the coffin of Mahomet, was in doubt whether to mount or to descend. But he might have shot swifts and have defaced the King's coin to eternity, without being immortalised by this record, if he had not been a "Brother of the Angle," and the Izaak Walton of his day. The Bath River, Blagdon, Redhill, and Congresbury, all confessed his skill, both with the fly and the ground bait; and many a young dapper has gone home with a full bag by attending to his instructions. In fact, he was altogether a clever sportsman; and had not a somewhat 'truant disposition, good my lord,' coupled him to a paste-kettle, the writer doubts not that his name would frequently have shone in '*the Sporting Magazine*,' by the side of the first anglers and the first shots in the kingdom."

A FEW LINES FROM NIMROD.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

JUST as I had sent you the conclusion of my last Tour, I received the following letter, of which—trespassing on the good-pature of the writer of it—I send you a copy. My friend is one of those alluded to by me on a former occasion, against whom, in the words of the law, a

writ of "*ne exeat regno*" should be issued; for it is hard that the Sporting World should be deprived of the society of such men (my readers will judge by the specimen produced); and particularly so, that they should take their rents in their pockets, and spend them in a foreign land. I regret to say he has since sent me an account of the late Paris Races, which never reached my hands. I cannot, however, lose the opportunity of congratulating my readers on the prospect of again hearing from so entertaining a correspondent.

NIMROD.

Paris, Sept. 28, 1825.

MY DEAR ———, Who would have thought the last jolly night we spent together at Chester, in 1824, that I should now be writing to you from Paris; but so it is. I have taken a *chateau* in this country for a couple of years or so, just to make me relish Old England the more when I return to it.

I cannot better employ my time than giving it to you, and inquiring after all old friends. I cannot help telling you that some of the happiest moments I have spent in this country have been procured by having the *Sporting Magazine* forwarded to me here, upon opening which I always eagerly seek for the letters of NIMROD; on the perusal of which I sometimes have fancied myself on the field of action, and always wished myself there; they are to me a continual source of amusement. ***** who is with me here, but who never used to read the *Sporting Magazine*, now absolutely devours it, and, since reading your letters, says all he wishes on earth is to be back in Leicestershire, with a good lot of nags,

and a nice place in the country. In one of the last Numbers (I have not got them by me), you omit a few members of the Old Club, and having always received so much civility from them, when I had the good fortune to be in 'Heaven on earth' (i. e. Melton with a lot of clipping nags), I cannot miss the opportunity of mentioning Lord Aylesford, Mr. Geo. Petre, and Mr. C. Standish, as old members when I was there, and who kindly offered me a knife and fork whenever I was inclined to stretch my legs under their mahogany: indeed their hospitality was general. I quite agree with you that a man with five horses and a hack ought never to go to Melton *for a season*; a week or two to see it is another thing, and then he gets conceited about other countries. But I am of opinion, that a man who really likes hunting in *his heart*, is never spoilt for any country, let it be the worst in England. The hunting song says (a few verses of which I was sorry to see so very inaccurately given in July Number, p. 210)—

"Standish has distanced the crowd very far,

Whilst at a place, Sir, that few men would face, Sir.

Without checking pace, Sir, goes Valentine Maher*."

And further on—

"White on the right, Sir, 'midst the first flight, Sir,

Is quite out of sight, Sir, of those in the rear!"

I am sorry to see White and Standish, two first-rate performers, have now so long deserted the cause as deputies from Lancashire to the Parliament of hunting. They must have merited the applause of their constituents. The secret of my going to Melton (being in the predicament of yourself

* A great artist.

with five hunters and a hack) was this: that a certain friend of mine had always about fifteen "Prime Ministers," and generally one at my disposal; and should he go up to town, or leave Melton for any time, the whole stable was mine. Upon such terms, I think you will say I was no bad judge to serve a three years' apprenticeship there. There was a great friend of mine at that time at Melton—by name, Mr. Campbell, of Saddle, N. B.—the most ramming, cramming, jamming, cove you ever saw perform (a heavy weight). The song says—
 "Poor Johnny Campbell's horse, long
 since refusing,
 In struggling convulsion fits lies at his feet."

To see the straight-forward manner he sent them along, you would only wonder that in such an extremity the poor animals had any convulsion left in them. I always expected to see them "drop the spoon" on the spot, without a struggle. You should have known him—for whether in the field, or behind a dozen of claret, he was such an artist as is rarely met with.—Page 217, July Number, you mention Mr. Fryat, and say that he has at this time got Cannon Ball and Julius Cæsar. Is it not a mistake of the printer? Should it not have been Vivaldi? Surely Julius Cæsar has been dead some years—for I recollect Fryat telling me (when down there in the summer to see my horses), the very year he bought Cannon Ball from Sir R. Sutton, that the feet of Julius Cæsar were so bad from fever, that he could not stand up to eat, and he shot him. I don't mean to say he has not a young Julius Cæsar now; but surely the old

horse, bred by Sir William Gerard, is dead. I believe he was out of one of his famous brood mares, Mary Ann or Lady Sarah, the dams of so many good ones, such as Julius, Gaiswood, Ashton, Windle, Pam, Chariot, Corduroy, Barouch, Suwarrow, Oriana (winner of the Oaks), &c. In one of the Numbers of last winter, you say something about the Chevreuil. I wish we had that gentleman in this country; with his Chevreuil bounds—he would find plenty of game, and afford us good sport of the sort. I must relate a circumstance that happened to me, though not on the favorite theme of hunting, but referring to shooting, for which amusement you know my ardent passion. It relates to the breeding of woodcocks*; and I find, since I have been in this unsportinglike country, that those birds remain and breed in the large woods and forests here. There is a passage of them in March—a quantity have remained this year, and on 12th of May last a countryman brought me three well-grown young woodcocks, and in the afternoon of the same day four more. He took them alive, but they were dead when I saw them—they were not in full feather, and their beaks were like velvet. I consider it as a curious circumstance. Mr. W. Blundell, of Crosby, Lancashire (a great sportsman, and some years ago a brilliant performer across a country—all Yorkshire must remember him and his famous horse Rolla), and his brother-in-law, Charles Stanley (not less distinguished in the same county, at the same period—for they both rode

* When on a visit last summer to Mr. Taylor, of Hollycombe, Sussex (a great game preserver), I saw a woodcock sitting upon her nest, and approached within two yards of her. Mr. Taylor offers a bet that he will kill a brace of woodcocks at any season of the year, on a few days' notice. NIMROD.

the Spread Eagle, so much spoken of in the papers at the time), whom you know—were on a visit to me in the country at the time, and saw them. We had them served up at dinner, but I found them but poor eating.

Since I have been in this country I have seen a good deal of French hunting, both with the King's and private hounds. It is but tame work to a man doatingly fond of the sport, and who has hunted pretty regularly for the last twelve years in England. The French hunting has been very well described in the Magazine, but one writer speaks rather too highly in its favour—from which I should suspect him to be a man who would rather not meet with the Whissendine Brook, or a rasping ox-fence; or, perhaps, the sort of man who is very sorry when a fox is found, instances of which are upon record. The great drawback to all the fun is, that one so seldom see the hounds, and when you consider that the Forest of St. Germain, a few miles only from Paris (and where the King's hounds hunt a great deal in the spring), is walled round, it destroys all hopes of ever getting away, which they do at some other places. When I found it was walled round, I never went near it again. The last time I was there, in company with two other Englishmen—Lord Clanricarde, and Mr. Stuart Wortley, of the 10th—the stag, as if in compliment to us, after a long run, did manage to get over the wall—which in a corner had been partly broken down—and we killed him a few minutes after: the only instance known of a stag getting out of the Forest. When the stag is at bay, and cannot wag a leg, he is always shot by the King, if

there; if not, by his son, Monseigneur Le Dauphin, an attendant always riding near them with a rifle. They are both capital shots.

The King and his son hunt or shoot almost every day of their lives—winter and summer. His Majesty is a very neat horseman; his son, very light and little, is well mounted on neat thorough-bred English horses, and goes a devil of a pace. There is no fencing, but the continual work of both hounds and horses—no rest from year's end to year's end—must take the change out of them, to a large amount. The Count O'Haggerty, formerly of our 7th Hussars, is at the head of the King's stables, and brought over a very nice lot of horses from Ireland for the King's use this summer. They also bought several thorough-bred stallions—amongst others Captain Candid (Lord Exeter's); the Doge of Venice, 400 guineas (which you and I once saw in good form at Chester); Eastham, a fine leathering horse, bred by Sir T. Stanley—I believe they also gave 400 for him. The Duke de Guiche, who was also years in our service in the 10th, manages the stud of M. Le Dauphin. He has Truffle, a very fine horse, and has lately received four thorough-bred mares—I believe from Tattersall. I hear they are stunted to some of our best stallions. He also buys a number of carriage horses every year from Dyson. There are also at Viroslay, a few miles from Paris on the road to Versailles, that magnificent animal Rainbow, and another called Claude—in fine, they are exerting themselves greatly to improve their breed, which wants it much.

I see many letters in the Magazine, dated Chantilly, describing the chase with the Duke of Bour-

son's hounds. I have not as yet had an opportunity of seeing his turn out, but they tell me he does it in better style than any in France. He has distinct packs for stag, boar, and chevreuil, is well mounted, and continually at it.

The worst of hunting with the King's hounds here is, the etiquette and bether, with a few lumbering *gens d'armes* constantly ordering one to the right or left, to get out of the way of his Majesty or his son: when one cannot hunt without a dragoon at one's elbow, it is time to drop the top boot. With regard to private packs, the only one with which I am acquainted, belongs to the Marquis and the Count de l'Aigle, who live within a couple of miles of me in the country, that is between Compiègne and Noyon, in Picardy, a beautiful country, and pretty well for game. They have, perhaps, twenty or twenty-five couple of hounds, and having been a long time in England during the emigration, and great friends of Lord Sefton's, he put them in the way of picking up some fine hounds on their return. They brought a lot from the Cheshire, and some from Lord Derby; and last autumn I brought them out four couple of very fine hounds from my old friend, Sir B. Graham, which took to their work like good ones. They hunt nothing but the boar, and you would be astonished at the pace a boar will go: here we are not annoyed by guards, black, blue, or red, nor by walled-in forests. It does sometimes happen that we get a sail across the open, which in winter is *tulteen deep*, being all plough. I recollect the second or third time we had some of Graham's hounds out, we ran well into a boar, and they never once left go

after they had got hold. Whenever I had an opportunity of seeing them hunt afterwards, they seemed to like the scent amazingly, and went like devils: it is always a good scent with the boar. Their huntsman is old, makes a great noise in covert with voice and horn; but I was sorry to see, that the least bit of a ditch, or little brook, stops them all. I recollect one particular instance of that, which proved fatal to a day's sport. We had been a long time without finding, at the same time having knowledge of a large boar in the neighbourhood; we were in a broad road between two woods—Lord and Lady Worcester and my brother were of the party. My brother viewed *beau grunier* cross the road from the wood on our right to that on our left, to get into which it was necessary to jump a ditch of no great size. Well, the old mate trotted on with his hounds; he knew the boar had gone to the left, and, instead of jumping the ditch into the wood on the left, and hallooing his hounds on to the scent, he very quietly lets them run heel to the right, which being up wind, it was a good hour before we got them back again. Tom Smith, Graham, or any of our English artists, would soon have let them know what o'clock it was on such an occasion; any of them would have had their pig in the shambles before this old French mate got his hounds back. However, we did get them back at last, and we had some very pretty hunting through the large wood of Varennes, when Lord and Lady Worcester, and myself, and Henry de l'Aigle, son of the Count (Henry is a capital horseman), having quite crossed the wood, we viewed a very large boar taking his own line over the

open, not a fence to interrupt the view. Unfortunately it was late, and getting dark. We only had about five hounds; I halloo'd like —, but could get no more, so dropped my hand, brought myself to an anchor in my saddle, and began business. I never rode through a deeper country. I rode a little Sir Ulick horse I bought of Wingfield Yates some years ago, and he went through it like a Briton. We ran him up to a small wood called *Le Bois des Roses*, or Rose Wood, when it was so dark we were obliged to give it up. My horse got up to his shoulder in a plat-bridge in this wood, when I was trying to whip off, but I gathered him up without damage. These few hounds hunted, I believe, all night; most of them came home next day, and one or two a few days after, dreadfully mangled by the brute, for he was a ripper. These bursts over the open are of rare occurrence, and, indeed, there are few horses that could go often through that very deep country. I must not forget to mention, that Lady W***** went well in this burst; she charged a tolerable sized brook like a good one, and got well over.

I shall endeavour to establish bag fox hunting this winter; it is impossible to hunt them in the large woods and forests, as no power on earth could stop the earths. As we have large plains for miles and miles, I don't see why a good run is not to be had by turning a fox down in the open, six or seven miles from any wood. We have plenty of foxes, and I think they would be better employed in running before hounds, than in being shot at by every rascal who has leave to carry a gun. I once had the ill-luck to

see as fine a fox as ever wore a brush shot dead close to me, by the owner of a large chateau in this neighbourhood, for which he had my blessing. This same fox had passed within a yard of me; stopped and looked at me, as if to say, "How are you, old chap?" I pulled off my hat with the greatest respect, and let him pass on, to the astonishment of the French mates. I must apologize for occupying so much of your valuable time with so long and tiresome a touch on French hunting, &c. I hope, however, soon to be able to give you one on French racing, as the Paris races begin on Sunday next. I am glad to see mentioned in the Magazine a large hunting picture, representing Graham, his hounds, &c. at the place of meeting; I hope there will be a large and well executed print of it: if by subscription pray put my name down. My greatest wish is to see established, in London, a gallery entirely dedicated to sporting pictures, in which should also appear the portraits of all the great masters of fox-hounds, celebrated hunters, race-horses, and jockeys: I think it would be a great encouragement to that department of the arts, in which we are already so superior; but from the quantity of other pictures in Somerset House, those on sporting subjects are not sufficiently seen to be appreciated. I long to see the portrait of Lockley: I hope it will be put into the Magazine. Some years ago there was a large picture painted by Fernely, of Melton, for Lord Plymouth, representing that great man Tom Smith, with his hounds, at the place of meeting, and nine or ten gentlemen, all portraits. A print should be procured of this picture, as the likenesses are so good. I am sorry to

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see nothing said of that artist Mytton in any of the last Numbers: it always does me good to see an anecdote of him. We have heard a good deal lately in the Magazine about their coursing decisions: I hope the dispute is settled.

Let me beg of you as an old friend to write me a long letter if you have time, and let me know what are your prospects of sport for the ensuing season. I wish you had time to take a turn over here to see the nature of it. I must finish this by congratulating you and all thirsty souls in England, on the prospect of the vintage this year in France, which they tell me will be uncommon. If I have an opportunity of learning any thing new on sporting in this country, you shall have it if you wish; and if there is any picking from so dry a bone as this for the *Sporting Magazine*, make what use you like of it. I am sorry to say I do not hear often enough from any of my old convivia: as the pleasure of receiving news from England, particularly any thing that regards the sports of the field, is to me beyond any thing. It was very slow indeed, your not going to Doncaster; what an opportunity lost! to sit behind four horses, and be conveyed to the place of business in the carriage of one of the greatest artists in England! If it was generally known, it would rather take from your merits in the public opinion, particularly as we all looked forward with pleasure to an article on Doncaster. I had a long letter the other day from Lord *****, from *****, near Doncaster: it is the first time he had ever seen those races, and he is delighted with the whole thing. He says Memnon is a superb horse, and *I think you will allow him to be a judge*, as he

is a great deal amongst race horses, having a place near Newmarket on purpose to attend the Meetings. He tells me the owner of Lottery, late Tinker, has refused 3000gs. and asks 4000gs. for him. He says "we South-country pot-terers have no notion of the sums in which they bet here." I am glad to find by your letter that you are going to take a look at Hay's hounds; he is an old acquaintance of mine, and a thorough varmin fellow. His brother Jemmy, one of the best of fellows that ever broke bread, and one of my greatest friends, died at Tom Clifton's (who lived then near Stamford), whither he had only gone the day before with me from Melton. I never regretted any one, not a near relation, more. William Hay, who now has the good luck to hunt Warwickshire (and if I was master of hounds I would prefer it to any other country), you will find an excellent man: and I have no doubt he will shew sport. I once saw a very pretty thing with his hounds from Shallowford Gorse (as pretty a covert to find in and get away from as ever was seen), near Stafford (a neutral covert—he and Anson both draw it), up to Swinnerton Park without a check: I rode an Irish horse that I had never ridden over a fence, and I think I never was so well carried: I christened him from that day "Captain Rock," and sold him to a friend who has him now, and always says he is the best nag he ever was master of, and he has had a few. I bought him of Hewitt, a dealer in Liverpool, a man that should not be lost sight of, for he often has a very clever horse, chiefly Irish. As you mean to have a peep at Ireland some future time you will see the whole thing in style. What fun

too it must be to see Delaney charging the five-foot walls. I am delighted to hear ***** won his money on the Leger—I hope he did not profit of the time afforded by the remainder of the week to lose it again. If he has got it all in his fob, Leicestershire won't hold him

this winter, and no fence will be too high, or too wide. Don't forget to let me hear from you now and then when you get to real business. I leave this in a few days for my country place, and begin boar-hunting. "What a bore!" I think I hear NIMBON exclaim.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

FOX-Hunting is commenced, and the fixtures appear, as usual, in the papers. The only changes we are at present aware of, are the following:—Mr. Hay hunts Warwickshire, and Mr. Wickstead has succeeded to Mr. Hay's old country; Mr. Parker has got the upper part of Worcestershire, and Mr. Boycott has taken to the lower part of that county, as also to some coverts in Shropshire, given up by Sir Bellingham Graham. We are truly happy to hear that Mr. Warde is gone to his hounds, looking in good health and spirits.

On Thursday the 6th of October, His Majesty's stag-hounds hunted for the first time this season, when a deer was turned out in the vicinity of Ascot Heath; but from the eager pursuit of the hounds, and their fleetness, they soon overtook the deer, and killed it before the huntaman or whipper-in could get up to take the dogs off. A second deer was soon selected, which afforded excellent sport, taking the lead to Maidenhead, crossed and recrossed the Thames, returned by Warfield and Wingfield, and after a run of nearly two hours and a half, was taken in the Earl of Harcourt's wood at St. Leonard's. Lord Maryborough, Lord Mountcharles, and others, attended the chase.

The Berkeley stag-hounds turned out on Saturday October 8, at Hillingdon Common, and a very numerous company of gentlemen expected some fine sport; but the stag was determined to disappoint them;

and therefore, after running a very short time, turned round into Southall, where he was taken. The distance run did not exceed five miles.

The Berkeley stag-hounds met again on Saturday the 15th October, at Ickenham, near Uxbridge, where a large field was assembled. The deer (a young one never before hunted) took over a fine country towards Harrow, but being headed turned to the right, and, after a most severe run of fifty minutes without a check, was taken on Uxbridge Common, in a pond close to Mr. Cox's house. Mr. Peyton, on his mare (which he ran at Egham races), led the field in a most gallant way. Among those who were first in at the end, we observed Messrs. Peyton, De Burgh, Legge, Allen, Taylor, G. Berkeley, &c.

On the 18th, the same hounds met at Waxlow Farm, near Southall. The deer was turned out at West-end Bridge, about a mile further on towards Harrow. A large field was assembled; but, owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, little sport was expected. The deer, however, seemed determined to do his best, and after a sharp run took refuge in a pond at Burnell, whence he was soon forced again to take across the country; and, after a short but severe burst, was taken in the canal at Drayton. Owing to the heavy state of the ground, and the strong fences, the hounds for some time had it all to themselves, and till towards the end nobody was with them. The stragglers were, however, all able to creep in at the taking,

owing to the depth of the canal, which afforded the deer an opportunity of keeping his pursuers long at bay. The celebrated hard rider, Captain Berkeley, was out, and went well. Among the earliest up were, Hon. M. and G. Berkeley, Messrs. Parker, Peyton, H. Burgh, Taylor, Baring, and the whipper-in.

Holywell Hunt.—The sports of this Hunt commenced on the 18th of October, and the results of the various races were as follow:—Sir Thomas Stanley's br. c. by Filho carried away the Chieftain Stakes; and Mr. Mytton's br. f. by Blucher the Produce Stakes: both for 50 sovs. each.—The Mostyn Stakes were won by Sir W. W. Wynn's (Mr. Geary's) br. f. Arachne; and the Handicap by Mr. Mytton's br. c. Flexible, beating two others.

Respecting the Worcestershire fox-hounds we find the following in one of the daily newspapers:—"The Worcestershire hounds have now taken the field, and there is every promise of as good sport being shewn as was ever done in that county. It is a strong proof of the excellence of the present management, that a pack of fox hounds should be collected to run so well together at the commencement of their first season, and to be so totally free from riot. Of the excellence of them we need only mention that they have been drafted from the packs of Sir T. Mostyn, Colonel Berkeley, Mr. Winnington, the Warwickshire and the Hambledon hounds. The gentlemen of the county have generally promised to preserve the foxes, with the exception of one or two, who, it is said, have ordered the foxes to be destroyed. The expenditure exceeds the subscription."

Cheltenham, October 5.—Colonel Berkeley's fox-hounds were cub hunting the whole of the last month; the foxes are plentiful in all the coverts.—The Subscription Pack of harriers has already taken the field, and some excellent sport has been afforded even at this early period of the season. Nearly 800l. a-year has been subscribed for the support of this establishment. The hounds are still

under the management of Dr. Townsend, of Clevea.

Arrangements are making to hunt the county of Hereford with a crack pack of fox-hounds during the present season; and the admirers of field sports will shortly be gratified by their appearance in the field.

So great have the number of foxes increased in the neighbourhood of Felton Park, that after having destroyed the whole of the game, that used to be so abundant, they have now got into the garden, and destroyed the remains of a fine crop of wall-fruit by nightly depredations. —*York Herald.*

The different packs near Brighton have commenced the hunting season with every prospect of numerous fields and abundant sport.

The Subscription Pack of harriers kept in the neighbourhood of Eastbourne, met for the first time on the Downs on Thursday the 6th, at Paradise, near the seat of Lord George Cavendish, when a fine hare was started; after a most excellent and sharp burst, poor puss became so hard pressed, that she threw herself over the dreadful precipice, Beachy Head; fortunately, from the excellent command the hounds are under, they were prevented following. Two other hares were afterwards hunted, each of which produced excellent sport. The hounds of King Sampson, Esq. will, we hear, also shortly take the field; this pack is quite a different breed from the others, being composed of draught fox-hounds, which of course are very fleet.

THE C. MFF.

THE NEWMARKET MEETINGS.

We regret that our correspondent OBSERVER, whose able accounts of the sport at Newmarket have met with so much commendation, has not furnished us (we fear through illness) with any description of the races at the recent Meetings. In this dilemma, we are obliged to resort to other sources.

On the Monday in the FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, His Royal High-

ness the Duke of York arrived on the Course, accompanied by the Duke of Rutland. There were also present the Dukes of Grafton and Portland, Marquis of Graham, Earl of Orford, Lord Manners, Lord Fitzroy, Lord Bentinck, Lord G. H. Cavendish, Lord Allan, J. Douglas, Esq. &c. &c.; but of general visitors there were few.

For the Trial Stakes, Bravura made all the running to the Sheep-poles, where she began to whistle out, "Bellows to mend?" Here Stumps came up, and contrived to stump to the Judge's stand first, by half a length.

Mr. Pettit's Retreat beat Mr. Lee's Shacabac, very easy.

The Grand Duke Michael Stakes—Duke of Grafton's Bolero first, Lionel Lincoln second—was a beautiful race, and won with such difficulty, that it was thought by many Lionel Lincoln had gained the Stakes.

In the match for 300, h. ft. the race was prettily begun; but Crockery very soon gave Cinder the slip, and won cleverly by two lengths.

Tuesday.—Lord Orford's Orion beat Lord Jersey's Adonis, for a Sweepstakes of 100 each; 6 to 4 on Adonis, who made all the running to the cords, when Orion came up, and won cleverly by a neck.

Match—Vitellina and Verbina: Vitellina took the lead, was never headed, and won by a length.

Match, 100 sovs. between the Duke of Grafton's Pucelle and Lord Huntingfield's The Lark—the former won in a canter.

In another match between Mr. Greville's Don Carlos and Mr. Thornhill's Reformer, the Don made all the running, and won easy by two lengths.

A match for 50 was next run over T.Y.C. when Mr. Pettit's f. by Aladdin, 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. Lee's f. Madeline, 8st.—6 and 7 to 4 on Mr. Pettit's filly, which won cleverly by half a length.

Wednesday, three started for the Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. T.Y.C.—viz. Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Cricketer, by Octavius; Mr. Hunter's Comus f. and Mr. Greville's Sister to Faust—

Cricketer and the Comus filly jumped off at starting, and kept neck and neck until the last five yards, when Cricketer won the race by a head only.—Arnauld rode the winner.

The Anson Stakes followed, of 300 each, T.Y.C.—Mr. Prendergast's Rainbow filly, watched closely by Paul Jones, took the lead, and they ran almost neck and neck until near the cords, when Paul Jones made a rush, and came home by a length. The Duke's filly Lillias came in third by at least four lengths, and Mr. Crockford's Selim filly, fourth.

In the St. Leger Stakes, the betting was 10 to 1 on Rufus, who made all the running, and won his race easy, beating Mr. Nowell's Walton f. out of Lisette.

Thursday, the first race was for the Post Sweepstakes of 150 sovs. each, R.M. The Duke of Portland's c. Mortgage, Duke of Grafton's Tontine, and Lord Exeter's Enamel were the competitors. Tontine led till near the bushes, when Enamel came up, but was soon told out; Mortgage then came in front at the Abingdon Mile bottom, where it was neck and neck, and severely contested. Mortgage, however, rode by John Day, contrived to carry off the stakes by a neck. Buckle rode Tontine, and Robinson Enamel.

The King's Plate of 100gs. was won by Mr. Bloom's b. c. Double Entendre beating Oscar, Zinc, and Presody, by half a length; Oscar second.

Lord Huntingfield's Verbina beat easily Mr. Lee's Madeline for 50 sovs. Sir J. Shelley's Infelix beat Mr. Molony's Cinder for a hundred—and Mr. Wyndham's Stumps won the Town-plate in a canter.

Friday there was only one race, a match over the Yearling Course for 200 between Mr. Greville's Lionel Lincoln, 8st. 5lb. and Mr. Batson's Hogarth, 8st. 7lb. It was a well contested race, and gave rise to considerable betting. Lionel won by a head.—This concluded the meeting.

SECOND OCTOBER.

This meeting was better attended than the previous one. In the list of company were included the Duke of

York, Duke of Grafton, Lord Euston, Duke of Rutland, Earl of Orford, Lord Kensington, Lord J. Fitzroy; Lord G. Bentinck, Lord Verulam, Lord and Lady Anson, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Lord and Lady Stradbroke, Hon. Mr. and Lady C. Powlett, Sir J. Shelley, Hon. G. Anson, Wyndham, Mr. S. and Lady C. Wortley, Mr. Greville, Colonel Ruissell, Mr. Lushington, Douglas, Holyoake, &c.

The first race was a match for 200, T.Y.C. between Sir J. Shelley's b. f. by Waterloo, and Lord Anson's b. f. by Bustard, equal weights. It was a beautiful race, and Sir John's f. won by a head only.

Mr. Nowell's Aladdin c. 7st. beat cleverly Captain Rous's Rigmorol, 6st. 7lb.

Four started for the Garden Stakes, 100 each, T. M. M. viz. Vitellina, Bizarre, Adeliza, and Crockery: they came in, in the order we give them, Vitellina winning easy.

Mr. Thornhill's Reformer beat easily Lord Exeter's Palais Royal for 200; Reformer's weight 6st. 5lb. and Palais Royal 8st. 9lb.

The Subscription Stakes, 25 each, for three-year-olds, was a true run race between Lord Egremont's Camel, His Royal Highness's Dahlia, Duke of Portland's Mortgage, and Duke of Grafton's Tontine. At about half distance Camel, the favorite, pushed in front, and won by a length. Arnull rode the winner.

Forfeit was paid this day in three matches, and one went off by consent.

Tuesday, the weather was very unfavorable, but the company nevertheless were nearly as numerous as on the previous day.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. was run for by Mr. Rogers's Haphazard c. beating Mr. Petti's Retreat and Mr. Cooper's b. f. by Amadis, all 3-yr-olds. Retreat made severe running to the cords, closely looked after by the Haphazard c. who won the race cleverly by half a length, rode by the veteran Buckle; Retreat, by Barnard; and Cooper's by young Buckle. It was not declared until the breaking up of the betting ring, that Cinder and Con-

viction were not to run, consequently those who backed the field were deceived, and not very measured in the terms they used on the occasion.

The Duke of Grafton's Cramer and Mr. Thornhill's Hogarth ran over the Yearling Course for 200, 6st. 7lb. each, the Duke the winner, and that easily.

A Handicap of 10 sovs. each, T.Y.C. was run as follows:—

Mr. Powlett's Logic, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.	1
Mr. Wortley's Gironette, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Forth's Black Jack, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb.	3
Mr. Hunter's br. f. by Orville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	4

Gironette made very fine running to the cords, with Logic, Black Jack, and Pipylina close at her heels; when a short distance from home, Logic, rode by John Day, came out, and won very easy by several lengths.

Eight two-year-olds were brought to the post for the Fifty Pounds, two being drawn. Mr. Wyndham's and Mr. Rush's colts made very severe running, keeping neck and neck till they made the new ground, Paul Jones and the others close behind; here Paul Jones came in front, and there were several takers on him at heavy figures; at the cords, however, he lost the advantage, the Whalebone c. coming up, and after a severe contest winning by a head only. The following were those who started:—Mr. Wyndham's b. c. by Whalebone, Duke of Grafton's Paul Jones, Mr. Rogers' Filho c., General Grosvenor's Abjer f., Mr. Goddard's Smolensko c., Mr. Rush's Pioneer f., Mr. Hunter's Comtes f., and Col. Wilson's Abjer c.

The next race, between Lord Tavistock's Shadow, 8st. 6lb., and Lord Anson's Ina, 8st. 2lb., was also a severe one, and won by a head only.

The Duke of Grafton's f. Pucelle, and Colonel Wilson's c. Augur, by Interpreter, were the only candidates for the Twenty-five Guineas Subscription, for four-year-olds; Don Carlos, Vitellina, and Camel paid. The race was easily won by Pucelle.

These concluded the engagements of Tuesday, forfeit being paid in two matches, and the third off by consent.

Wednesday, the first race was between Mr. Rogers' Flounder and Mr. Greville's Smolensko f. for 50. The latter had not a chance, though with two stone less on her back than her opponent.

Duke of Grafton's Lilius beat Captain Rous' Witch, for 50. Young Buckle, on Lilius, kept neck and neck till within four or five lengths of home, when he let loose, and beat The Witch with great ease. Many of the sporting men were bewitched by The Witch, having laid it on very strong.

A Handicap of 10 sovs. over T.Y.C. afforded some sport. Three started; viz. Mr. Nowell's c. by Aladdin, out of Doll Tearsheet, 2 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.; Sir J. Shelley's Infelix, 3 yrs old, 9st.; and Lord Stradbroke's Second Sight, 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.: Infelix made severe running till within three or four strides of home, when the Aladdin c. got in front, and won by a little more than a head. Doll was well rode by young Buckle, Infelix by Robinson, and Second Sight by F. Boyce.

The Otlands were divided between Mr. Greville's Don Carlos and Mr. Wyndham's Brother to Addy.

Thursday, the Duke of Grafton's c. Bolero won the Sweepstakes for 100, without much difficulty; nine paid forfeit.

The Handicap Plate of 100 sovs. was won cleverly by Mr. Bloss's ch. f. Double Entendre.

A Match for 100 between the Duke of Portland's Scandal, 8st. 3lb. and the Duke of Grafton's Cramer, 8st. was won easy by Scandal—odds, 7 to 4 agst Cramer.

Mr. Powlett's Logic received from Mr. Thornhill's Reformer, in a match for 100; and also from Sir John Shelley's Infelix in another match for 25 sovs.—Lord Exeter's Palais Royal also paid ft. to Mr. Greville's Dahlia.

Friday, the Prendergast Stakes of 50 each, T.Y.C. was an excellent race. The betting was 6 and 7 to 4 on Crusader (the winner) against the field. Nine started, and there were several false starts before the young ones could be brought together; at

length they went off in good style, keeping close company to the cords, when Crusader and Goshawk came out, and made a beautiful race till within the last dozen yards: Crusader then got in front, and won by nearly three-quarters of a length.

The matches between Pucelle and Stumps, and Leeway and Middleton, were not very closely contested, both being won easy. Leeway and Pucelle were the favorites.

The match between Crockery and Ina was won by three-quarters of a length only: 2 to 1 on Crockery. The meeting then closed.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1826.

Thursday.—H. R. H. the Duke of York's Elizabeth, agst Mr. Prendergast's f. by Rainbow, out of Jannette, 8st. 5lb. each, T.Y.C. 200.

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1827.

Thursday.—Lord Orford's c. by Rainbow, out of Miss Witch, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Payne's f. by Rainbow, out of Scheherazade, 8st. 4lb. R.M. 500 sovs. 200 ft.

CRAVEN MEETING, 1830.

Tuesday.—The produce of the Duke of Richmond's Arbis, to be covered in 1826, by any stallion, agst the produce of Lord Orford's Selma, to be covered by an Arabian: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. R.M. 500; h. ft.

Lord Exeter's Enamel has paid 100 forfeit to the Duke of Grafton's Rufus, in the match made between them for the Houghton Meeting for 300, h. ft.

There are fifteen subscribers to the 10gs. Sweepstakes, to be run for at Abingdon Meeting, 1826, by horses regularly hunted with Mr. Warde's, Sir John Cope's, or the Old Berkeley hounds.

The opinion of the Stewards of the Jockey Club was requested by the Stewards of Rochester and Chatham Races on the following case:—For the Chatham Plate, the winner of a stake or plate in 1825 was to carry 7lb. extra; and the question was, whether a filly who had won a plate

subsequently to the entering for the Chatham Plate, but previously to the running for it, was to carry 7lb. extra?—The Stewards of the Jockey Club gave it as their opinion, that she was not obliged to carry 7lb. extra; and they stated, they were aware that conflicting opinions had been given on this question, but on mature consideration they thought the better rule was, that a horse, being duly qualified at the expiration of the time of naming or entering for a stake or plate, should not be affected, as to that stake or plate, by any subsequent event.

The late Doncaster meeting exceeded in the splendour of the company, and the amount of the betting, any of the former years. One betting man (Mr. Ridsdale) pocketed upwards of thirty-one thousand pounds on Memnon, whom he never forsook from the moment he appeared in the market. Mr. Gulley was also fortunate, having won about sixteen thousand pounds.

An unfortunate accident happened October 14 to the Duke of Portland's horse Surplus. While running a trial with some young ones at Newmarket, he broke his leg. Robinson was on him, but escaped unhurt.

J. Singleton, who rode Lord Rockingham's f. by Sampson, when she won the first Doncaster St. Leger in 1776, is still alive—a resident in Chester work-house, and still adverts with great glee to his feats of jockeyship.

The match for 100 sovs. over Lichfield Course, on 24th October, two miles, between Mr. Wakefield's Governess, and Mr. Painter's Fitzwilliam, was won by the latter.

Southampton, October 1.—Mr. Fleming's Silver Cup, valued at 40l. the award of which at the last races was disputed by Mr. Farmer and Mr. John Drew, has been awarded to the latter, as won by his b. m. Linda. It is a very elegant chased vase, and is alike creditable to the donor and the artist.

Mr. Fulwar Craven, of Chilton House, Wilts, has sold Longwaist to Mr. Mytton, for three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds. He has

challenged for the Whip at Newmarket, and is ready to run any horse that has ever beat him, next Spring, four miles over the course at Newmarket, for 1000gs. or any other sum however large. His late owner, Mr. Craven, has offered to back him to any amount.—*Salisbury Journal*.

At Bally-shannon Races, the steeple chase for the Finner Cup was won by Mr. C. Cullen's Foxhunter, rode by Captain Hamilton, beating two others. The route, upwards of four miles, took in sixty-four leaps, including six five-feet walls, and was accomplished in thirteen minutes.

Streatham, the first favorite for the St. Leger last year, with several other celebrated race horses, were shipped this month on board the Henry, by Mr. Walkden, of Hull, for Petersburg.

Lord Darlington has purchased Memnon, the winner of the St. Leger, for 3500l.

Gloucester Races.—Many of the inhabitants of Gloucester having entered into a subscription for establishing races for that city, a fund was raised sufficient to make a beginning. In the infancy of such an undertaking much could not be expected; the sport, however, exceeded the most sanguine wishes of its supporters; and the weather being remarkably fine, the course was numerously and respectably attended. The races took place on the 11th and 12th of October, and are to be continued annually.

At the Tonbridge Wells Meeting, Mr. Brown's br. g. Marksman, whose extraordinary performances we have often had occasion to notice in our Magazine, won the Town Plate of 50 sovs.—This is the seventy-second race this horse has run, and the fortieth plate he has won.

Mr. Nelson, of Kendal, has a little Arabian stallion, six years old, under thirty inches high, which is matched for a great stake, p. p. to go thirteen miles in one hour; to give three days notice before starting, and to be done within 100 miles of London. To be drawn by Mr. Theobald's American horse, and drove by a skilful driver.—*Doncaster Paper*.

The Bogota Newspaper of the 7th of July 1825, contains the following account of the races established there:

"*Horse Races in Colombia*.—The first Bogota races, which terminated, on Thursday last, were very fully attended, and the satisfaction which they produced was very general.—Many persons at the close of the races brought horses from Zipaquirá, and the neighbouring towns, which occasioned several well-contested bye matches, and the spirit for races appeared to have taken such hold, that the country gentlemen expressed considerable regret that the races had been of such short duration.—The next meeting, which will take place the first week in October, is expected to draw together some of the best horses of the surrounding country. The race course is neatly laid out in almost a circle of a mile, having a good run in to the winning post in front of the Florista Quinta, the balconies of which commanding a delightful view of the course, were appropriated to the accommodation of the ladies.—Among the persons of distinction present were his Excellency General Santander, General Soublotte, General Briceno Mendes, General Fortoul, &c. &c. His Excellency the Vice-President was in the Stewards' Stand every day during the meeting. The *El Constitucional* then gives a regular list of the horses, their owners, and the different heats, precisely after the English style. The first race was for a silver cup, value 160 dollars, which was won by a grey horse, called Ayacucho, belonging to Mr. Henderson, the British Consul-General at Bogota. The second race was also won by another horse of Mr. Henderson's. The fourth was won by a horse of Mr. Henderson's. There appeared to be a vast number of races, and most of the horses were the property of British residents."

HORSE SALES.

The Hunting Stud of the late George Redmond Hulbert, Esq. was sold at Aston Lodge on the 10th of October. Most of the principal sportsmen of the adjoining counties

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were present. The horses fetched the following prices:—Pirate 305l. to Earl Howe; Parry 250l. Mr. Cholmeley; (these two horses were purchased by the late Mr. Hulbert of Sir Henry Every;) Sinbad 200l. Mr. Coke; Ruby 190l. Mr. Sutton; Aladdin (Mr. Hulbert's Hack) 170l. Earl Howe; Waxlight 160l. Mr. Walmsley; Ranzelman 160l. Mr. Richardson; the Abbott 140l. Mr. Heap; Forsythe 84l. Mr. Brown; Maugo 75l. Mr. Hunt; Ramadani 75l. Mr. Calvert; Domingo 60l. Major Bilbie; Negro 51l. Sir C. Colville; Christmas (a two-year old colt) 63l. Mr. Brown; Brood Mare (Fairy) 36l. Earl Chesterfield; Brood Mare 24l. Mr. Phillips; Valentine (a Yearling) 36l. Earl Chesterfield; Redgauntlet (a Foal) 24l. Mr. Edge.

Mr. Mytton's Annual Sale took place at Halston, Salop, on the 22d of October.—Chesnut Pony 32l.; Hack Mare 20l.; The Devil (ch. h.) 95l.; Bay Gelding 27l.; Chesnut Gelding 72l.; Chesnut Gelding 100l.; *Chesnut Horse 190l.; Gray Horse 80l.; *Chesnut Mare 64l.; The Dandy (hunter) 67l.; Brown Horse 19s.; Cara Spoa (br. m.) 75l.; *Billy (hunter) 64l.; Habberley 95l.; *Bay Filly, 1 yr. 41l.; *Brown Colt, 2 yrs 105l.; Bay Filly, 2 yrs 65l.; *Bay Filly, 2 yrs; *Brown Colt, 2 yrs 180l.; *Chesnut Colt, 2 yrs; *Bay Filly, 2 yrs; Gray Filly Foal 27l.; Gray Filly, 1 yr. 29l.; *Mexican; Brown Colt, 2 yrs 47l.; Mare by Partisan 41l.; Mare by Norton 45l.; *Mare by Partisan 140l.; Mare by Soothsayer 46l.; *Mare by Sorcerer 100gs.; *Mervinia 150l.; *Black Mare, 3 yrs 60l.; Ludford, 3 yrs 110gs.; Comte d'Artois 110l.—The lots marked thus (*) were bought in or reserved.

CLIPPING A HUNTER.

Mr. Editor.—Pray ask NIMROD, or some of your Correspondents, to tell us the BEST TIME for clipping a hunter. This information is necessary for those, who are not rich enough to keep their hunters up all the summer.—NIMROD has told us every desirable particular on this subject but the best time for doing it.

G

Should the coat be allowed to grow a little after, by way of giving a gloss to it?—I remain, your obedient servant, A SUBSCRIBER.—October 27.

Courseing.

The Courseing at Holywell Hunt took place on Wednesday, October 19.

GREYHOUND CUP.

The first course was won by Mr. E. Lloyd's fawn ticked b. Hecla, beating Mr. Mytton's blk. b. Stella; the second, by Sir Edward Pryce Lloyd's w. d. Snowball, beating Mr. Madocks' y. b. Morfa; the third, by Mr. E. Lloyd's blk. b. Starlight, beating Mr. Mytton's dun d. Hotspur; and the fourth, by Mr. Mytton's blk. b. Dimple, beating Sir W. Wynn's r. d. Rocket.—In the first ties, Snowball beat Starlight, and Hecla beat Dimple.—In the deciding course, Hecla beat Snowball, and won the Cup.

PUPPY CUP.

The first course was won by Mr. E. Lloyd's blk. p. d. Jangler, beating Sir W. W. Wynn's blk. and w. b. Victorine; the second, by Mr. Madocks' blk. d. Madoc, beating Mr. Mytton's brin. d. Storm; the third, by Mr. Mytton's bl. b. Morel, beating Mr. E. Lloyd's blk. b. p. Delia; and the fourth, by Mr. Mytton's yel. d. Trumpet, beating Mr. Biddulph's blk. d. Whisker.—In the first ties, Morel beat Jangler, and Madoc beat Trumpet.—In the deciding course, Morel beat Madoc, and won the Cup.

N. B. A short course, and the dogs running among the footpeople; consequently no trial of their relative goodness. The ground beautiful, and the sport good for the time of year, but many of the courses spoiled by the irregularity of the Welchmen on foot.

Shooting.

On the 18th October, a shooting match for 200 sovs. took place at Holkham, between T. W. Coke, jun. Esq. M.P. and Captain Ross. The conditions were—to shoot partridges two days: to toss up for choice of ground the first day, and to exchange ground on the second day; to load

their own guns, to pick up their game, and to have no other beaters than their dogs. Captain Greville and Mr. Osbaldeston were the umpires. Early in the morning the sportsmen took the field; birds were found plentiful, but wild: the weather was favorable, but hot for the season. The parties continued their sport till the close of day: Captain R. apparently much fatigued. The match took a very unexpected turn on the second day, the 20th. Mr. Coke, in strict conformity with the articles of agreement, used dogs only as beaters, and he picked up the whole of his game. Captain Ross had men to mark, to beat for, and to pick up his game; in consequence of this entire deviation from the articles of agreement, and of its having been ascertained that on the first day's shooting, although Mr. Wm. Coke walked up to all his shot birds, his attendants had inadvertently picked some of them up, contrary to the strict letter of the agreement, an explanation and amicable arrangement took place between the parties, and it was mutually agreed to withdraw the bets. The following is the number of birds killed:—

	MR. COKE.	CAPT. ROSS.
First day.....	54 br.	40 br.
Second day.....	35	53
	90	98

The match between Captain Sheith and Mr. Willoughby, of the New Hats Club, against Mr. Samby, of Rochester, and Mr. Heatherstone, was decided on the 1st of October, in Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire—the former commencing at Layton Manor, near Buntingford, and the latter at the Elms to the westward of Market Street. It was for 50 sovs. who should bag the greater number in four hours. Mr. Willoughby had 30 shots, and killed 26; and Captain Sheith had 33 shots, and killed 24—Total, 25 brace. Mr. Samby killed 25 from 26 shots, and Mr. Heatherstone killed 24 in 30 shots, losing the match by a single bird. It was excellent shooting, considering the wildness of the birds, and that many difficult birds were shot.

Partridge Shooting, with Single Barrels.—A match for 100 sovs. a side, took place at Attelburgh, on Thursday, the 22d September, between P. Finch, Esq. brewer, and Mr. John Osborne, spirit merchant, St. Stephen's, against W. Simpson, Esq. solicitor, and Mr. W. Thompson, spirit merchant, King-street, Norwich. Shooting commenced at eight o'clock A. M. and terminated at five o'clock P. M.—P. Finch, Esq. and J. Osborne bagging 36½, and W. Simpson and W. Thompson 84 brace.

On the Trentham estate, near Thetford, Norfolk, Messrs. Thwaites and Moreton shot against Captain Smith and Mr. Goodchild, on the 19th October, who should kill most game for 100 sovereigns. The several parties left the centre of the Trentham manor together at day-break, and the result of the day's sport was, Moreton killed, from 63 shots, 27 partridges, 19 pheasants, and 7 hares; Thwaites killed, in 57 shots, 24 partridges, 14 pheasants, and 9 hares, being in total 100 head; Capt. S. killed, from 58 shots, 17 partridges, 18 pheasants, and 11 hares; Mr. Goodchild bagged, from 48 shots, 11 partridges, 18 pheasants, and 14 hares, being together a total of 89, which lost the match by 11 head.

A match for 25 sovs. each, between Mr. C. Clarke, gun maker, and Messrs. Fordyce and Jolly, who should kill the most game, with single barrelled guns, before twelve o'clock on Monday, the 17th October, took place from Chesham, Surrey, and was decided as follows:—Mr. Clarke killed 11 partridges, 8 pheasants, and 4 hares, making 23 head; Mr. Fordyce killed 9 partridges, 6 pheasants, and 6 hares, making 21; and Mr. Jolly, who had the least number of shots, killed 18 head only. Nine shots were missed between the three.

On Monday the 26th October, Thos. Hall, jun. Esq. of Pontefract, shot four partridges with one barrel, on Mr. Leatham's farm, after previously bagging ten brace in a few hours.

On Wednesday, the 14th September, one of the gamekeepers of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle shot an eagle which measured from the tip

of each wing, when extended, upwards of five feet, and from the beak to the tip of the tail two feet.

COCKING.

A great main of cocks was fought at Canterbury, during the races, between the gentlemen of Kent, Phillips feeder, and the gentlemen of Norfolk, Nash feeder, for 20 sovs. a battle, and 300 sovs. the main, which was won by the former, eight battles a-head in the main, and seven in the byes. Phillips, feeder for Kent; Nash, feeder for Norfolk.

CRICKET.

A curious cricket match was played on the 12th of October at Newenden, Kent, between five gentlemen of that county and five of Sussex. The Kent went in first, and *did not score a notch*: they were followed by their antagonists, who were *equally successful*—not a score being made in the two innings! Night coming on prevented the parties going in for the second innings.

ANIMAL PORTRAITS.

We understand that the publisher of the winners of the Great St. Leger has received numerous commendatory letters, one especially from the Duke of York highly flattering. His Royal Highness, we also learn, heads a numerous list of subscribers for the forthcoming portrait of Memnon.

NATURAL HISTORY.

To the Editor.—Perhaps some one of your numerous readers may elucidate the following:—A bird of prey was shot on Saturday last by a miller at Smisby, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, which neither Buffon nor other natural historians make the least mention of. Its body milk white, fleshy, and downy, with long brown feathers in the tail; its weight from four to five pounds, beak long and curved, eyes beautiful and piercing, wings tipped with black, legs black and well proportioned, with feet webbed. The bird was flying at the height of sixty yards, and was brought down by a bullet through the neck. A gentleman in the neighbourhood has it in his possession, and if carefully preserved will be a labour to the "Ornithologist" to give an additional name and description to the

feathered creation. Yours, J. M.—
October 18, 1825.

On Wednesday, the 12th October, as Mr. Thomas Whitsed, of Crowland, was shooting upon certain lands, called the Four Hundreds, in that neighbourhood, he shot a white hare, which weighed, when hulked, nine pounds and a half.

ACCIDENTS.

As Hepworth, the head keeper to Godfrey Wentworth, Esq. of Woolley, Yorkshire, was this month shooting, the gun burst, and shattered his hand in a dreadful manner: he lingered until Sunday the 16th October, when he died.

As the Right Hon. Lord James Townsend was shooting on the Stiffkey estate, Norfolk, his gun unfortunately burst, and shattered his Lordship's left hand in a most dreadful manner. His Lordship was immediately removed to his residence at Garrow.

Pugilism.

Rough Robin and Gyblets.—The fight between the hardy Rough Robin and Gyblets, a rare good man, took place on the 14th of October, at Stanstead, thirty-three miles from town, a removal of the forces without a *habeas* from the spot first-named having been deemed expedient. The combatants are both well known in the circles of the *fancy*, the former from his late fight with Bundolloch, whom he beat, and the latter for his slashing victories over Raaser and Sampson. The combatants entered the ring soon after one o'clock, when a most determined, manly, and gallant fight ensued, consisting only of eight rounds in one hour and forty minutes. Robin, who is a pupil of Josh Hudson, was seconded by David Hudson, and Gyblets by Dick Curtis. Two to one on Robin, three stone the heavier man. The fight was

for more than an hour all Gyblets'; he beat the head of his antagonist about until it resembled a *sheep's head under-done*; but at length Robin got relieved by a tremendous hit on the jaw, which let loose the lumps of congealed *claret*, which Caleb Baldwin said was a *conflommiration*. In the fifth round, at the beginning, this happened, and the said round lasted forty minutes of hard severe hitting. In the seventh round the head of Robin was as tender as a fen swamp; but there was no denial about him, and he won the fight by a right-handed hit upon Gyblets' temple. Robin, as a winner, went out of the ring more than a blinker.

The Three Matches.—The fights between Reuben Martin and Young Gas; Young Dutch Sam and Jones the Sailor Boy; and, as a finish, Ned Savage and James Kirkman, were fixed for the 18th of October, and excited considerable interest in the Pugilistic circles, though the stakes were only 25l. for the two first, and 30l. for the latter. The ground named for the pastime was Harpenden-heath, about five miles from St. Alban's, on the borders of Bedfordshire; but the wife of Martin chose to spoil the sport. She obtained warrants both against her husband and Gas. The first consequence was that there was no fight between these parties; and the next was that the scene of contest between the others was moved to Shere Mere, just within the county of Beds. In the contests that there took place expectation was disappointed. The fight between Young Dutch Sam and Jones was won by Sam, after eighteen rounds; and that between Savage and Kirkman, in which there were fifty-eight rounds, in the space of an hour and ten minutes, was won by the former, but neither of the victors gained much *colat*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PORTRAITS of MIDDLETON, the winner of the Derby, and of MEMNON, the winner of the St. Leger, are in the hands of our Engraver, and will be produced as early as possible.

The Prospectus of the New Saddle, and several other favors, stand over for next month.

POETRY.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Written by the late Mr. JOHN EMERY, the Comedian.

REJOICE, brother Sportsmen, there sets August's sun,
 See skulking behind yonder hill ;
 To-morrow September declares him her own,
 Then rouse up, and welcome him, Will.
 Get Ponto and Pero, and all the dogs fed,
 And look to our tackle, do'st mind ?
 Come, quick, see it done, then betake thee to bed,
 We shall not long tarry behind.

Now stretch'd in the arms of old Somnus we lay,
 " To sleep the dull night into morn ;"
 At four, thro' the village the mail bends its way,
 We wake at the sound of the horn.
 Away to the stubbles behind the old farm,
 By that time bright Sol will arise ;
 Let's give him the meeting ; come arm, my boys, arm !
 And greet his return to our skies.

Hie on ! my good dogs there, see Bounce 'gins to draw !
 Depend on't the covey is nigh ;
 To ho ! down he is, in the clover below,
 Well back'd ! now a brace sure must die.
 Then as we advance to the staunch pointer's head,
 Our hearts beat in concert together ;
 They rise like a cloud, right and left they drop dead,
 Mark ! mark, boy ! and don't lose a feather.

See Ponto there, standing in yonder high hawk,
 Proclaims the poor fugitives nigh ;
 Behold how he's back'd by that villanous hawk,
 Suspended between earth and sky.
 We rise the bird pointed, the fiend makes his dart,
 Ned's double gun now aids him well ;
 He sends the first charge to the timid bird's heart,
 And pursuing, the fierce tyrant fell.

Now mounting the hill, to the plain we descend,
 Still dealing out death as we roam ;
 But softly—the lark's evening song's at an end,
 Which proclaims it high time to get home.
 Observe too, the dogs the position admit,
 Their fever'd tongues panting assent,
 And hark ! there's the owl gives us notice to quit,
 So now for our cot we are bent.

Then round a wood fire, beneath a snug thatch,
 Our wearied limbs calmly repose ;
 Beguiling the time with a song, glee, or catch,
 Till Jack serenades with his nose.
 From a crazy old clock see the cuckoo peeps out,
 To warn us night's minutes are reckon'd ;
 Then bumpers, my boys ! and with one jolly shout,
 Drink success to September the second.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

OFTEN at my leisure hours, seated in my arm-chair, I find it a very entertaining and innocent method of killing time to take up my pen, and commit to paper my gay or grave reflections, as they chance to come across me. If you think the following humble attempt of my muse worthy a corner in your Magazine, I will endeavour to supply you with an occasional communication from the same quarter, either in prose or verse, either serious or sprightly, as it may suit my humour. I cannot, I think, do better than begin with an address to the seat of inspiration,

MY ARM CHAIR.

FRIEND of my youth, companion of my age !
 Beloved now more in life's declining stage ;
 Partner alike in all my joys and cares,
 Thou sweet memento of departed years,
 My old arm-chair !—whilst other bards rehearse
 High deeds of bold emprise in sounding verse,
 And, as gay themes of love or war inspire,
 To loftier numbers tune their magic lyre,—
 To thee my less aspiring Muse shall pay
 An humbler off'ring, with a simpler lay.
 Here, on thy downy seat, at ease reclin'd,
 I sit, and muse in silence on mankind ;
 Smile at the world's gay follies as they pass,
 And end my musings with a brief—alas !
 Here, pleas'd I dream o'er many a vanish'd scene,
 Reflect on what I am—on what I've been ;
 Recal, with fond regret, the hopes and fears,
 The griefs and joys of childhood's thoughtless years ;
 Live in bright visions o'er my youth again,
 And, waking, start to find those visions vain.
 Time now has calm'd my feelings—age has shed
 His snowy honours, scatter'd, on my head,
 Youth's fairy dreams and pleasures, all are o'er,
 And " Folly's cap and bells " can charm no more.
 My old arm-chair ! surrounded by the few,
 Whom the world's cold caprice has left me true,
 I love to sip my cheerful glass, and try
 To stay the fleeting moments as they fly,
 To give to mirth and joy the social hour,
 And wake the long-forgotten tales of yore.
 Yes, in the evening of our days, 'tis sweet
 To hail past scenes of happiness, to greet
 Faint, glimmering dreams, that float across the mind
 But for an instant—and are gone—to find
 Friends, tho' but few, in every change the same,
 To feed with oil of kindness life's decaying flame.

Quis ?

THE LAMENT OF A CORNET ON FAILING TO OBTAIN THE
WINTER'S LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR HUNTING.

THERE is a joy, when pressed by grief,
To stray beneath the falling leaf;
When oaks, though yet unconquered seen,
Shew faintly forth a waning green,
With many a yellow branch between:
Where 'neath the wind yon lime-trees bend,
The tinted leaves unheard descend,
And as they fall the shrubs below,
Though green themselves, look yellow now,
As if they mourn'd for others' woe:
There let me walk, where every leaf
Falls as in unison with grief;
There let me walk, where rustling by
Each leaflet echoes sigh for sigh,
To me, alas! sad harmony.

And yet not oft the change of years
Has been to me the source of tears;
I've joyed to mark th' autumnal day,
The field-fare perch'd on leafless spray,
And the shrill pipe of red-breast's lay:

For then arose the thrilling thought
Of hound, and horn, and sylvan sport;
And as the vision stronger grew,
My breath with quicken'd pulse I drew,
And scarce restrain'd from wild halloo.

Oh London! in thy murky shade,
'Mid many a guard and dull parade,
Bedight with polish'd steel and brass,
In stiffen'd boot and stout cuirass,
The weary wintry hours must pass.

And, O — — e*, thou must now forget
Thy lengthen'd stride and snaffle bit,
The breezy down, and whimpering quest
Of hound, whose doubt's but half exprest,
And arch to heavy curb thy crest.

* The name of a famous charger and huntress.

A FOX-HUNTER'S SONG.

COME, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we ride,
The dangers and pleasures of hunting to bide;
'Tis fox-hunting only, my friends, that can give
Us in honour, in health, and in pleasure to live!

Good fencers are our horses, good fellows are our men,
Now hold hard, *Gemmen*, pray!
Just let him get away!

And we'll *swish* at the rasps again and again!

We ne'er see a frost, but we wish it away!
The *foxes* ne'er see it, but they wish it to stay!
But in spite of the *Frenchmen*, frost, *pheasants*, and all,
Fox-hunting, fox-hunting, shall ne'er have a fall!
Good fencers are our horses, &c. &c.

Mr. M—n may shed his compassionate tears,
For the sad fate of bulls, badgers, *asses*, and bears!
But *still* 'tis allowed for us sportsmen to kill
Insignificant foses, not found in his *Bill*!

Good fencers are our horses, &c.

They tell me—the day was delightfully mild
When into the world came this promising child,
The badgers, the bears, and the *bulls* wept for joy,
At the birth of this little tight *Irish boy*!

Good fencers are our horses, &c.

But surely, I mean not his kindness to blame,
For all sorts of animals, the *wild* and the *tame*!
Only let his humanity keep within bounds,
Nor meddle with fox-hunters, foxes, or hounds!

Good fencers are our horses, &c.

In the next *Magazine* insert this I pray,
But if it *WON'T KEEP*! why—throw it away!
Now come all my friends, united let's sing,
Our fox-hunting *Gemmen*, our Ladies, and King!

Good fencers are our horses, &c.

Φίλος ιππικῶν.

HUNTING AND BEAUTY.

LET the Florentines boast of their Venus divine,
And the Vatican too of its Gods and its Graces!
Which travellers say are so fair and so fine,
With attitudes lovely, and beautiful faces:

But if these same travellers ever had seen

***** ——— the fairest of all!

They'd thought her of Heav'n-born beauties the Queen,
And Romans' and Florentines' pride had a fall!

E'en skilful Canova could never invent

A face half so sweet and enchantingly fair,
And if all his art in attempting he'd spent,
His chisel he soon had thrown by in despair!

Tho' by me Oriental Sultanas be seen,

Or thro' fair Ausonia's clime I may roam,
Thro' languishing Spain, or Græcia serene,
Yet still will I love English beauty and home.

Let Fox-hunting, Britons, be ever your boast,

A sport so inspiring, noble, divine!
Let hunting and beauty be ever your toast,
O'er sparkling glasses of Burgundy wine!

Brother sportsmen! let *Nimrod* be never forgot,

Who has brought, like *John Knox*, a *new light* upon earth,
He's a thorough good sportsman, who knows what is what,
Since from him the "Condition of Hunters" has birth!

Φίλος ιππικῶν.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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Embellished with,

I. *Portrait of MIDDLETON, Winner of the last Derby, by MARSHALL, engraved by WEBB.*

II. *CROP, a celebrated Old English Hunter.*

THE HUNTING SEASON,

LETTER FROM NIMROD:—MR. TAYLOR'S HARRIERS—MR. MULLENS' HARRIERS—MR. SHARD'S (LATE NORTH DEVON) STAG-HOUNDS—AND MR. VILLEBOIS' AND MR. POLE'S FOX-HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE flattering reception which my humble efforts to present to your readers a few remarks on what passed under my observation during the last hunting season have met with in the *Sporting World*, induces me to resume the attempt; and had it not been for an accident which befel me in the month of October, I should, ere this, have been once more in the land of Sporting. I am, however, now so far recovered as to promise myself a start about

the first of December, and shall bend my steps towards Warwickshire. This mishap was very unfortunate, as I was booked for a very jolly week at two neighbours' houses, whence I should have had a day with Mr. Warde's and Sir John Cope's hounds.

About the last thing with which a man should attempt to amuse the public reader, is an account of a misfortune that happened to himself, as he could not expect much sympathy from him; but as mine was an accident with hounds, which might happen to any one,

and which might have been avoided, it may be no harm to mention it, as a caution. I was riding over a small stile, situated on rising ground, and placed in a turn; when by the peculiar exertion of my horse—occasioned, no doubt, by the peculiar situation of the stile—I received a wrench in the back, which all but dislocated my spine. I lay two days on the couch in which I was carried into my house, without being able to be undressed; and eight days afterward on a bed on the floor, without the power of being turned, but by a sling. All this might have been avoided if I had had any hold on my horse's head; but considering myself as safe as when in my bed, I was sitting carelessly on my saddle, and this carelessness had nearly made me a cripple for life.

As soon as I was able to crawl, I sent my horses to Stockbridge—there not being a fence in that country—for the purpose of having a week's hare-hunting with my friend Mr. Taylor*; and also having a peep at Mr. Shard's stag-hounds. Mr. Taylor's invitation was a curious one:—"My accommodations," said he "are wretched—every thing here is a scramble, and I can give you nothing good to eat or to drink." Such "a scramble," however, did I find it, that I should like to compound for such another for the rest of my life; for (*we were not at Hollycombe*) if a man, after a day's sporting of any kind, cannot be contented in a weather-tight cottage, with plain roast and boiled, a good bottle of Port, and a glass of gin punch and a cigar on the top of all, he is not fit for this world, and, in plain-spoken English, he ought to be d—d in the

next. Sancho Panza, at least, was of this opinion.

Your hare-hunters will expect I should say something of Mr. Taylor's pack; but I am hard to please on this subject. I have spent too many months of my life with Sir John Dashwood, whose hounds (unrivalled, I must say) are still in "my mind's eye." I have also a very clever pack close to my own door (full of Sir John's blood), which makes me nice when I go from home. Nevertheless there is not much to find fault with in Mr. Taylor's kennel, though they are a little higher on the leg than I like to see harriers, and they are not rounded, which disfigures them in my eye. Being full twenty inches high, they go very fast, and run well together, which may be said is all we want; and they are well hunted by a very good servant of the name of *Jelly*—most appropriate, we must allow; and I hope I may be pardoned for saying he is a *sweet* fellow with hounds.

Talking of sweet things, I found my old friend *Violet*, who led me such a dance last season, still running at the head of this pack, and her pace is equal to any game. In short, these hounds are too powerful for any thing but a very flying hare in this flying country, where, I hear, it is no uncommon thing for one to run ten or twelve miles an end. It must have been of such hares as these that Martial speaks, when he gives them the pre-eminence among beasts:—

"Inter quadrupedes, gloria prima, lepus!"

Although it agreed very well with my broken back, I do not like the Stockbridge country. There is not a fence to stop either hounds or horses, and the game is too

* Mr. Taylor's country about Hollycombe being very bad for hounds, he rents a small place near Stockbridge for the hunting season.

much in view. In other respects it is better than many parts of Hampshire, being tolerably free from flints, and I saw some very pretty hunting with my friend's hounds, though it was early in the season for much sport—and it is a general complaint that hares are weak, owing to the great flush of young grasses which were produced by the autumnal showers on the half-roasted land.

Having mentioned a pack of harriers in my own neighbourhood, of more than ordinary qualifications, it is but right that I should mention whose they are; and I feel more particularly called upon to do so, not only as affording me an opportunity of recording the merits of a good sportsman, but also, by way of making some trifling acknowledgment of the great civility and accommodation I have received from him in the field. They are the property of Mr. Mullens, who resides about a mile from Basingstoke, and has kept harriers seventeen years. They were in his family before he took to them, and were then deeply tinged with Southern blood; but Mr. Mullens soon found out that, for a flying hare, over the Hampshire hills, this hanging sort was of no avail; and after seventeen years' experience, he is now well convinced of the fact, that the higher a hound is bred, the better is his nose in *chase*; and for these most obvious reasons;—in the first place, he keeps closer to his game than slower hounds—a wonderful advantage in bad scenting countries; and, in the next place, his powers, whatever they may be, are at his command when called for, which is not the case with a slow lumbering animal, which

was only intended to walk* a hare to death, and who is almost always going at the top of his speed, and consequently, with his powers more or less exhausted.

Mr. Mullens most candidly acknowledges the benefit his pack has received from a cross of Sir John Dashwood's blood—several of his hounds being very closely bred from this celebrated pack†. For this cross he is indebted to a gentleman by the name of Bonham, residing at Petersfield, who became possessed of some of Sir John's hounds—amongst which was Tyrant, the best harrier I ever saw in the field, and his stock partake of all his qualities. Tyrant, however, was not bred by Sir J. Dashwood, and I now forget by whom.

Mr. Mullens rides very heavy, and is not so active as he was twenty years ago; but I look upon him as quite a first-rate hare huntsman; and I am ready to admit, that when I cast my eye over his sixteen couples, yesterday, in the field, I could not find one faulty hound. No small advantage has accrued to him, from having, for so many years, had access to the late Mr. Chute's kennel, whose style of hound so much resembled his own—a style certainly well adapted to hills, flints, hedge-rows, and coverts. Mr. Mullens has also a strong touch of old Luke (Lord Egremont's huntsman), and the old Duke of Richmond, in his kennel; and I heartily wish him health and long life to follow his well-turned-out pack.

Mr. Mullens' hounds have one advantage—the *master's eye*—which never leaves them, except for a week or two in the pheasant shooting. His condition is always

* Mr. Mullens told me a curious circumstance of a bitch belonging to one of the old nobles. She hunted a hare—single handed—for five hours, and killed her.

† Mr. Taylor has some of this blood in his kennel, derived from the same source.

good. On my complimenting him upon it yesterday, he mentioned a circumstance that cannot be too generally known in the Sporting World, and I will ensure his permission to make it public. I happened to notice the very superior condition of one hound⁶. "That hound," said Mr. Mullens, "was the foulest puppy I ever had in my kennel. He had the red mange to a violent degree, and every thing else that a hound could have; but I have brought him to what you see, by the use of powdered glass." I asked him for the receipt, which he instantly gave me, and it is this: Take the best glass bottles, and pound them in a mortar (taking care to cover the mouth of the mortar, to prevent injury from the breaking of the glass) till they become a powder as fine as wheaten flour. Sift the powder through fine lawn, and give to a full-grown hound, as much as will stand on a shilling, three times a week, or five times in a fortnight. If persevered in, it is a *certain cure* for the red mange, to which I suppose we are indebted to the alterative and toxic properties of the vitriol and arsenic, contained in the glass.

Whilst at Mr. Taylor's, I had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Shard turn out a stag before the once famous ("Tell it not in Gath!" these hounds never should have quitted that country) North Devon stag-hounds—formerly the pride and the delight of that romantic, but secluded country. The place of meeting was Flower-down, about three miles from Winchester; and in compliment to the presiding Deity of the day, the ancient city turned out every man who could ride, from the head-mas-

ter of the school—a most comely personage, and much too jolly a looking fellow for a pedagoguet—to the youngest lawyer's clerk within its walls. There were also several carriages on the ground—as is usual on such occasions—and one old lady in a gig made a most pathetic appeal to Mr. Shard in favour of the life of the stag. It only wanted Sylvia's beauty, and Virgil's[†] *lingo* (instead of Hampshire) to have rendered it quite irresistible.

Whatever Mr. Shard does, he does with spirit; and with the exception of a sad lack of hounds, his turn-out was very good indeed. Himself was mounted on his favorite grey horse—such a one as we rarely meet with; and he had two servants (Sharp, formerly huntsman to the Honorable Lumley Saville; and his son, bred up, I believe, in his present master's service), also very well mounted, in the field. Two friends of his—Mr. Smith, of Somborne, and Mr. Lovell, of Rooksley—acted as yeomen prickers, which gave the whole a very classical effect. Mr. Shard's person, as master of the ceremonies, was also adorned by a handsome belt, to which was suspended a bugle, which, as Spenser says,

"—hung adown his side in twisted gold,
And tassels gay."

This being the first time of our stag's performance, he did not shew us much sport. He went away, very unwillingly, for Crawley hare-warren, which he seemed very anxious to enter, but did not attempt the pales. Here it was supposed by many that he would be taken; but I was prepared for another start, and he went away

⁶ Gulliver.

[†] "Quem Jupiter odit, pedagogum facit?"

[‡] See his elegant description (*Æneid* Vith) of Sylvia's favorite stag, killed by the bow of Iulus.

for about three miles, at his very best pace, with one couple* of hounds close to his haunches, and all the rest some distance behind. Seeing there was no chance of the body of the pack coming up—as they were cut off by the horses—and still less of the stag breaking view, I lay about thirty yards to the left of him, and about fifty behind him, till he came to a stand—still in a turnip field—evidently quite blown. He was, however, with much difficulty secured; and after being blooded in the tail, soon recovered himself; and I was sorry to hear that he seriously injured the elder Sharp that evening, in his paddock. This deer was too full of flesh on the day we hunted him; *but he can go a good pace*, and I predict that he will find the bottom of some of the nags before the season is over.

Mr. Shard has, I understand, fifteen deer in his paddocks at Sombourne House, but is very short of hounds—having been obliged to get rid of several of the Old North Devon pack, who were gotten below the mark; and I should not suspect the Hampshire flints agreed with hounds of this great size. He has, however, had some small addition to his pack from His Majesty's kennel, one or two of which I saw scoring away at a very clipping pace.

The morning after my return home, Mr. Villebois' hounds met within eight miles of my house, and I treated myself to a sight of them. It was the small pack, looking, as I thought, more clever than ever—and why should they not be so? Every year, if I may be allowed the expression, adds experience to experience, and who can have a much better stock of this useful commodity than Mr.

Villebois? His this year's entry, I am informed, was superb, though I am ashamed to say I have never seen it; but the summer was too hot for such over-land excursions. I suppose Forster had seen his fox the night before in his kennel, for he went straight up to it, and Active found him in the twinkling of an eye. I thought we were in for a run, as the scent was good up wind; but being headed by some greyhounds, he returned to whence he came, and his life paid the forfeit of his cowardice. This was my first appearance with foxhounds; but I understand there has been very little scent in our Hampshire woodlands. In the first place the falling of the leaves—protracted this year beyond their usual period—furnish as it were a fresh surface to the ground on each succeeding morning; and in the next, from the abundance of acorns, the coverts have been much stained by pigs running wild in them. The noses, I understand, are easily counted this season on many kennel-doors, in woodland counties—besides Hampshire.

My next day's fox-hunting was with Mr. Pole's hounds—late the property of my lamented friend Mr. Chute. The country ought to be indebted to Mr. Pole for leaving Warwickshire, where he has every thing comfortable about him, and well selected for hounds, to hunt Hampshire; and I trust the obligation will be acknowledged, by strictly preserving the foxes, and affording him every assistance. He seems inclined to do the thing well, and I like his huntman much. He turns out to be a grandson of old Dick Adamson, who hunted Sir John Dashwood's father's harriers in the Bourton-on-the-hill country, and whom I

* Benny Lass and another.

have often seen when at a very advanced age. The present man went into the North when young, where he has been ever since—first living with Mr. Musters, riding his second horse; then in the kennels of Lord Scarborough (with whom he lived five years), Mr. Petre, and Lord Kintore; so that his education has been good. He appears an excellent horseman, and has a very pleasing method with hounds.

I should be sorry the country Mr. Pole has taken to should ever be without hounds, and I should also be sorry to see the peculiar style of hound which Mr. Chute, for so many years, bred, was lost to the Sporting World. Though from their size they never looked to my eye like a pack of fox-hounds, yet they are very highly-bred hounds—abounding in good points for the country they hunt—as quick as a flash of lightning, and certainly entitled to the motto of “multum in parvo,” which their worthy old master had engraved upon their kennel-door.

We had but a small field with Mr. Pole's hounds—the fixture not being a favorite one, and we did not find our fox till late in the day. Among the field, however, was one who brought some painful recollections to my mind; for when I looked at him I missed the man who had formerly cheered us with his presence, if not mainly contributed to our sport, but who was now numbered with the dead. This was the huntsman to the late Mr. Chute, who hunted his hounds seventeen seasons, and who, of course, has not been forgotten in his will. Though several times in

conversation with him on the passing events of the day, I made no allusion to former times; for I did so once, and I was sorry for it. He made me no reply, for he could not speak:—

“The still-born sounds upon his palate
hung,
And died, imperfect, on the faltering
tongue.”

In my zeal for “the noble science,” I present to my readers part of a letter I received the other day from a friend in Leicestershire. “Our Quorn Squire (i. e. Mr. Osbaldeston) did a very sporting thing the other day, and which ought to be recorded, to his honour. That very stormy Thursday (the 8th inst.) the fixture was for the Coplow, but it was impossible to throw off, and much disappointment was the consequence. ‘Never mind,’ said the Squire, ‘we will meet here again to-morrow, and I will send Dick Burton with another pack to Owthorpe, so that all parties shall be accommodated.’ I need not tell you that the Coplow is one of our very best fixtures, and Owthorpe a very middling one. We therefore never like to miss the Coplow; and every one was highly pleased with what was done on the occasion.”

“This,” said I to myself, on reading the letter, “is the way to hunt a country;” and happening to receive it just as I had finished my dinner, I filled a bumper of black-strap, and drank “Long life to the Squire of Quorn, and success to Fox-hunting!”—without which, what would England be?—what Mr. Gibbon eloquently terms, “a soft and wealthy nation.”

I shall now drop my pen* for

* The expression of “dropping the pen,” reminds me of the beautiful letter in your last Number, from the OLD SPORTSMAN, who tells us he has dropped his *for ever*—as far as regard sporting subjects. Could he have been present to have heard all the praises bestowed upon his farewell letter, he would come again to the post. When more at leisure I shall have a word or two to say to him—in the mean time, I cannot refrain from

this month—humbly hoping that it may not have been quite employed in vain. As it is my intention to visit the counties of Warwick, Salop, Chester, Northampton, Leicester, &c. in the course of the winter, perhaps I may pick up something worth offering to your sporting readers. At all events, I will do my best—and as the song says—"no man, not even Solomon," could do more. NIMROD.

Nov. 19, 1826.

BETTINGS ON THE DERBY, OAKS, AND LEGER FOR 1826.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

THE Subscription Room was thinly attended to-day, and but little business done till towards the close, when some brisk betting took place, and four or five of the leading favorites were deeply backed. Monarch has rapidly advanced, the odds being freely taken. Bolivar is on the decline, and in some instances 12 to 1 was laid. Tredrille was brought more into notice, and being a fine colt he is likely to be a rising favorite. The General and Cedric, of whom so much has been said, are now almost out of the question. Several other horses have been brought forward in the course of the month, and something considerable was laid upon them.

The betting on the Oaks is very brisk, and the principal favorites are backed in heavy figures. Although Pawn and the Sister to Moses are the first favorites, the Henry filly is thought the most of, and has the warmest admirers. Parasol has strangely gone off; and, with the exception of Pawn, the Duke's stud is evidently on the

decline. The Oaks is considered a capital field.

Bedlamite and Crusader getting up so very fast has caused a great flatness in the St. Leger. Belzoni has advanced several points, but the bettors are extremely cautious: on the other hand, the Brother to Barefoot has fallen off considerably, and is not thought much of. Several others have been brought forward, though at an humble distance; and the betting on this very interesting race proceeds at present unusually languid and heavy. Yours, truly, Z.B.

Tattersall's, Nov. 21, 1826.

DERBY.

- 5 and 6 to 1 agst Monarch.
- 11 to 1 agst Bolivar.
- 15 to 1 agst Tredrille.
- 17 to 1 agst Brother to Twatty.
- 18 to 1 agst Gramarie.
- 18 to 1 agst Cedric.
- 20 to 1 agst The General.
- 20 to 1 agst Spectre junior.
- 20 to 1 agst Canvas.
- 20 to 1 agst Pranka.
- 25 to 1 agst Advance.
- 25 to 1 agst Sophist.
- 35 to 1 agst Tippetwitchet.
- 35 to 1 agst Syphon.
- 35 to 1 agst Pollio.
- 35 to 1 agst Viscountess.
- 35 to 1 agst Baron Munchausen.
- 45 to 1 agst f. out of Henry's dam.
- 50 to 1 agst Waterman.
- 50 to 1 agst Carthago.
- 50 to 1 agst Clothier.

OAKS.

- 7 and 8 to 1 agst Pawn.
- 8 and 9 to 1 agst Sister to Moses.
- 9 and 10 to 1 agst Henry.
- 12 to 1 agst Mignonette.
- 13 to 1 agst Parasol.
- 14 to 1 agst Elizabeth.
- 14 to 1 agst Bo-Peep.
- 15 to 1 agst Louisa.
- 16 to 1 agst Bizarre.
- 18 to 1 agst Sister to Augusta.
- 18 to 1 agst Fillagree.
- 20 to 1 agst Morel.
- 25 to 1 agst Brunetta.

ST. LEGER.

- 7 to 1 agst Bedlamite.
- 8 and 9 to 1 agst Crusader.
- 18 to 1 agst Belzoni.
- 25 to 1 agst Barefoot.

expressing the satisfaction I felt at hearing that I had in any wise contributed to recall to his mind the pleasures of his youth, and, by so doing, that I had smoothed the path of his declining age.

29 to 1 agst Banataria.
 30 to 1 agst Monarch.
 35 to 1 agst King Catton.
 35 to 1 agst Grecian Queen.
 35 to 1 agst Tarrare.
 35 to 1 agst Decision.
 40 to 1 agst Redlock.
 40 to 1 agst King Coal.
 50 to 1 agst Garcia.
 50 to 1 agst Pasta.
 50 to 1 agst Mezereon.
 50 to 1 agst Spectre junior.
 50 to 1 agst Masquerade.
 50 to 1 agst Lady Crumfrazee.
 100 to 1 agst Mulatto.
 100 to 1 agst The General.
 100 to 1 agst Skirmisher.
 100 to 1 agst Syphon.
 100 to 1 agst Lema.
 100 to 1 agst Tippetwitchet.
 300 to 4 agst Henry winning the Oaks,
 and Crusader the St. Leger.
 1000 to 7, taken, that Monarch, Henry,
 and Crusader, all three win.
 6 to 4 Sister to Moses beats Elizabeth.
 1000 to 12 that Monarch don't win the
 Derby and St. Leger.

MIDDLETON.

With a Portrait by MARSHALL, en-
 graved by WEBB.

MIDDLETON (bred by and
 the property of the Right
 Hon. Earl of Jersey) is a chesnut
 colt, foaled in 1822. Got by Phan-
 tom, dam *Web* (the dam of Fil-
 lagree, Rubens Junior, and Adenis),
 by Waxy; grandam *Penelope* (the
 dam of Whalebone, Woful, Wilful,
 Wire, Whiaker, Waterloo, Wild-
 fire, Windfall, &c.), by Trumpa-
 tor; great grandam, *Prunella* (the
 dam of Parasol, Pelisse, Podargus,
 Pioneer, Pope, Pledge, Pawn, Pope
 Joan, Piquet, and Prudence) by
 Highflyer; great great grandam,
Promise (the dam of Patience,
 Peeress, Pallas, Prude, Prize-
 fighter, Torbay, and Peppermint),
 by Snap; great great great gran-
 dam *Julia* (the dam of Probation,
 Pactolus, Prize, and Princess), by
 Blank; great great great great
 grandam (the dam of Naylor,
 Spectator, Hermit, and Tatler), by
 Partner; great great great great

great grandam *Bonny Lass* (the
 dam of the two Merry Andrews
 and Paragon), by Bay Bolton;
 great great great great great great
 grandam (the dam of Whitefoot
 and Wryfoot), by the Darley's
 Arabian—Byerley Turk—Taffolet
 Barb—Place's White Turk, out of
 a Natural Barb Mare.

PERFORMANCES.

At Epsom, on May 19, 1825,
 MIDDLETON won the Derby Stakes
 of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-
 year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st.
 2lb.—the owner of the second
 horse received 100 sovs. out of the
 Stakes—last mile and a half (8
 subs.), beating Duke of Grafton's
 Rufus, Mr. Batson's Hogarth, Mr.
 Udny's b. c. by Muley or Scud,
 Mr. Rogers' Muleteer, Mr. Smith's
 Tamar, Mr. Benson's Dauntless,
 Mr. Scaith's Whipcord, Mr. Shard's
 Hogoumont, Mr. Wyndham's ch.
 c. by Granicus, out of Dorina, Mr.
 Heathcote's Oberon, Mr. Rogers'
 br. c. by Haphazard, out of Har-
 riet's dam, Duke of York's Frog-
 more, Mr. Milners' Actæon, Mr.
 Benson's Comrade, Col. Yates's
 Cain, Lord Orford's Fleance, and
 Capt. Bevan's Bitton:—7 to 4
 agst Middleton, 2 to 1 agst Rufus,
 9 to 1 agst Hogarth, 10 to 1 agst
 Hogoumont, 10 to 1 agst Mule-
 teer, 18 to 1 agst Dauntless, and
 high odds agst any other. It was
 a fine race until within the last
 50 yards, when Middleton won
 cleverly.

At Newmarket Second October
 Meeting, at 8st. 2lb. he rec. ft.
 from Lord Cavendish's Ganymede,
 9st. 3lb. D.M. 200, h. ft. At
 Newmarket Houghton Meeting,
 at 8st. 13lb. he paid 100 sovs. ft.
 to Gen. Grosvenor's Crockery, 8st.
 4lb. T.Y.C. 150 sovs. On the
 same day, at 8st. 7lb. he rec. 50l.
 ft. from Mr. Greville's Don Carlos,
 8st. 4lb. Ab. M. 200, h. ft.



S. Marshall, sculp.

W. H. Wood, sculp.

NIMROD, IN CONTINUATION, ON THE GAME LAWS, &c.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Transmit you a continuation of the conversation which I had presumed to have taken place between myself and friend, for the better elucidation of my argument:—

“ALTHOUGH you appear to think it was necessary that the law against the night-poacher should be rendered more severe, yet you have not stated your objection to subjecting him to transportation for being found at night, with fire arms, or a bludgeon in his hand, with the intent to kill game.”

“First—I object to leaving too much to what the law calls ‘*arbitrium boni viri*,’ or the judgment of any man, however upright he may be; and it may frequently be hard to determine what a man’s intentions may be previously to putting them into effect. Secondly—I would not visit him so severely for the first offence, unless he attempted to shed blood; when, by some means or other, the sooner he is shut out of the pale of society the better: for we may reasonably suppose, that a man who would run the risk of committing murder for the sake of a few hares or pheasants would be always prepared to commit it for the chance of a more valuable booty.”

“Was night-poaching, with fire-arms, ever made felony in this country before?”

“With respect to hares and rabbits in a warren, it was made felony, without benefit of clergy, by 9 Geo. I. c. 22; but this Act was repealed by 5 Geo. III. c. 14, s. 6, as relating to hares, and is now in

force as to rabbits. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, hunting by night, in masks or with painted faces, ‘in manner of war arrayed,’ was made felony, if the offenders concealed the truth, or if any rescue or other violence was attempted. It was also felony, 32 Hen. VIII. c. 11, to take eggs of falcon, goosehawk, &c., or to steal deer or rabbits, in a lawful park or warren, by day or by night.”

“What redress would Mr. Goodlake have had, (his preserves having been entered by ‘persons to the number of two, or more,’ previously to 57 Geo. III. making the offence felony,) on conviction of Turner and the seven other persons?”

“They would have been punished as rogues and vagabonds, and imprisoned for a short time; and they might have been publicly whipped.”

“Can you tell me why the public have been deprived of the choice of purchasing game; or why the person on whose land it is found has not the power to sell it?”

“The earliest provision against buying and selling game which I am aware of, is 32 Hen. VIII. c. 8, which also subjected any person who bought or sold a pheasant to a penalty of 6s. 8d., and 3s. 4d. for a partridge, unless he were an officer of the Royal Household. Then followed the 2d of James I. which enacts, that every person who shall sell, or buy to sell, any deer, hare, partridge, or pheasant, except partridges or pheasants reared in houses, or brought from beyond the seas, shall forfeit—for every deer so bought or sold, 10s.; for every hare 10s.; every par-

* See 20 and 40 Geo. III. c. 50.

tridge 10s.; and every pheasant 20s. The law now is, that no man, qualified, or not qualified to kill game, can buy or sell game, under a penalty of 5l. for each head so bought or sold; but so lately as the year 1755, a qualified poulterer was entitled to sell game; and I think I can answer this question of yours by referring to this particular trial:—A qualified poulterer* sold a hare for four shillings, and was indicted under 5 Anne, c. 14, s. 12, wherein it is enacted, "that if any higher, chapman, &c. shall have in his custody, or shall buy or sell, or offer to sell, any hare, &c. he shall forfeit 5l. for each head of game so sold." In arguing the point, whether this poulterer came within the meaning of this Statute, as a chapman, Chief Justice Ryder observed, that the mischief intended to be remedied by the Statute ought to be taken into consideration, and it was evident, from the preamble to it, that that mischief was *the buying or receiving game from loose and idle persons; in other words, from poachers.*"

"When was the sale of game first declared illegal?"

"In 1541."

"Can you name any other animals, coming within the denomination of *feræ naturæ*, or animals not domesticated by man, which are deemed property, and are as strictly protected by the law as hares, partridges, pheasants, and moor game?"

"I can name several. My pigeons may fly into your fields, but you cannot shoot them. This protection is justified by their having, what the law terms, the '*animus revertendi*,' or the disposition to return to my pigeon house.

Rabbits, I have before observed, are especially protected; and the reason assigned is, the value of their skins; but I think you will be surprised to hear all I have to say about fish. That a man (*ratione soli*) may have a possessory property in the fish in a private river which runs through his own land; or, that he may enjoy it by what the law calls '*libera piscaria*;' or that he may have '*separatam piscariam*;' (similar to free-warran) in a river, in which the owner of the soil cannot fish, may in some measure be reconciled; but when I tell you that he may have an exclusive right of fishery in certain parts of the sea, you may be rather at a loss to account for the privilege; but such has been determined to be the law. The question, as to whether the exclusive right of navigating any particular sea can be claimed by any one nation, is one which Archdeacon Paley observes, 'makes a great figure in books of natural law.'

"The subject, it appears, has a right to fish in all navigable rivers, as also to fish in the sea; and Justinian† tells us, that an arm of the sea, where the tide flows and re-flows, is the same as the sea itself. By prescriptive right, however, the exclusive property in fish, in a navigable river or an arm of the sea, may be maintained, as was the case in 'Carter and another v. Murcot and another,' 1768. The plaintiff claimed a right in the river Severn, as *part of the manor of Arlingham*, and brought an action of trespass for breaking and entering his *close*, called 'the River,' or 'the River Severn.' The defendant pleaded general right of fishing in a river that is an arm of the sea, as common to all; and the

* "Kearle v. Boulter," *Sayer's Rep.* p. 141. In consequence of the doubts respecting the meaning of the word "chapman" it is enacted that no person qualified, or not qualified, can sell game.

† Institutes, l. i.

following striking observation was made by his Counsel:—When the tide is in, *the water cannot belong to a manor*; and a fishing can only be exercised *when the tide is in—when there is water*. Lord Mansfield, however, admitted the plaintiff's exclusive right. The question, whether a creek of the sea can subsist as an appurtenant to a manor, was tried (*Vivian v. Blake*) so lately as 1809. The plaintiff failed in proving the prescription, though the right, had he proved it, was admitted by the Court."

"Has property in fish been clearly established?"

"Quite so. Exception was once taken (*Child v. Greenhall*, in arrest of judgment after a verdict, and damages given), that a man has no property in fish until he takes them and has them in his possession; but the Court ruled it otherwise."

"Are the laws respecting fish very severe?"

"They are very severe. By 5 Geo. III. c. 14, A. D. 1765, any person or persons entering any park, paddock, or private ground, in or through which any river shall run, or wherein shall be any river, stream, pond, pool, moat, stew, or other water, and by any ways, means, or device, shall steal, take, kill, or destroy, any fish kept or preserved in any such river, &c., such persons, on conviction, shall be transported for seven years. By the same Act, taking or destroying, or attempting to take or destroy, any fish in any river, &c. not being in any park, paddock, or private ground, shall, on conviction, pay the sum of 5*l*. for every offence, and, in default thereof, be committed to the House of Correction for any time not exceeding six months. Trespass also

lies for fishing, though no fish be caught. The Acts for the preservation of our principal salmon rivers, and those relating to the size of the fish to be taken, and the periods for taking them, are too well known to require notice here."

"Does the Legislature protect any other wild animals besides those we call game, deer, rabbits, fish, &c.?"

"It protects wild fowl. The law forbids a man even to fire a gun so near to a decoy for wild fowl as to frighten them away."

"Is there any statute for preventing a person disturbing or frightening game from a preserve?"

"There is none."

"Do you think the laws for preserving game are tyrannical, or oppressive?"

"All laws will be more or less called so, that restrict a man's natural, or rather general, rights, among which many persons falsely include game; but, admitting game to be—*ratione soli*, or *ratione privilegii*—property, I do not think the laws to protect it are either tyrannical or oppressive. Although we have the best authority for considering game property, yet partly from its nature, the difficulty of identifying it, and other causes, the law does not visit the crime of stealing it equally with other animals. For example, within these last three years there was but little difference in the value of a pheasant and a lamb; but the man who stole the lamb was liable to be hanged, whilst he who stole the pheasant (if in the day-time) was only subject to a small pecuniary fine. The reason for this appears to me to be—that the owner of the lamb has an absolute, and the owner of the pheasant

only a qualified, right in the property stolen.

"Those who assert that game should be publicly sold, maintain, that in such a case no one would find fault with the severity of the Game Laws—granting them to be severe; but, on the contrary, the public would feel the propriety of punishing the midnight plunderer of a game preserve equally with the robber of an hen-roost. In answer to this I say, that without legalising the sale of game, there is no more injustice or tyranny in defending it, than in defending any other property, as the law will take care no excessive punishment is awarded."

"Is the mode of enforcing the penalties unnecessarily severe or vexatious?"

"Generally speaking, it is not. In more than one instance, only one penalty is inflicted for several offences: the party is summoned before he is convicted, and an informer, who has a share of the penalty, is not a competent witness unless a statute should specially so direct. The evidence must also be given in the presence of the defendant; and a tight hand is holden by the Court over these summary convictions."

"How many ways are there of recovering penalties?"

"There are three. Formerly, the only mode of proceeding was by information before a Magistrate; but now the defendant can be sued by an action of debt in any of His Majesty's Courts of Record, or in the Crown Office. The latter mode is stated by Professor Christian to be a disgrace to the Statute Book; but it appears desirable, when the offender is likely to abscond, and in

cases of gangs of poachers who may come from a distance to attack gentlemen's preserves, and who of course would have no available property at hand to distrain on for the penalties. For my own part, I see nothing in these penalties half so arbitrary or unjust as the statute which enables a lord of a manor to come into a man's stable after his decease, and take his best horse as an heriot*—to say nothing of the confectioner at Rochester, who was a short time since fined 5l. and 50s. costs, for selling capillaire in his shop to the ladies; or the Blackburn barber, who was fined for shaving his own brother on a Sunday."

"Do the poor consider themselves at all injured by the Game Laws?"

"The poor cannot do so; for they take from them no right nor benefit which they ever enjoyed."

"What do you consider the chief advantages of the Game Laws?"

"The Game Laws preserve the privileges which all landed proprietors have either purchased or inherited from their ancestors; and to which the Legislature, in their wisdom, considered them entitled. Although our first lawyers admit that the Game Laws are positive rules, rather than founded on reason, yet they do not deny the fact of their usefulness, inasmuch as they are chiefly pointed at persons of low degree, and calculated to prevent mechanics from leaving their lawful trades and employments, to kill and destroy the game, to the prejudice of noblemen, gentlemen, lords of manors, and others!."

"Do you mean to say you think

* We remember the attempt to seize Smólenko (then valued at 2000gu.) as an heriot, on the decease of the late Sir Charles Bunbury.

† Willes, Chief Justice, A. D. 1785.

some of the measures taken to preserve game are oppressive or unjust?"

"I do not; I think the setting spring-guns in game preserves quite unjustifiable; and the Bill to prevent this horrible practice was evidently lost, against the sense of both Houses of Parliament, owing to so few Members being present. 'Human nature,' says Mr. Christian, 'revolts with horror, when such machinery is placed by man for the destruction of a fellow-creature:' and it must be obvious to every one, that, if under such circumstances, and not in the commission of felony, a person were to be killed by a gun *fired from the hand*, the person who fired it would be guilty of murder*. Surely those game-preservers, who set these instruments in their coverts, cannot reflect on this subject; but if they do, and continue the practice, the sooner themselves are wounded by them the better; for as the Poet sings—

—'nec lex justior illa,
Quam necis artifices, arte perire sub.'"

"What do you think of the right of free-warren?"

"The right of free-warren is called in law a Flower of the Crown; but it is a flower that ought to have been blasted in the bud; for, in the early reigns of this kingdom, it enabled the Sovereign to grant an exclusive right to one man to kill game over the freehold of another, and with a manor they generally granted right of free-warren."

"Are there not numerous in-

stances of such exclusive right at present?"

"There are; and they are accounted for in this way:—In more modern times the Sovereign has had no power to grant to A the game on B's estate, but he could grant to A free-warren over A's estate, and over A's estate only. 'However,' says Sir William Blackstone, 'many of the keen sportsmen of ancient times sold their estates, and reserved their free-warren, or right of killing game to themselves;' and in this way the Learned Lawyer accounts for one man having still free-warren over another's freehold. Thus also, at present, several persons have manors without any lands—the demesnes having been sold and disannexed. It certainly appears hard, that a qualified man should be debarred the power of sporting on his own freehold; but so it is. A few years since I was grouseing on some hills in Wales belonging to a friend of mine, who has right of free-warren, and, owing to a misunderstanding between himself and a neighbouring gentleman, he forbade him shooting on his own freehold, and he refrained from doing so accordingly†."

"Do you not think there is a strong feeling in the country against the operation of the game laws, as well as a sense of commiseration for those who are punished under their statutes?"

"There are, and I think I can give you a reason for each. In the first place, for one man who possesses land on which he can com-

* Even as the law now stands, it is questionable whether, if death ensue from the use of spring-guns, the persons through whose agency it does ensue be not criminally answerable.

† No new franchise of this sort can now be granted by the Crown; though we learn from history, that King John very reluctantly parted with the powerful privilege; but no doubt its object was chiefly the protection of game.

mand game, there are thousands who do not; and the latter would, of course, like to have the liberty of purchasing it. There is also a great and well-known desire on the part of some of our great game-preservers to turn, what Mr. Cobbett calls, 'huckstering poulterers,' and convert their hares and pheasants into cash. If you ask whether these great game preservers generally consider the game laws as too severe, I should, without hesitation, say they do not; and I think I shall prove this when further advanced in my subject. With respect to the sense of commiseration for those who are punished under these laws, it arises entirely from a false view of the case; and a man on his road to prison for stealing game is looked upon by many as a victim rather than a culprit—it being hard, they tell us, he should be punished for taking what he had as good a right to as any other man. 'Religion', morality, and law, however, says Mr. Christian, 'all equally deny it; and the teachers of these ought carefully to instruct the world of the falsehood and the mischievous consequences of the doctrine.' Nevertheless, such is too often the apology made for the poacher; but in these days of general knowledge it is but a sorry one. We might just as reasonably say, the robber

of an hen-roost does not know that turkeys, fowls, ducks, and geese are private property; or that I should be deserving of pity if I went into my neighbour's stables and stole his best horse. 'When right of property is established,' adds Mr. Christian, 'the Divine command—Thou shalt not steal—equally applies to an animal that is wild, as to one that is tame;' and even a Pagan declares, '*Nec magis est contra naturam morbum, egestas, aut aliquid hujusmodi, quam appetitio vel detractio alieni.*'—Cicero, *De Off.*"

"Is it not stated that 1200 persons are imprisoned every year under the game laws?"

"It is; and I believe such to be the case; but, considering the amazing population of England, and the still more amazing quantity of game, I do not think the number so excessive; and we must take into our consideration the presumption, that a certain portion of these persons would be in prison for stealing something, if game did not so easily and abundantly present itself. In 1818, the return to the House of Commons of the number of persons in custody for offences against the Game Laws was only 522; and in 111 prisons out of 186, there was not one. Here we learn two facts: first, that the number of offenders

* I have listened to a good many sermons in my time, but I never remember to have heard one word from the pulpit on the crime of, and the evils attending, poaching. As it is said to be a rock on which so many of our fellow-beings first strike in their course through this perilous life, it would be well that a warning voice were heard from that quarter from which it would come with more than ordinary effect. The penalties of the laws also, should, by some means or other, be made better known to the common people than they are. It is very well for a Judge on the Bench to say, "All men are bound to know the laws of the land;" but the fact is, all men do not know the law of the land. The late Act for making it felony to rob a garden, was only known through the medium of the newspapers several months after it became law. I have often thought it would be beneficial if a return of prisoners in the county gaol, and the crimes they were committed for, were, after every Session or Assize, placed on the door of the church in all provincial parishes. Many would then see or hear of persons, in a similar cast of life with themselves, imprisoned for crimes which they are frequently in the habit of committing, without knowing they are crimes.

has increased with the increased* quantity of game; and, secondly, that the offence has not been general, but partial—confined, of course, to those parts where game is so superabundant.

“It is but right to observe here, that of the above-named number of prisoners, only nine were transported out of 99, committed under 57 Geo. III, which awards that punishment to the night-poacher. In the county in which I myself reside, great part of which is over-run with game, there are now in the county prison only two committed for trial under 57 Geo. III.; and ten; out of eighty-eight prisoners, for offences against the Game Laws; although at the last Session, holden the 18th October, there were no less than thirty-one convictions under the Revenue laws.”

“I think it is evident you do not look upon the Game Laws as oppressive; therefore let me ask you if you do not think them anomalous?”

“From the want of legal knowledge, I shall find some difficulty in answering you here; but I recollect what a lawyer said of them in the House of Commons, and I cannot do better than quote his words:—‘The subject,’ said he, ‘is anomalous, therefore the laws are anomalous; but I deny that they are unjust.’ I will add a few words here with your permission:—

“There is certainly no injustice in excluding a person who has no property in land from pursuing the sports of the field on the lands of others; for in a civilized state, all property is appropriated, and no one can acquire any interest in it but by purchase or descent. The

following, however, may be said to be a case of injustice, and I fear must be admitted as such—though not without some redeeming qualities:—A gentleman (and how many such could I name!) has a large landed property, and may, or may not, be an Esquire, or person of higher degree. If he be such, *his eldest son alone* is qualified to sport; but how often do we see all his other sons sporting, at the same time that they are strictly preserving their father’s game, and enforcing the penalties on every poacher they can catch? All that can be said here is (and no little either), that these gentlemen are sporting over their father’s own land, and therefore committing no trespass at the time; and there is a remedy for this evil, which I shall mention hereafter. In the face of justice, however, a distinction will always be made between such persons as I have been speaking of, and the common poacher; and it rarely happens that any information is laid against them. Another proof also of the Game Laws being neither tyrannical nor oppressive is to be found in the great number of persons who sport without a qualification. I made it my business lately to inquire into this matter, as far as related to twenty shooters in my own neighbourhood, and found that not more than one half of them were qualified. ‘We should, however, be sorry,’ said one of our Judges from the bench a few years ago, ‘to see a man in a respectable situation in life deprived of a day’s shooting, merely from want of a qualification—provided he sported fairly, and with permission:—neither is it often the case,

* In answer to a charge against the efficiency of the Game Laws, Sir John Shelley observed; “that it was refuted by the immense increase of game,” and his argument is good.

unless where some litigious spirit is on foot.

"It must be admitted that there are considerable inconsistencies in the present Game Laws (those in the new ones proposed I shall speak of hereafter), but it does not follow that they are generally unjust; neither does it follow that some of these inconsistencies might not be remedied. At present, there is a prohibition with respect to game which does not attach to any other property. For example, a man not qualified can neither kill it nor sell it, though he finds it on his own land, which feeds it; and if qualified, he cannot sell it after he has killed it, which is inconsistent with the general nature of property. Again, a qualified man has the power to buy game when killed, though no one has the power to sell it*. The following also is highly anomalous:—If a man start a hare on another man's private ground, and kill her in the ground of a third person, the property belongs not to the first ground, because the property is local; nor yet to the owner of the second, because it was not started in his soil; but it vests in the person who started and killed it, though guilty of a trespass against both the owners. It is doubted whether a lord of a manor can kill game, unless otherwise qualified, but his servant (his gamekeeper) certainly can. A father may not kill game, but his eldest son can, though there may not be an acre of land in the family—as in the case of the eldest son of an Esquire, or person of higher degree. This is supposed to have originated in an oversight in the

Legislature, who gave the same of such persons a kind of derivative right—taking it for granted that the fathers were in possession of property. Again—a certificate costs a man three guineas, but it does not protect him from penalties. There are other points, however, on which the laws are anomalous, as well as on the subject of game. Until of late years there was no punishment at all for stealing a dog, however valuable he might be; neither is it at this time any legal crime to steal his own notes from a country banker; nor for any one, except a clerk in the Bank, to steal Bank notes out of the Bank of England. Those parties could only recover, by an action at law, the value of the paper or stamps.

The necessity of purchasing a certificate, or, in other words, a permission to possess oneself of one's own property on one's own land, is certainly inconsistent and arbitrary; but this necessity would exist if Mr. Wortley's Bill were to pass. In short, if Justinian himself were to rise from the grave, he could not form an unobjectionable code of Game Laws; and I have no doubt but the laws of all countries upon some subjects, would be found to be anomalous, if not unjust. Amidst the severity of the Roman punishments, simple theft was only considered a civil and private injury; and as the degree of guilt and the mode of punishment were too often left to the discretion of one person, the people were frequently ignorant of the legal danger which they might incur, by several acts of their lives."

"What is your opinion of the

* See Chitty on the Game Laws, p. 166.

† Such are the distinctions of positive law; but justice would be puzzled to discern between stealing a dog, and stealing any other valuable animal.

evidence given by the poulterers at the bar of the House of Commons?"

"My opinion coincides with that generally expressed throughout the country—namely, *that not one half of it is true*. They were not upon oath; but they must have had a good opinion of the swallow of the public, if they flattered themselves they would take in, without danger of choking, what they said—particularly the story of the two thousand partridges thrown into the river Thames in one day! From the prices charged for poultry, at certain times of the year, in London, we have every reason to believe that the sale of game would produce a very handsome return."

"What is your opinion of the office of gamekeeper?"

"You should look into my Lord Suffield's pamphlet on the Game Laws, for the character of gamekeepers; and Colonel Wood said, in the House of Commons, that gamekeepers are the greatest poachers in the world; but I do not speak to this point. If the charge be true, it does not altogether disqualify them for their office—for 'set a thief to catch a thief,' is a maxim long since established; and they are, for the most part, an active and brave race of men. For many years after the office of gamekeeper was introduced into the system of the Game Laws, he was not allowed to kill game, but only to preserve it. He has, however, considerable power, by virtue of his office—such as seizing guns, shooting dogs, &c.—but he can only do this when they are employed by unqualified persons in the destruction of game. Formerly, a gamekeeper had all the power of a constable and headborough; and I am sorry to add,

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that by the Statute *De malefactoribus in parcis*, 21 Edward I., never yet repealed, he is justified in killing 'any trespasser, wandering within his liberty, intending to do damage therein, and who will not yield, &c.' This reminds me of an expression in one of Cicero's beautiful orations, when speaking of some such abominable Statute. 'We have a law,' says he, '*but it rests like a sword in its scabbard*.' Such laws, however, should not be allowed to rest, but should be at once erased from the Statute Book.

"The statute against keeping or using dogs, viz. greyhounds, setting dogs, lurchers, &c. is very strict; but it is worthy of observation, that no one is subject to the penalty under this Act (5 Ann c. 14) for keeping or using a hound—that species of dogs, in favour of hunting, having been, no doubt, purposely omitted. The word *setting-dog* includes a pointer, because it sets."

"I think we have said enough on the subject of the Game Laws as they now stand; and I should wish to hear, not only something like a comparison made between them and the new ones proposed, but also to know what alteration you propose to make in them?"

"It generally happens, that when a man understands the subject he is speaking or writing upon, words naturally offer themselves; but here I confess you have brought me to a stand-still. I am surprised, indeed, that you should for a moment think me capable of such a task; nor should I have thought you less unreasonable if you had asked me to have found the philosopher's stone. You must surely take me for a sorcerer."

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"Not at all. Every man has a right to give his opinion on the laws he is bound to obey, and there is no reason why your voice should not be heard in the crowd."

"Voices much louder than mine have been exerted upon this momentous subject, but no favorable answer has yet been returned. We have heard Sir Samuel Romilly; we have heard the late Marquis of Londonderry; we have heard my Lord Liverpool; we have heard my Lord Dacre (whose arguments, as Sir John Shelley observed, were enforced by all his eloquence and popularity); we have heard my Lord Suffield; we have heard my Lord Cranbourne; we have heard Colonel Wood; we have heard Professor Christian; we have heard Colonel Hawker; and lastly, we have heard Mr. Stuart Wortley; but we have heard them all in vain, for not one of them has been able to find a remedy for the evil complained of."

"Has not the House of Commons gone more than once into a committee on the Game Laws?"

"The pen is useless in a hand that is manacled, and therefore I must speak out. The mountain has often been in labour, and every time brought forth a mouse. The celebrated committee in 1816, after much deliberation, came to the memorable conclusion, that '*it was their opinion*, that all game should be the property of the person on whose lands such game should be found';—a point established since the days of Canute, (and to which all Statutes since enacted for the preservation of game, are but supplementary,) upon concurrent and undisputed authorities. Since the year 1816, 'our ears have been cudgelled' with speeches, pamphlets, letters, &c.

on the subject; but I think I can find an answer to them all—not in my own language, for I would not presume so much, but in that of the veteran Earl of Westmorland. 'A measure like this,' said his Lordship (alluding to Lord Dacre's proposed Bill), 'affecting the rights and privileges of so many of the King's subjects, required very serious consideration. The preservation of game, in a country so highly cultivated as this, was an object of high importance. If the Noble Lord (Dacre) proceeded with the measure, he would find himself involved in much contradiction and absurdity. The measure was introduced under the pretext of popular favour, and of supporting popular rights; but whoever examined the Bill would find it to be *the most despotic Act that ever was framed*: in fact, its principles were the same as those from which the horrors of the French revolution were partly drawn. *Its tendency was to benefit men of large landed property, and to deprive all other classes of every species of rural amusement.* It went to declare *feræ naturæ* private property. It took from the lord of the manor the right he now possessed, giving him such as he ought not to possess. Whatever privileges it granted to the small proprietor were useless, because he could not pursue game beyond the limits of his own property. It was true, he might set snares on his land, but no more. Their Lordships should consider, in the next place, how it interfered with rural amusements, such as hunting, shooting, &c. The game might be pursued from a man's own lands into those of another; but then, *if the person pursuing it could not prove it to be*

the very same he had started, he might be seized, and taken before a Magistrate!! The measure would have the effect of turning every large proprietor of game into a poulterer, and every sportsman into a robber.

"This is very strong language indeed; and it would feign make us believe that the proposed laws were not only equally anomalous with the old ones, but that they were ten times as unjust!

"It is at all times difficult to arrive at certainty on speculative truths; and so long as our intellectual faculties are not formed by one general standard, diversity of opinion will be the very essence of our nature. It may be arrogant, perhaps, to be positive on points where others differ; but I will hazard the expression of my sincere conviction, that on a thorough and impartial investigation of the old with the new (*i.e.* proposed) Game Laws, the old will be found to be less anomalous, and less unjust—to say nothing of their being fitted and fashioned into our system by the long course of operation. All laws might be objected to, as Sir John Shelley so aptly observes, if their bad effects were alone considered; but they should not be so unhandsomely dealt with, and the good should be fairly balanced against the evil. As far as I am able to judge, the Legislature have generally consulted the taste and prejudices, as well as the reason, of mankind in forming their Statutes for the preservation of game, and I think they were wise so to do. Laws are not always the measure of right and wrong, and positive law will sometimes speak when the law of Nature is silent."

NIMROD.

SNIFE SHOOTING—ANECDOTES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IN your Number for October, I find an article on my favorite bird—the snipe. Your correspondent notices their early arrival, and anticipates a propitious season to the lovers of snipe-shooting. In England the last breeding season was particularly favorable; the swamps were not inundated; and, as we have had very little boisterous weather, to impede their passage from abroad—to use a Kentish phrase—there is a "pretty sprinkling" of them in most of their favorite haunts.

I agree with your Bog-trotting correspondent and Colonel H. that walking down wind is the best way to secure good snipe shooting; for a snipe will, if possible, rise with its head to the wind. A tuft of grass may screen them; but they dislike to face their enemy, and they lie to the last extremity when the shooter walks down wind: and even on marshy ground, nine snipes out of ten see the approach of the sportsman. It has frequently happened to me, and no doubt to your correspondent, when not pursuing the beat to the end, turning back some paces, a snipe has risen within five yards of the spot I had been to.

A dog, if a good one, is of great use: it should be one that will obey your eye and hand, not one that will give tongue, or requires much use of your own. Colonel Hawker advises to let go an old pointer up wind after you have walked down. I have generally had the best snipe-shooting without a dog—though the labour is great, and wet feet the consequence. A friend and myself have ambulated many a day together—swamp, splash, and bog

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—in pursuit of the snipe, with all the ardour of a Quixotte, though I must confess I at times was a little inclined to follow. Sancho's precept—"take care of one's self."—One day my friend had been indefatigable, not without some success, and had just quitted the marshes: I was at this time about one hundred and fifty yards a-head of him, and on turning round, to my great astonishment, I saw he was floundering on his back with his legs "high in the air." I was alarmed; but he instantly formed a perpendicular, with all the agility of a Merry Andrew. I thought him mad. After shaking himself, like a spaniel just emerged from his almost native element, he took up his gun, and went on. I eagerly inquired what all those megrims meant? He replied, that his boots being full of water, he had taken that method to dislodge it, but, contrary to his wish, the water found its way up his trousers, and attacked him (as Goldsmith says) "in that part least capable of making resistance." This produced the re-action which placed him so quickly on his legs again. When I ascertained I was quite safe in his company we jogged onward.

The ground can never be beat too close; for you frequently leave snipes in passing hastily over it, particularly the jack-snipe. I have one instance fresh in my memory: An old gentleman frequented the same grounds as my friend and self—he riding on a white pony, and considered a destructive shot—one day, when we were out, my friend exclaimed, "D—n that fellow, there he is again." I asked who? not looking in the right direction. "Why, Death on the Pale Horse," was his reply. There he was, sure enough, with two beaters

plodding on. We were not to be disheartened by such a formidable appearance. We beat with care, tried every nook, and killed two couple of snipes, the old gentleman not having found one.

A Borderer on North Wales.

TERRIERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IF any of your correspondents can inform me where the best terriers are to be got, I should feel particularly obliged to them.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

A CUB.

Tuesday, November 8.

ADVERSE FATE OF NEW-MARKET FLYERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

ALLOW me, through the medium of your oft-read pages, to offer some few remarks on the adverse fate which the Newmarket Flyers have frequently met with while travelling round the country, expecting, doubtless, to carry every thing before them—Plates, Cups, Matches, and Sweepstakes.

Imprimis, as the grammarians would say, we will look at Lord Exeter's celebrated mare *Augusta*, who, in the zenith of her fame, *i. e.* soon after she had won the Oaks, was beat for a sweepstakes at Stamford by a now-forgotten colt—*Adolphus*, by *Thunderbolt*.

Look next at *Pastille*, who, in the next year, was beat at Ascot by General Grosvenor's *Marcellus* and another.

Tiara, bred by the Duke of Grafton, was last autumn considered a good runner by the Newmar-

bet sportsmen: she was this spring sold to Dilly the trainer; and surely by her running under his care she has added nothing to her fame—in fact I fear the contrary.

Bizarre too (who, however, beat Barefoot and Longwaist) was himself defeated at Brighton by Stumps, and that fine slapping horse Cydnus, by Quiz.

What did Hampden do in the country?—what Nicolo?—and what Streatham—who, under the effects of Newmarket training, lost all that speed which won him the Thirty Guineas Stakes at York, which gave him so distinguished a place in the race for the Doncaster St. Leger?

Spermaceti did not cut a better figure at Brighton last year, than Bizarre this; and the Oatlands at Ascot were last time won by a country horse.

Wings, too, was sadly beat at Lichfield lately—fifth and last for one race, third and last for another.

Many more instances might be adduced; but I hope that the selection I have made will be sufficient to prove my assertion.

In the House of Commons a Member may not speak more than once on the same subject, except to explain; so I had said that I would say nothing more about the North and South country horses: but as an explanation is necessary, I must break my promise, though only to add a very few words.

I mean that passage in which I compared Cedric, Serab, and Longwaist, with Barefoot, Lottery, and Abron—in which I acknowledge myself wrong. The fact was this: I, on the first day of the month, read A TYKE's reply to me at a friend's house in Kent, and then went home and wrote my answer. Two or three days afterwards I

got a Magazine of my own: too late I saw my error—about the stud, not country—yet I congratulate B. B. and A TYKE on their penetration in finding it out, which thing I fully expected: and hoping that B. B. will favour the *Sporting Magazine* with another letter, I remain, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

MORLAND.

November 1, 1825.

For the Sporting Magazine.

AEROSTATION.

[Though this article does not exactly appertain to sporting subjects; yet a wish to give encouragement to Foreign talent induces us to comply with the respectable Correspondent who forwards it to us for insertion.]

“ Quis crederit olim.

Aërias homines carpere posse vias !” Ov.

THE public are already in possession of Mr. T. R. Jolliffe's narrative of his ascent from Sevenoaks, as detailed in a letter to his brother at Ammerdown Park, in Somersetshire. The following statement is from the companion of his flight, Mr. de Cornillot; and may perhaps engage the attention of those of our readers, who take an interest in enterprizes of this nature:—

The machine was constructed under the personal superintendence and direction of Mr. C. It is formed of silk of the strongest texture, and in figure resembles an oblate spheroid, the diameter extending to thirty feet. In this the first trial of its properties, the aeronauts adopted every possible precaution to avoid publicity, having procured a retired inclosure in the territory of Mr. Muchet, near Sevenoaks. But the preliminary measures were neces-

sarily such as defied concealment. A spectacle altogether unprecedented in the neighbourhood selected for the experiment, presented an attraction unusually powerful, and the concourse from the surrounding villages was estimated at several thousands; yet, amidst this numerous assemblage, order and harmony were not for a moment interrupted. A slight cord was the only barrier to prevent the pressure of the throng, and its limits were not in a single instance infringed. Among a variety of distinguished spectators, who graced the scene with their presence, were, the Marquis of Camden, Lord Brecknock, Captain Harden, Mrs. Douglass, Mr. Lambert, Mr. Noel, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Markham, Mrs. and Miss Noel, Mrs. and Miss Harding, Mr. and Miss Firmin, &c. &c. &c.

The hydrogen gas used for the inflation of the balloon was procured by Mr. de Cornillot from a decomposition of water, by the dissolution of iron in sulphuric acid: but as there was no reservoir within a less distance than two miles from the sphere of his operations, the completion of the process was unavoidably retarded till the second day.

The intense heat of the sun appearing to threaten a dangerous degree of expansion to the machine, it was judged expedient to delay the ascent till five o'clock in the afternoon, when, impatient of further obstacles, the adventurers seated themselves in the car, and, waving their flags in acknowledgment of the joyous acclamation which burst from the gazing multitude, they soon attained an elevation sufficient to establish their theory, *of maintaining the balloon in a poise of inaction.* The tempera-

ture of the air at this degree of altitude—about a mile from the earth's surface—was peculiarly exhilarating in its influence; and the aeronauts availed themselves of so propitious a moment to drink to the healths of their respective Sovereigns, of Great Britain and France.

Twenty minutes had now elapsed, and the machine, from the serene state of the atmosphere, had slowly proceeded in a horizontal direction about two miles; but the *voyagers* being desirous to try the effect of a more rapid circulation, ascended considerably higher, where they were met by an opposing current, which wafted them the space of nearly another mile; the balloon still preserving a course parallel to the earth's plane. The sun was then fast sinking below the horizon, when Mr. Jolliffe, having expressed a wish to observe the descent of that glorious luminary from a height which would greatly extend the range of its effulgence, the machine attained a point of elevation which Mr. C. has estimated to have exceeded three miles. In this lofty region, the aeronauts felt only a slight change in their powers of respiration; but Mr. C. complained of an affection behind the ears, which served as an admonition to commence descending. He applied therefore immediately to the valve; and although the discharge of gas was accompanied by a violent hissing, indicative of an expansion of the balloon, the machine still continued to rise—but in a short time its equilibrium was restored.

The balloon ultimately fell in a field belonging to Mr. Malton Lambert; where, by the active assistance of many persons who witnessed its descent, it was care-

fully secured, and in less than a quarter of an hour folded up in a state to be conveyed to Mr. C.'s lodging.

Successfully to practise the principle adopted by Mr. Jolliffe and Mr. Cornillot, *of rendering the machine stationary at a given point*, the four following conditions are absolutely indispensable:—

1st, A balloon so thoroughly impervious, that the hydrogen gas should be even more closely secured than when in a bladder.

2dly, A valve constructed with the most minute exactitude, and whose diameter should not exceed nine inches.

3dly, A method of correctly ascertaining the weight of hydrogen gas discharged by each stroke of the piston.

4thly, A supply of ballast, prepared in different proportions, from several pounds weight to the fractional parts of an ounce.

The above-named gentleman contemplates, it is said, some additional experiments in the course of next spring. The friends of scientific research will wish success to their efforts.

HUNTING IN THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

BEING an ardent admirer of your entertaining Miscellany, I am induced, from the absence of NIM NORTH's truly valuable letters, to offer for your consideration a few observations out of my notebook, taken during a ramble over the Southern part of the county of Durham—a country so interesting to sportsmen, from its contiguity to three packs of fox-

hounds and two of harriers, that it deserves "a local habitation and a name" in the records of sporting.

Accidentally hearing that Lord Darlington's fox-hounds would throw off at Brusselton, an elevated hill North-west from Darlington, I was determined to see the sport. I started early with Aurora's first tint of the morning—the sky was promising, and the day proved delightful, "a South-easterly wind and a cloudy sky;" and as I began to climb the ascending country, I could distinguish several brother sportsmen travelling in the same direction, "meditating of fences cleared and foxes' deaths." Upon attaining the specified spot, I was struck with amazement at the wide expanse of view around me. Looking towards the South-west, the beautiful Vale of the Tees (long since rendered a classic ground, by the "Great Unknown," in his poem of Rokeby) stretches in view until lost in the mountains of Cumberland. In the fore-ground you catch a glimpse of Raby's princely towers, and its wide domains, speckled with its white buildings as far as the eye can reach. Towards the North the view extends to the high grounds of Gateshead Fell, the eye towering over Durham's massy pile. On the East, looking over a beautiful and cultivated country, the estuary of the Tees is seen flowing into the German Ocean.

"Ever charming ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and farm—
Each gives each a double charm."

It appears a former proprietor

of this spot had been equally fascinated with the prospect; for on the summit of the hill a beautiful summer-house now stands, though neglected and fallen to ruins, known by the rustics "as Brusse-ton Folly;" at the base of which a rail-way winds round from West Auckland (by the bye a very great nuisance to hunting), on which I perceived a locomotive engine travelling with sixteen wagons laden with coal, on their way to Stockton.

Glad was I that time allowed me to contemplate the picturesque scene, before the Nimrods of the chase interrupted my meditations. Soon, however, I was aroused from such reveries, to behold at least more animated objects. The whole summit of the hill appeared in a few minutes to be covered by men and horses, congregated together in little masses, as friendship or acquaintance seemed to attract. At length, the gallant and noble sportsman arrived, and from his dignified air and courteous manner, nobility is so strongly marked, that he is easily known as the lord of the day: and certainly a finer sight I never saw, than his Lordship surrounded by his hounds; they are in complete subjection to his nod and command; a finer pack England has not within her sea-engirted shores. After his Lordship had exchanged the civilities of the morning with those whom he knew, the hounds with alacrity entered the covert, eager to arouse Reynard from his slumbers after the night's pilfering; and in a little time the woods re-echoed with the well-known notes of Ringwood and Matchless. At length he was found, and the music of the chase arose in delightful harmony; he was forced

out of the covert, and "Away, away!" was heard; at which, all were in motion, eager to catch a sight of his honored brush. The "view halloo!" from his Lordship thrilled through every breast; whilst he was seen careering in grand style over every obstacle, followed by his whipper-in. Reynard made a quick turn, and rounded the hill, making for the wood again, which he attained, but with great danger of his life, the dogs almost touching him; again he was driven out, and took the same track; and, after having over-run him, he was found in a little time, and foiled of his object in getting to covert again: he soon met his death.

Another covert was tried, but his sly majesty was not permitted to see his biped foes that awaited his coming out. So ended my day's pleasure—a day that did not certainly afford much sport to the heroes of the chase, but enough for the hundred of pedestrians that a fine day and his Lordship's hounds had led from home. One among the many had resumed the old hunting cap, and it deserves again to be brought into fashion, as no hunter is in full costume without one, and seems quite unique, as NIMROD would say. Upon inquiry, I found the Gentleman to be T. Shaftoe, Esq., who has been in at as many deaths as any fox-hunter in the North of England. He is a light weight, and knows his horse—what he can do, and when he *should* do it.

Having heard that there was an excellent pack of harriers at Heighington, within a little distance of Darlington, and obtaining the notice of the hunting days, I was determined, during my stay

at —, to spend a day at their heels. I again set off, with the rising sun, and reached the village in time to have a peep at the delightful little spot—standing on the Southern declivity of a hill, and commanding an extensive view towards the South: the houses are in general neat and clean, at least as far as outside appearance goes, and by their standing form a square—the church and vicarage house beautifully situate in the centre. There are a good many respectable residences in it, and none appears to greater advantage than the hall of William Colling, Esq., the owner of the harriers. On the turn out, I was highly delighted with the whole appearance—men, horses, and dogs.

The prominent features of Mr. C., if I have any claim to physiognomy, are hospitality and good nature; and the vicinity in which he lives must be under very great obligations to him, for affording them, at his own expense, such healthful amusement and innocent recreation, which a pack of harriers always afford; and I know not by what happy fatality it is, but his companions in the chase all seem, in general, to be of the same true English grain with himself. Mr. W. Richmond was mounted upon a beautiful grey mare, whose fine figure, strength, and height, were every way in unison with her rider, who will not be far distant from a seventeen stone man. Also Mr. Best, a tenant of Lord Barrington's, was well mounted. How pleasing must it be to Gentlemen to hear or see their tenants thus enjoying themselves after the labour of summer! and when a respectable tenant can afford to amuse himself so agree-

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ably during this season of the year, when little is required of him in the farm, he deservedly acquires for his landlord a good name, which will ever be associated in the song and toast. Nor can I pass without injustice Mr. George Richmond, the sparkling of whose eye says, he will not be the first to quit the festive board; the whole company bespoke health and happiness. Mr. Colling rides fifteen stone; notwithstanding, either in following his own or Lord Darlington's hounds, he is generally in with the first. He has as excellent horses for his weight as ever crossed a country, hunts his pack well, and gives universal satisfaction to every one who goes with him.

Upon the death of the last hare, the dogs being somewhat a-head, an odd scene was beheld. An old woman, who has seen eighty winters, had hobbled out of her cottage upon hearing the hounds in full cry, and poor puss met her death beside her. Upon Mr. Colling coming up, the old woman was in the midst of the dogs, with the hare in her hand, and in the other a stick, with which she was defending herself from the attacks of the dogs; nor did she betray the least symptom of fear—she got the hare and other presents as the reward of her magnanimity, which she took with great reluctance, as she had not any thing of the pot-hunter about her; but was led to the scene by the kindred spirit of Diana of old.

I am afraid I have already trespassed too long upon the columns of your truly-amusing Journal; but, if the foregoing is judged worthy of insertion, you shall hear from me again.

VIATOR.

PATENT SADDLE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

A Very ingenious person is about to bring out a saddle upon improved principles. He has sent me his prospectus (which you have herewith) for my opinion; and I have seen the material in an unfinished state, which seems to me so likely to be patronised, that I have ventured to send it to you, as a likely subject to be acceptable in your very entertaining and useful Magazine, if you choose to insert it.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

JOHN LOCKLEY.

Pershore, Oct. 16.

THE PATENT SADDLE.

The use of saddle horses is so indispensable to the inhabitants of most of the known world, for the purposes of war, of business, of health, and of pleasure, as to render it matter of surprise (considering the great improvements which have from time to time been made in almost all branches of mechanical arts), that no mode has hitherto been discovered of constructing that important requisite, the saddle, whereby the necessity of great care in the fitting of it to each particular animal may be spared, without incurring the unfailing alternative of galled, inflamed, and sore backs. In fact, so notorious is it that all saddle horses get injured in that way, that a limner as soon thinks of painting one without eyes as without saddle marks.

The cause of the evil must be apparent to those who attentively observe the present formation of a saddle. Nature has moulded the bodies of horses in an endless variety of forms; whereas a saddle

tree, which is the foundation and skeleton of the saddle, is made by thousands in the same entire unyielding shape: consequently, though it may fit a few, it will not suit the many, unless purposely made for each respective horse, which is impracticable. It rests in some points on the horse's body, and in others it does not touch; thus the weight which the saddle has to sustain is thrown on the most prominent points of contact: the points of the head or pommel sustain a material portion of the weight by pressure against the shoulders on each side, thereby restraining and impeding their free action; the only other points of pressure are, each side of the back part of the tree, bearing nearly upon the horse's loins; the sides of the tree (which should bear along each side of the back upon the upper part of the ribs, where the horse could best support a weight) not touching the horse at all.—The truth of this statement will be seen at once by laying a naked saddle tree upon a horse's back-bone. The present plan of saddle-making is to cover the hardness of this wooden saddle tree, where it presses upon the horse, and pad out the hollow parts of it which do not touch, with a quantity of wool, and this the saddler does with all the skill he possesses, and he succeeds in fitting a particular saddle to a particular horse, but probably not well without several trials and alterations of the stuffing; for he cannot look through the saddle, nor feel through it, to ascertain the fitting, nor can the horse tell him whether it be comfortable or not—therefore nothing but the result of actual use can prove it; for the stuffing may appear well to the eye and the hand, because all seems

level; but when the weight is placed on it, the most prominent parts of the tree must carry it by reason of the wool against the hollow parts of the tree yielding more easily, and thus the pressure is unequal.—It is almost impossible that a saddler can at once tell how much the wool will sink in the hollows, considered with reference to the prominent parts and the differences between the shape of the tree and the horse's back; and the only certain course he has is, to put such a quantity of wadding as to render those differences less perceptible. In fact, generally speaking, the great quantity of wool put against the hollow parts of the tree stands for nothing, except to make the saddle *seem to have* a regular bearing; for the sides of the tree which stand hollow from the back are, by the rule of contrary, just where there is a hollowness in the backs of all horses, more or less, and where consequently there ought, in the inside of the saddle, to be a corresponding fullness; but the saddler is afraid to make a fullness there, lest the saddle should bear upon it, and thereby render the bearings at the ends of the tree unsteady, so great a nicety would be requisite.

So far we have seen the inconvenience, considering the saddler to be fitting a saddle to a particular horse; but inasmuch as the shapes of horses vary infinitely, the saddle that fits one horse will most probably not fit another, because even a slight difference in the shape of the horse renders it necessary that the padding should be differently disposed; therefore, unless by good luck the saddle should happen to fit another horse, the consequence is an injury or inconvenience to that horse's back, or a necessary alteration of the saddle;

and so on, *ad infinitum*, as often as there may be occasion to use the saddle for a different horse. Still, in spite of all alterations, unless the bulk of wool used be very considerable, the inequality of the pressure will find its way. The quantity of wool thus used for the purpose of padding is necessarily a great source of weight, heat, and discomfort to the horse: the perspiration is profuse under the saddle, and having no means of evaporation, as it exudes from the pores of the animal it is absorbed by the wool, which thereby, and by the pressure of the rider's weight, soon becomes cotted, hardened, and unfit for the back of the horse it was made for, much less for any other. The wool also, by alterations and restuffing, will get lumpy. Every one knows the discomfort of lying on a bed which has become lumpy from want of good shaking: how much worse must it be for a horse to have harder lumps placed on his back, and the weight and motion of a rider upon them, rubbing and fretting and galling the poor uncomplaining animal throughout the journey! Considering this, and knowing as we do from our own feelings how much sooner exertion, under circumstances of pain or discomfort, produces fatigue than it would otherwise do, can we wonder that the powers of the horse should flag prematurely from a similar cause?

The inflexibility and inequality of pressure of the present saddle, and its consequent instability (particularly when the padding gets hardened by perspiration), assist to render it liable, by the motion of the horse and rider, to be driven forward on low-shouldered horses.

Another part of the formation

of a saddle, which is against the comfort and safe-going of the horse, is, that the points of the present head or pommel pressing down strongly and low against the shoulders, is a very main part of its bearing, confining and hampering the shoulders to such a degree of inconvenience as to hinder the freedom of their action, and often to occasion a horse falling when he might not, if his shoulders had been unrestrained. No greater proof of this can be given, than that instances are rare of horses falling when ridden without saddles.

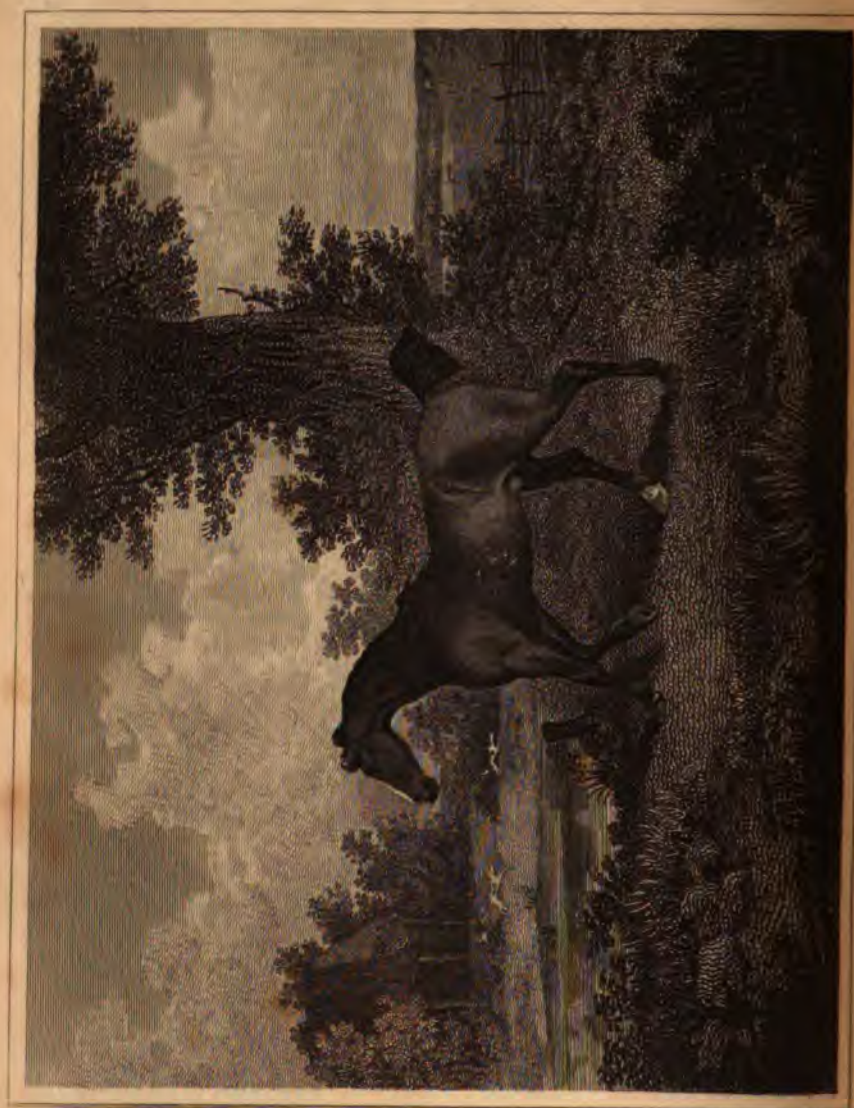
The old saddle is put together for the most part, by nailing into the wooden tree; and the repetition of nailing, in alterations, repairs, new-stuffing of saddles, &c. or the saddle tree getting very dry, decayed, or worm eaten, still cause the nails to have less hold, and tend to split, break, and weaken the tree. The pad or pannel of the saddle is nailed to the tree in the inside, with the heads of the nails next to the horse's back, protected as well as the circumstances permit, by a bit of wool stuck on the head of each nail. These nails are very apt, from the above-mentioned causes, to loosen and come out of the tree in riding, and get between the horse's back and the saddle, to the great injury of the horse: they frequently work their way into, and are lost (except to the horse's feelings) in the stuffing of the pannel, making hard lumps therein to gall and injure the animal before the mischief is discovered. The patentee has found more than half a dozen old nails accumulated in the mass of wool which formed the pannel of an old saddle, and in which they had become, from rust and the adherence of the wool,

hard shapeless lumps. Instances of this kind are of every-day occurrence.

Although the hardness and inflexibility of the saddle tree produce so many inconveniences, yet it by no means possesses in return that principle of strength which is consistent with the safety of the rider and the durability of the saddle: for it naturally, by the work it undergoes, cracks and breaks in those parts where the wood is joined together, and those joints happen to be in the very parts where the principal stress of the work lies. The system of nailing also tends very materially to produce this objection. The old saddle tree being of wood, cut as thin as possible, and spliced together, one end of the bar to which the stirrup-leather hangs is supported by being riveted to a part of the tree, which, from its situation (close to a splice), is unfit to sustain the weight of a rider in his stirrup, and very commonly cracks and splits in consequence, particularly in leaping, and from sudden halts and checks. By the repetition of this, the part commonly becomes so cracked, that, though it may have answered the rider's purpose to-day without an accident, it may not be fit to carry him another day; yet the rider knows not his danger, for he cannot see how cracked and defective the part is become, it being covered with leather, and hidden from his observation, and the next time his stirrup bars come into forcible action they may (for aught he can possibly calculate) break from their precarious hold.

The weakness of the wooden saddle tree, and all its defects when new, are hidden from observation by a nice coat of canvas





glued over it: but the perspiration of the horse dissolves the glue, and it carries it by degrees, the leather and the wadding, and the defective parts together, and the decay of the tree is produced in a great degree of the same means, besides its natural enemy the worm. Let any man pull an old saddle to pieces, and he will find the truth of all these observations upon the tree.

The next thing to the ease and comfort of the horse is that of the rider. In the construction of the present saddles, a hollow part is left between the two sides of the tree to prevent pressure on the spine of the horse: this hollow part is barely five inches wide, consequently not wide enough to prevent the bony lower ends of the rider's seat resting on the edge of the hard saddle tree on each side, so soon as the stretching of the leathers (if not previously very well trained), or the yielding of the tree, has let the webbing down upon the wood work, which is generally the case with the present saddles; producing to the rider, pain, fatigue, and frequently blisters and tumours.

The patentee has observed, and minutely studied all these things experimentally, and has, after much application to the subject, and many trials, accomplished a mode of saddle-making by which the inconveniences above complained of are all obviated.

The excellence of this new-invented saddle consists in its capability to adapt itself to the size and make of the horse, and its superior ease and comfort both to horse and rider, without any increase in weight compared with the old saddle.

It is so contrived that the same saddle shall fit in a general way all horses, without galling, and without requiring any alteration or the aid of a crupper to keep it in its place. The pressure is equally distributed, and its means of adaptation to the shape of the animal are such that no relaxation of its powers can follow from continued use.

Not a nail is used in the whole structure.

The perspiration of the horse by means of this saddle will be in a very great degree abated.

The horse's shoulders will be materially relieved from the impediment to his action existing in the old saddle.

The bars of the stirrups are so firmly fixed that it is impossible the rider can ever be in any doubt on that subject. The seat of the rider is elastic to an extent sufficient to remedy all the inconveniences above objected against in that respect.

The material of which the frame of the patent saddle is made, is such that the very name of it is a security for its stability and durability, and its other advantages are manifest at once on inspection.

In outward appearance the patent saddle is handsome and modern, and it is capable of variation, to suit the different purposes of the army, the chase, and the road, and the changes of fashion.

It will come out during the present hunting season, and the price of it will not exceed the bounds of moderation.

CROP.

(With an Engraving.)

CROP, a celebrated Old English Hunter, belonging to the late Lascelles Lascelles, Esq. and well

known in the Hambleton Hunt. He was originally purchased for harness, but, upon some emergency, being taken into the field, he gave such superior proofs of goodness as entirely to change his destination; and, during the period of Col. Thornton's highest celebrity, became the most renowned horse in the Boroughbridge Country.

Some little explanation is perhaps necessary on the subject of the picture, as a fox-hunt in the summer is not a usual occurrence with us.

Three hounds belonging to the Thornville pack, one of which was the famous Merlin, by some means, in the month of June, broke out of kennel, and before the circumstance was discovered had found a fox in a neighbouring gorse covert, which they ran a distance of 15 miles to the foot of the Hambleton Hills, and were there found lying at the earth.

The horse is at grass, and to the above particular event the artist alludes in the annexed engraving.

RUN WITH MR. PODE'S HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Am obliged to you for inserting my remarks on the DEVONIAN. I sincerely hope he will never again in the pages of your interesting Magazine cry down fox-hunting in any country. If we can carry on that most noble and enthusiastic diversion in Devonshire, allow us to do it in the best way we can.

In the name of one of the gentlemen who keep fox-hounds you have made a mistake; instead of *Poole* it should be *Pode*:—and now I have introduced him to you, I will give you the description of a run his hounds had last Tues-

day, the 8th. They unkennelled in a plantation near Hemmerden, the seat of George Woolcombe, Esq. The fox was headed three times: at last he went away, the hounds close at him over Hemmerden Ball, Smallhanger, Headon, through part of Mr. Hay's plantation under Headon, through Hogmoor, Rook-wood, Rook-torr, over Penmoor, leaving Penbeacon on the left, broke over the wall by Highhouse Gate, through Hawns, over the partition wall into Dendalls, crossed the Yealm river between the Donjon and Dendalls corner, up Furse Hill, all over the Stalldon Moor to Crooked Oak, on the river Erme, where they ran into him, after a chase of forty-six minutes from the find to the whoop—the distance about *ten miles*, over *excellent ground*; but *two fences*—a westerly wind and a burning scent—which very hard rain, though it did its best to do it, could not any ways cool. Four only lived through this chase—Captain Pode on his Grey, Mr. Charles Trelawney on Pembroke, Mr. Paul Treby on Spectre, and John Roberts the huntsman.

There was a large field at starting, but the pace distanced all except that lucky four.

A Fox-hunter Rough and Ready.

N.B. I have since heard that the fox was sixteen minutes in the Hemmerden plantation before he went away.

November 10, 1826.

DISTEMPER MEDICINE.

[The following announcement we have received from a known Correspondent.]

DOGS of every sort are subject to the distemper, which usually shews itself between the first *six* and *twelve months*. Such is the

constitutional predisposition to it, that few young dogs altogether escape. This disorder does not return a *second* time; but I recollect *two instances* of aged dogs being affected with it.

The *distemper* is frequently mistaken for *canine madness*: it *seldom* happens that the dog will not drink freely in the *distemper*, NEVER in *madness*, although they may endeavour to do so. The dog in a state of rabies will leave his home, and indiscriminately bite the owner or a stranger. In the *distemper* the dog's reason is not *extinct*, except in the actual continuance of the convulsive fits, and on his recovery from them the animal resumes his faculties. If, therefore, a dog will drink when relieved from the immediate effect of the fits, or will bear the sight of water without evident fear between the interval of the fits, it may be *safely* concluded that it is the FORMER and not the LATTER disorder.

The *symptoms* of the *distemper* vary, though generally commencing with a husky cough, dullness, loss of appetite, a running from the nose and eyes, and a wasting of the flesh; as the disease gains ground, the dog is much emaciated, attended with dimness of sight, is excessively weak, particularly in the loins, and for the most part has convulsive twitchings of different parts, chiefly of the head. When the disease becomes virulent the twitchings are changed into long convulsive fits, foaming at the mouth, running round, and expressing great pain, constantly trying to void the excrements, which is accompanied sometimes with obstinate costiveness, or incessant purging, likewise with such irritability of the stomach that every thing is thrown up instantly as taken into it.

The foregoing is a correct description of the progress of the *distemper*. The remedy now to be recommended has not been applied beyond the circle of private sporting friends, and they have fully witnessed its salutary effects. At this period, it comes forth to obtain, if it merits, public approval, and without *puffing* it is believed to possess the power of restoring to their strength and faculties dogs that are suffering from attacks of the DISTEMPER.

Ample directions for using the medicine will be delivered with it, and *when* and *where* to be had will be shortly announced.

REPLY TO INQUIRY IN LAST NUMBER.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IN answer to B., A DRAGSMAN, in your last Number, who wishes to know why the "*near*" horse in a coach is so called, I advance what follows.

The "*near*" horse, inasmuch as it regards a coach, is only a borrowed term. The near horse in a wagon is that horse which is nearest the driver (who always walks with the horses to his right hand); the other horse which runs abreast of him is called the off or far horse, being farthest from the driver. This, it may be said, does not refer to coaching as well as wagoning, as the coachman does not walk by the side of his horses; but many of the terms of coachmanship, it must be recollected, are drawn from the same source, and it is very evident that the above expression of "*near*" horse is among the number.—To instance a few examples:—We talk of a stage coachman who is an adept in his profession being "*a good wagoner*:"

with respect to his horses we say he has a good or a bad "*team*:" and the carriage itself is often called a "*drag*"—all these referring to the original radix.—The word "*near*" having been made use of in its original acceptation as above, has, after a lapse of time, in some counties superseded the word *left* (I mean in opposition to right); as we hear occasionally of the "*near side of the road*;"—"the *near wheel of a carriage*;"—"the *near leg of a horse*;" in short it is, as I said above, substituted and accepted provincially for the word *left*.

Perhaps if I had time to spare I might advance something still more weighty on this subject; but at present I shall answer his second question—with regard to *Ditto**. I inform him that he was bred by Sir Hedworth Williamson, was foaled in 1800, was got by Sir Peter out of Arethusa by Dunganon—(she was also the dam of Walton, Echo, Pan, and Whitburn). He won the Derby, Claret, and Craven Stakes, the former so easy, it is said, that he trotted in; but as your correspondent wishes to know the performances of his progeny, and not his own, I send you a report as under. As to the when, where, and how they won, which he requires, it would take half your Number to note it all; but I send you an abridged account, which will answer every purpose he can wish.

In 1813 he got 3 winners,	who won 5 times.
1814	4 winners,
1815	5 winners,
1816	4 winners,
1817	5 winners,
1818	6 winners,
1819	7 winners,
1820	4 winners,
1821	1 winner,
1822	3 winners,
1823	5 winners,

Among the above were, Manfreda, Venus, Diana, Potemkin,

Encore, Miss Bradley, Snowball, Diabolis, Sweet Willy O, Duplicate, Da Capo, Jacky my Lad, and Arabella.

I am, Sir, &c. &c. B. B.

November 7, 1825.

* Several other friends have obliged us by similar communications.

CHANGES OF THE TIMES.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THERE is a saying, which, however just and true at its promulgation, would probably never have escaped the Wise Man, had he witnessed after-times; for what being, whose eyes have been open to the scenes, events, and spectacles occurring within the last twelvemonths only, could, during their succession, have asserted of them that "there was nothing new under the sun?"

Though only in the October of my years, as I may be said to be, I can remember when the carpenter of our little village had few more tools in his occupation than the axe, the saw, the plane, and the hammer; and when at every third or fourth stroke in such arduous work as felling the sturdy oak, this individual would pause to give a "pull up" to his breeches. But the times are altered: as to the former, it would now puzzle one to enumerate all his implements; and as to the latter, this worthy has adopted certain advice of a son of his lately returned from the metropolis, who one day, out of all patience at these tuggings and pulls-up of his parent, exclaimed, "Dem it all, fauther, why don't you have braces to your *inexpresibles*?" Now without causing delay in stating my doubts as to whether these articles, called

* His pedigree and performances may be found at vol. 32, p. 37, of this work.

"braces" should or should not be reckoned amongst our grand improvements, let us "try back" somewhat, and call to mind a few of the spectacles only with which we have been presented within that *modicum* of time, compared with the lapse since the date of the foregoing position—the last fifty years.

Suppose we begin, then, with the "balloon"—that fantastic production of a fantastic climate—which on its first essay in the regions of air set so many on the gape; not to mention some, who, from late observation, have been found to have lost all their teeth, and to have contracted more or less of grey hairs in such open-mouthed service.

Speak we next of that *vade mecum* of oriental extraction—"the umbrella;" which, on its first appearance, gave such umbrage to the Wilton and certain other cloth manufactories, by superseding in so many instances the use of the great coat.

Here too, notice we, its *comes in via* from the East, the "biddy" which—but really, from the very quick succession, there is hardly room, be our climate what it will, for our entering into the nature of all our counteracting schemes, and all our modes of refreshment.

Turn we our attention next to "animal magnetism," and, what made as great a stir as most things,—"Doctor Graham," with his mud-bathing, his earth-bathing, and his "celestial bed," the last, by many "of mysterious reverence deem'd."

Come we now to him who outdid his countryman, Doctor Von Gosterman, by chalks—namely, the redoubtable "Doctor Brodum;"

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who, not a word about his age, and late studying medicine, and the practice *Anglicæ*, was so delighted with the first sample of our guineas chinking in his pocket, that he was then ever Germanizing and singing that *à-propos* passage in a certain love-ditty, "raises my spereta, fires mine blod." Whether old age disgusted the Doctor, by coming to him in the form of a mendicant, or as begging of him in another way—namely, for relief from infirmity—I do not pretend to say; but certain it is the Doctor shook his gilt-headed cane at the hoary cripple, which made him limp off the stage, and take refuge for a time behind the scenes.

But, oh me! in the ever-varying scenes of the British metropolis, I had nearly forgotten certain "*trans-alpine* adventurers," who, during their stay, went by the appellation of "monstrous craws," personages distinguished by vast protuberances from the neck, which reminded us of the passage, "When we were boys, who would have thought that there were men dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats have hanging at them wallets of flesh?" Aye, indeed! and when we were boys, Tom Johnson, who would have thought of many wonderful things which have happened from time to time, till our hair, tired with standing on end, has, amidst the astounding revolution, resumed its wonted posture; and, in spite of "Atkinson's Curling Fluid," lays straight and smooth as a die?—when we were boys, who would have thought that darkness would have proved productive of light, or that our cities would ever have been illuminated by smoke? Who would have thought that ships would ever move on wheels, or that a mere

M

vapour could be made so to counteract the order of things, as to propel the floating fabric in the very teeth both of wind and tide? Who would have thought of what many an eye now closed for ever would have gladly witnessed, the "percussion system;" or that he who contemplated the "copper cap," would have deserved other than a foolscap for his pains? Who at this early period of our lives would have thought of "clipping" the hunter; or what is more difficult to comprehend, as "altogether" of beneficial result, the "summering this noble animal in the stable?" Not to dwell on our Kalydor, kaleidoscope, poison pumps, life pills, our tram roads, rail roads, canal cuts, channel junctions, man fights, lion fights, and a thousand other things, reigning each as novel in their turn—who, when you and I, Tommy, squabbled at marbles, would have thought of a human being of such bodily transparency as renders the viscera, the pulsation of the heart, and, indeed, as some insist on it, the whole internal economy, palpable to the sight? Who, when your "swivel eye" made you so often shoot over the mark, would have contemplated a masquerade in that rude department of the world, the Arctic regions?

To enter into a detail of the many signal events cotemporary with all I have advanced, would be too much for an humble individual; but, cheerly, cheerly! all difficulties will soon vanish, and the business of History, as well as our washing and chimney-sweeping, will soon be conducted by "Companies."

I have a project in my head which will "out-do all former outdoings," and which peradventure I may give you some day or other;

but knowing that practical matters are more acceptable to the generality of your readers, I shall now conclude, and am, Sir, &c.

QUIDNUNG.

THREE LETTERS ON NORTH AND SOUTH COUNTRY HORSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Think the controversy between the North and South is capital, and it would be a great pity to let it drop; and as MORLAND professes to have declined the contest with TYKE, "here am I," down with the gauntlet, and at him again.

Before I make my attack I wash my hands of Barefoot, Abron, and Tinker, as I think I stood their friend with regard to the one stud against the Southern lot, in a postscript in my last. I must still humour TYKE a little more, and allow Lottery, "alias Tinker," to be a very superior horse, and, if he would always run kind, the best horse we have seen for some time—it is a pity his name was ever changed, as it can serve no end but to promote confusion now and hereafter). When he ran for the St. Leger it was universally thought there was something done wrong: but that has since been proved to have been totally without foundation, as to this day he never runs twice alike, though take him "whilst he's in the humour," few horses can beat him; and if on the other hand he happens not to be in that humour, he will not be persuaded to pass a jack-ass. But his name (or names) I am tired of: a man of credit never adopts the *alias*; so I shall consider Tinker, *alias* Lottery, as a shifty fellow, and never wish to hear of him again: I allow him all his merits; but let us hear of some other Northern

horse—he has been the Marlbro' of all TYKE's wars.

Barefoot and his accident is all humbug—Bizarre beat him at Ascot, and at the same weights; and why? because he was a better horse, the natural reason.—Arrogance beat him the same year at Doncaster; where, also, Lottery beat him; and if he had not been well and fit to run, Lord Darlington is not such a green-horn that he would have started him against such a horse.

I should like to know what business TYKE has to call Whisker a North country horse?—where did he come from? where did he run? who was he bred by? and moreover what horses has he got? Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee, Mr. TYKE; you say "Abron, Mustachio, Caccia Piatti, Swiss, Reformer, and Memnon, would make any stallion of note;" and so they would, and so they do; they make Whisker, a *South country horse*, by your own confession the best stallion in England. Alas! then, where are Catton, Trump, and Orville? what has become of Reveller, Scud, and Wrangler? where are Blacklock, Filho, and Cervantes? Why is it that you are obliged to borrow stallions of us to keep up any thing like speed in your studs; and then with black ingratitude denounce our horses as worse than bad? You had from us Smolensko, Whisker, Woful, Comus, Thunderbolt, Bourbon, with many others; and most of your best horses of late years have been got by some of them—and yet you say our horses are bad:—if so, why seek for them? if so, why give mares to them when they arrive in your country? if so, why send whole studs together to the South to be covered by

them? But so it is all the world over: you cry us down, but you know our value; and as it answers your turn, you are *too far North* to sacrifice profit to principle.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

B. B.

November 7, 1825.

SIR,

MORLAND and A TYKE having brought the subject of the "*South versus the North*," into so much notice, perhaps you will be good enough to give a place in your next Number to the few following remarks:—

I do not think a decided superiority appears to exist on either side; but allow me to say a few words in favour of the South, which A TYKE seems to think is so inferior.

Streatham came to the South with all his honours, but has never once won a sixpence, with the exception of a Handicap at Egham (which gained him no credit). His friends hoped he would prove a good one at Newmarket, but they were wofully deceived. In the North, Dupore was supposed to have been a first rater; as one of your correspondents says, "a stable cannot do badly with such a horse as Dupore to lead the young ones;" but the South third-raters have beaten him every where. Carnival, the pride of Yorkshire, (who beat Barefoot in the false start at Doncaster,) when he came to Newmarket, was beaten by Longwaist for the Oatlands. Actæon again managed to get in third this year for the St. Leger, but he was far in the rear for the Derby.

Osmond, the mighty Osmond! is at this moment a maiden horse, and was beaten the other day at Ayr by Brother to D. I. O., who

could not have been much, as he only cost his owner 45l.

A TYKE has made a very bad hit, when he speaks of Whisker as a North country stallion; that very horse brings great credit to the South, being bred by the Duke of Grafton, as mentioned by B. B. in your last Number.

Mr. Mytton challenged, with Longwaist, to run against any horse at Newmarket; Mr. Whitaker immediately accepts it for York: but why should Mr. M. take his horse to the North, any more than Mr. W. bring his to the South? Longwaist certainly went to Doncaster for the Cup, and cut by no means a bad figure; now let Mr. W. bring Lottery, in his turn, to the South, and see what he can do there.

Hoping this will find a place in your next Number, I remain, yours,

X. Y. Z.

Nov. 5, 1828.

SIR,

HAVING observed in your last Volume, that a controversy has been excited by MORLAND's asserting that, except amongst those ignorant of all racing matters, the South country horses must be allowed to be superior to those of the North, and that TYKE has in some respects most ably answered him—allow me, Mr. Editor, to offer what I believe to be an unprejudiced opinion in reply to your correspondents on both sides of the case. I shall avoid as much as possible the drawing a distinction between the North and South country horses, except in reply to the statements on either side of the question; for, as to drawing a comparison between the two breeds, I think that both have been too

much indebted to each other for some of their very best horses; and therefore that the breeds have been too much intermixed for us to argue on that subject with the exactness we could wish.

Suffice, then, for me to say, that if the South country breeders, on account of his high price, neglect a horse possessing such blood, power, and symmetry, as Scud does, and are content with stallions having inferior blood, bone, and substance, and with lighter bodices, because they cover at a more reasonable price, the time is not far distant when the North, to one powerful runner in the South, will at least shew twenty, till the Yorkshire blood alone will be found able to recruit the lost power and stoutness of the Southern horses.

I have just received your last Number: it contains three excellent letters on the subject now before me: your first correspondent's observation upon Comte d'Artois is very good: the price (110l.) he fetched last month is a sufficient argument of itself. Barefoot certainly ran only once in the South before his accident, and then ran in such style as would make very few anxious to back their horses against him. His running in the North during the same year, after his defeat, was not such as to prove that his present owner had got him into any thing like the fine form he was in when he did beat the Yorkshire horses in the two preceding years. As to A TYKE's asserting that Orion is now one of the best second-rate South-country horses, we might as well say that Spinaway, by Cavendo, had a good chance for the St. Leger Stakes this year, and that Jack Spigot's Brother, by Ardrossan—(surely that Sister to Bourbon

would produce better runners to horses possessing such blood as Trump, Filho da Puta, Sherwood, or Grey Walton; I wish her owner would try her once)—will be as likely to carry off the Derby Stakes next year, as Gustarus was to win the St. Leger in 1821, who, had he been unimpaired by illness after his winnings in the South, would, I think, have prevented Ardrossan even from being the probable sire of a winner of these great Stakes.

I can only find out one race in which Barefoot has ever been beaten in the South: he walked over for the Swinley Stakes at Ascot; the next day was beaten by Bizarre for the Gold Cup, and was entered (a thing which few except his noble owner would have done) for a Handicap, at 9st. 9lb. three-quarters of a mile, the very day after his severe race with Bizarre. He was, however, withdrawn, on account of some irregularity about the starting. The race was subsequently won by Orion, at 5st. 3lb. beating about half a dozen others.

Considering that Bizarre has again won the Cup over the same Course this year, beating Long-waist (who is stated to be the best four-year-old on the turf, and who, I have no doubt, would beat Lottery over any Course), who received also 10lb. for a year; and considering that the work he had done between winning the two Cups was not likely to increase his speed (quite the contrary), Barefoot had not lost his character, until, when trained off his legs and out of all condition, he was again brought out in the autumn to be beat easily by horses, from which, in his late owner's hand, he would have carried off the prize almost in a canter.

A TYKE goes on to ask, what horse the Duke of Grafton bred equal to Sherwood? A simple question, I do think! because, in the first place, though a particular fine-looking horse, and bred from nothing but the very best, he never was sufficiently tried to prove that he could train on and run in the style which his admirers expected from him; and therefore any good horse the Duke of Grafton has bred in these few last years might be mentioned by some as equal to him—Reginald, for instance, who proved himself by no means a second-rater in 1822.

In the second place, the Duke of Grafton has bred so long, and fortunately too, that it is surprising if his whole stud could not produce more than one horse proved to be of the very first rate, by a reference to the *Racing Calendar*. MORLAND has answered A TYKE with Whalebone; any of the three brothers have been proved to be better than Sherwood. I would rather mention Waterloo as equal to Sherwood, as I think he comes nearer that horse than any other the Duke of Grafton has bred of late years. It must take a long time before Sherwood proves himself to be a good stallion, and his luck must be very great if he get such horses as either of the four stallions out of Penelope have done.

The best horse the Duke of Grafton has bred since 1820, is Rufus, who, I should think, is likely to get full as many good racers as Sherwood; and on the turf he has already won for his owner more than Sherwood did the year before last, and before he covers is likely to win much more.

A TYKE mentions with great truth, that Whisker is a better stallion than Phantom or Whale

head—for to one good one they get, there are always three or four inferior ones. The reason is obvious—for, wanting the stoutness and hardness that Whisker has, combined with great speed, they (Whalebone particularly), except out of the very best mares, seldom get horses worth the expense their owners have been at in rearing them. Surely Comus, in the South, ranks equal to Whisker. His produce for the Derby next year are fine horses, and likely to do him credit. Centaur is certainly a superior running horse, or at present Bizarre is an equal to Lottery. Both Bizarre and Lottery have been beat, but not very often, and by none except first-rate. I do not think Lottery is the best horse in Yorkshire by any means.

I must, however, conclude, as I fear I shall be filling more than can be allowed in your well-read pages; and promise a few more remarks (if these should be deemed interesting) in some future Number, on the Newmarket Meetings, as I see A TYNNE has mentioned them in his last letter.

By your insertion of these lines, you will much oblige one who, though a constant reader of your pages, rarely troubles you.

WESTLAND.

ON SEPARATING FIERCE DOGS FROM INFERIOR ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

HAVING had an opportunity yesterday of trying an experiment of which I had previously heard spoken, I hasten to communicate the result to your readers, as, though doubtless known to

some, it may yet be information to many.

On my return home, through Great Surrey-street, I observed a great crowd assembled below the church—which, by the bye, is so common, that, it is well known, the most trifling circumstance will draw a host together—and my curiosity being equally excited, I made towards the spot, and found a sheep under the fangs of a bulldog, which had seized the poor animal by the neck, and fairly pinned it to the ground. The more the dog was beaten the tighter he seemed to retain his hold; and I must do his master the justice to say—whether from fear of the loss of the sheep, or from an apprehension of coming under Mr. Martin's Act, I can't tell—he did all in his power to release the poor animal from his fangs. I was more fortunate: for, first desiring the man to take hold of his tail to draw him off when I should have separated them—to prevent his seizing my hand—I took a large pinch of snuff in my fore fingers from my box, and forced it up the dog's nostrils, when he almost instantly let go, shook his head, snuffled, and decamped.

When I first proposed the experiment, I was completely laughed at; but, nothing daunted by the sneers and hootings of the bystanders, I proceeded; and on releasing the animal from its fierce assailant, I assure you, that Kean himself, in his most able delineation of character, never got more applause than I received from the assembled multitude.

This, I repeat, may be worth knowing to those who are unacquainted with so simple and harmless an expedient—as I have frequently seen great cruelty exer-

clad in the endeavour to separate dogs of this description which had seized one of inferior breed: and if you think it worthy of notice, it is at the service of your numerous friends and subscribers.

I am, Sir, &c.

A SNUFF-TAKER.

October 10, 1826.

P. S. A second experiment has had a similar result.

CLIPPING OF HUNTERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IN your last Number, a gentleman wishes to be informed what is the best time for clipping hunters; and as I last year, fortunately, from your intelligent correspondent NIMROD's recommendation, had recourse to that experiment with one of my horses, I beg to communicate the result of it—which was in every respect favorable—under the circumstances it was performed:—

The horse in question has invariably had a very fine coat during the summer; towards the middle of September it visibly increased in length and thickness; and towards the end of November it attained its utmost growth, which was to an extreme degree. I could never observe that he shed his coat in the least during the autumn. The third season I rode him, on his rising seven, I had him clipped in the first week of November, being, I suppose, about three weeks before his coat had discontinued growing, and in the course of a month or six weeks it was impossible to see any traces of the operation: all the small ridges, which in some parts the most skilful hand will leave, being completely effaced

by the growth of the hair afterwards. His colour also, which is a dark bay, resumed its usual brightness, from the ugly brown tinge that immediately succeeded the process.

I should think, therefore, that the desirable time for *that indispensable operation of clipping the long-coated hunter* must be regulated by the period when the coat acquires its full growth, and that it may be performed about three weeks previously with the favorable results I have mentioned. If it were done a greater length of time before that period, I think it might get rather too long afterwards; and if it were done subsequently to it, the scissor-marks would most probably remain visible till spring.

However, such are the good effects of this practice, that I should imagine no one would hesitate a moment to compromise for them even an ugly colour and the not very pleasing sight of scissor-marks. It so much improved the condition of my horse, as to enable him to go through at least one-third more work, besides saving half the labour in grooming he before required. Neither can I suppose there is any risk of a horse catching cold after it, provided a little extra care be used. Mine did not experience the slightest attack, although the weather was cold during the process; and he appeared in the field two days after it was finished.

I have had the same horse clipped again this year, a week or ten days ago, and thus far with the same beneficial effects as before.

I remain, yours, &c.

A CLIPPER.

November 14, 1826.

STAG CHASE IN KENT, AND ESSEX HUNTING.

*It is the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,*

IF the following stag-hunt is worth a place in your valuable Magazine, it is with great pleasure offered by a young sportsman and a constant reader.

W. M. M.

Canterbury, November 2, 1835.

On Friday morning last, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, some labouring men observed, near the New Mill, at Herne Bay, a fine stag, which upon their approach started off towards Mr. John Palmer's Stroud farm, who happened to be in his grounds, and saw him. No time was lost by this keen sportsman in mounting his horse, unkennelling his hounds, and laying them on. This was done so judiciously and spiritedly, that they soon came up to him, although the stag had got twenty minutes' start. They pursued him at tip-top speed as far as Chislehurst, where they fell in with the pack of Mr. E. Colclough, which we joined, with heart and hand, in the chase, vying with each other in pursuing him, at a slapping pace, across the marshes, as far as St. Nicholas. Here we united with Mr. Gillow's pack; and thus, pursued by a numerous host, the stag made a double towards Reculver, and there took to the sea, swimming from the shore about a mile and a half. An intrepid female took to her husband's boat, rowed after him, and with the aid of the boat's tackle, brought him safe to shore. The deer is a red one of great size, and is now at Mr. Palmer's, where every care is taken of him, with a view of affording our sporting

friends another day's amusement. The distance we ran was over ten miles of country, in forty minutes, without a check.

I wish some kind friend would give an account of Essex hunting the ensuing season, having during the last had some excellent sport with a stag belonging to a worthy good fellow and keen sportsman, Tom Crooks, of Bromfield, near Chelmsford, who I have no doubt will again this season afford his friends another proof of Sailor's superior speed and his own hospitality. Mr. Crooks provides for all comers and good sportsmen a hearty good cheer at Bracebridge Hall; good stabling and other accommodations are also to be had at old Bill Bacon's, Black Boy Inn, Chelmsford.

MALTON COURSING MEETING, 1835.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

FOR the Cup—First Class.—
Sir J. Johnstone's blk. b. Rosebud beat Mr. Fox's dun and w. b. Tewitt; Mr. Best's blk. b. Mission beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Belter; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom beat Mr. Lumley's red d. Castrel; Major Bower's dun d. p. Belzoni beat Mr. Barnard's blk. d. Galliard; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Sultan beat Lord Macdonald's bl. and w. d. Clinker; Major Bower's blk. d. p. Brighton beat Mr. Barnard's blk. d. Goshawk; Mr. Swann's w. d. Julia beat the Marquis of Huntley's blk. d. Viator; Mr. Fox's bl. b. p. Emily beat Lord Macdonald's blk. d. Spanker.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for puppies, run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday—First

Class—Mr. Best's red b. p. Clari beat the Marquis of Huntley's bl. d. p. Volcano; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. b. p. Vampire beat Major Bower's blk. and w. d. p. Bolton.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for puppies, run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday—First Class—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Wilton beat Mr. Fox's dun b. p. Truth; Mr. Vansittart's w. b. p. Spy beat Lord Macdonald's blk. d. p. Rattle.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for dogs of all ages, run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday—First Class—Mr. Best's bl. d. Guy beat Sir J. Johnstone's yel. and w. b. Marian; Lord Macdonald's blk. b. Rivulet beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pan.

Matches—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pilot beat Mr. Barnard's w. d. Gnome; Mr. Best's r. d. Turk beat the Marquis of Huntley's blk. and w. d. Villager; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Whisker, agst Mr. Best's w. b. p. Mayflower—undecided.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

For the Cup—Second Class—Sir John Johnstone's blk. b. Rosebud beat Mr. Swann's w. d. Juba; Mr. Best's blk. b. Minion beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom; Mr. Fox's bl. b. p. Emily beat Major Bower's blk. d. p. Brighton; Major Bower's dun d. p. Belzoni beat Sir John Johnstone's blk. d. Sultan.

Matches—Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. d. p. Brilliant beat Mr. Lowther's brin. d. p. Sparkler; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pelter beat Lord Macdonald's bl. d. Regulus; the Marquis of Huntley's brin. and w. d. Wellington beat Mr. Best's blk. d. Wonder; Sir J. Johnstone's yel. and w. b. Marian beat Mr. Lowther's dun d. Hector; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and w. b. p. Lightning beat Mr. Lum-

ley's r. d. puppy; Mr. Vansittart's w. d. Miller beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pan; Sir J. Johnstone's dun d. p. Warwick, agst Mr. Vansittart's blk. and w. b. p. Tuberosa—undecided; Mr. Fox's blk. d. p. Trusty, agst Mr. Barnard's brin. b. p. Girouette—undecided.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

For the Cup—Third Class—Mr. Best's blk. b. Minion beat Major Bower's dun d. p. Belzoni; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. b. Rosebud beat Mr. Fox's bl. b. p. Emily.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for puppies, run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday—Second Class—Mr. Best's red b. p. Clari, agst Sir J. Johnstone's blk. b. p. Vampire. Vampire forfeited.—The Sweepstakes won by Clari.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for puppies, run in Classes, on Tuesday and Thursday—Second Class—Mr. Vansittart's w. b. p. Spy beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Wilton.—The Sweepstakes won by Spy.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for dogs of all ages, run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday—Second Class—Mr. Best's blk. d. Guy beat Lord Macdonald's blk. b. Rivulet.—The Sweepstakes won by Guy.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for dogs of all ages, run in Classes on Thursday and Friday—First Class—The Marquis of Huntley's blk. d. Viator beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Sultan beat Mr. Best's red d. Turk.

Matches—Mr. Swann's bl. b. Jessy, agst Sir J. Johnstone's red b. Clara—undecided; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. p. Goshawk beat Mr. Swann's bl. b. p. Trinket; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pilot, agst Mr. Best's blk. d. Tjckler—undecided; Mr. Swann's dun b. p. Missy,

agst Mr. Best's bl. b. p. Gratitude—undecided; Marquis of Huntley's blk. d. Vermilion, agst Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pelter—undecided; Mr. Fox's blk. d. p. Trusty beat Lord Macdonald's dun d. p. Rambler; Sir J. Johnstone's dun d. p. Warwick beat Lord Macdonald's yel. and w. b. p. Bellona; Mr. Fox's dun b. p. Truth beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Whisker; Mr. Vansittart's blk. and w. b. p. Tuberoze beat Mr. Swann's red d. p. Miller.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

For the Cup—Fourth Class.—Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. Rosebud, beat Mr. Best's bl. b. Minion.—*The Cup won by Rosebud.*

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for dogs of all ages, run in Classes on Thursday and Friday—Second Class.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Sultan beat the Marquis of Huntley's blk. d. Viator.—*The Sweepstakes won by Sultan.*

Matches.—Lord Macdonald's blk. d. p. Rattle beat the Marquis of Huntley's bl. d. p. Volcano; Mr. Best's red b. p. Clari beat Mr. Swann's dun d. p. Clermont; Mr. Best's red d. Turk beat Mr. Swann's w. d. Juba; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pilot beat Mr. Best's blk. d. Tickler; Sir J. Johnstone's yel. and w. b. Marian beat Mr. Fox's blk. and w. d. Spring; Sir J. Johnstone's dun d. p. Warwick beat Mr. Fox's bl. and w. d. p. Nelson; Mr. Swann's bl. b. Jessie beat Sir J. Johnstone's red b. Okra; Lord Macdonald's bl. d. Regulus, agst Mr. Lowther's dun d. Hector—undecided; Mr. Fox's dun and w. b. Tewitt, agst Mr. Lumley's red d. p. Saracen—undecided; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. p. Goshawk, agst Mr. Best's w. b. p. Mayflower—undecided; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. p. Wilton beat Mr. Vansittart's w. d. Miller.

PEMBUKESHIRE HUNT AND RACE MEETING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

I am not a little surprised in never having had the pleasure of perusing in any Number of your entertaining publication an account of the Pembrokeshire Hunt and Race Meeting, which commences annually the first week in November. The celebrity of the hounds and the unanimity and goodfellowship that prevail amongst the members of the Hunt, make it one of the most agreeable meetings I ever had the felicity of attending. There are but few families of respectability in the adjoining counties that do not honour the town of Haverfordwest with their presence during the week; every house is full of company, and oftentimes a bed cannot be procured for love or money.

Great praise is due to Col. Scourfield for the trouble he takes with the hounds; the pack is bred from the highest strain in England, and at present every hound seems to be of the same family—alike in make, size, and even colour.

On Monday the hounds met at Treffgarne Wood, but the day being so bad we did not unkennel; and though some excellent coverts were drawn, I am sorry to say it turned out a blank day.

The Races commenced on Tuesday. The Welter Stakes of five sovs. each, with 25 added, was won by Mr. Currie's four-year-old horse Counsellor, by Cannonball; and the Farmer's Cup given by the Stewards was also won by the same horse, beating Lara by Quizzier, and two others.—The Cocktail Stakes afforded great sport. The race was well-contested; and both heats won, by only a neck, by Mr.

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Harris's Rector beating Mr. Phillips's Prince Hohenlohe, and four others.

On Wednesday, the morning appearing remarkably fine, a large field of sportsmen met at Picton Castle covert; and at Slebeck the hounds found a gallant fox, which immediately took the open country, every dog at his brush—

"Heavens! what melodious strains! how
beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony."

The run altogether was as a fox chase should be—short, sharp, and decisive; which gave me an opportunity of seeing the fleetness of the hounds, the pluck of the horsemen, and the qualification of their hunters. Amongst the leading men I observed Capt. Ackland on his celebrated brown mare, a Mr. Bristow (who is lately come to reside in the neighbourhood, but well known in the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Horlock's hunts) on his chesnut horse Yorkist, Mr. Grismond Phillips, and Mr. Williams. The latter gentleman, I am sorry to say, broke his leg last season in riding a young horse of Sir John Owen: he seems, however, to have forgotten the pain and aches he then experienced, as he rode his Irish horse to the admiration of all present.

On Thursday, although the rain fell in torrents, and the wind almost blew a hurricane, it did not damp the ardour of the lovers of racing. The course was well attended, and

a Handicap Stakes of five sovs. each was won by Mr. Currie's Counsellor beating Fiddle-de-dee and five others. Good running was expected between The Counsellor and Fiddle-de-dee—both four years old; but the latter carrying 11st., and the former, although a very powerful horse, having only 9st. 12lb. on his back, gave the filly no chance of winning.

On Friday the hounds met at Poorfield, but the weather turned out very unfavorable to the sports of the field. Several ladies were observed at the covert side, their hearts panting for the chase; but the rude element would allow of no hunting that day, to the great disappointment of the fair sex and a large field of sportmen.

On Saturday the Town Plate for half-bred horses was won by Mr. Waters's Blossom by Acastus; and the Free Handicap Stakes, with the Ladies Purse added, by Mr. Bowen Davies's Fiddle-de-dee beating six others. So ended the amusements of the week; and on Sunday most of us left the town of Haverfordwest, highly gratified with the sports of the field, and the great attention and civility shewn by the stewards—Mr. Gilbert Harries and Capt. Langhorne—whose polite and gentlemanlike conduct at the balls, as well as the ordinaries, will, I am sure, be remembered by every person that attended the meeting, as well as by your humble servant,

AP SHENKIN.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

INTELLIGENCE FROM MELTON.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IT is with great pleasure I now sit down to inform you of a few of

our proceedings in this part of the world. Melton is now beginning to revive from its dulness; and, indeed, there cannot be a greater contrast than Melton in the summer and Melton in the winter:—in the for-

mer, hardly a soul to be seen except the mere inhabitants; in the latter, all fresh faces, bustle, and business:—in the summer, still as the smallest country village; in the winter, you are awakened before daylight by the tramp of the different studs going out to exercise. About eight o'clock you see them returning; then the different visitors mounting their backs and cantering off to covert—their return in the evening, &c. &c. keep up the interest of the scene from morning till night. I have had the pleasure of seeing Sir H. Goodricke's and Mr. Maxse's studs—the former consisting of eighteen, in most beautiful condition. Mr. Maxse's looked exceedingly well; he has got some first-rate strength ones. Sir V. Cotton's look very well.

October 31st.—The hounds met, as has been usual for the several last years, at Kirby gate, on the Leicester road, near the seat of Sir F. Burdett. We had a much larger field the first day last season, but the show was tolerably good. Lord Plymouth, Lord Muncester, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Vincent Cotton, Sir Harry Goodricke (who has been in Leicestershire some time), Sir James Musgrave, Mr. Maxse, Mr. Wormald and Mr. Garth (both fresh), Captain Ross, Captain Windham, Captain Burton, Mr. Forester, with a considerable number of our neighbouring gentlemen. Cream Gorse was the draw. This large covert is now so amazingly strong, and the foxes so abundant, that although they had been there two days in the previous week, it was an utter impossibility to get a fox more than a mile away from it—so, after running in and round it for two hours or more, the hounds were taken to Thorpe Thrusells—found in an instant, had a pretty thing by Ashby Pasture, down to Kirby, where he was headed, back to Ashby Pasture, (a wood of about eighty acres, belonging to Sir F. Burdett,) where he was given up.

Although the weather has been in general stormy, there have been several very pretty runs since the commencement, but nothing very severe: the foxes are so exceedingly plentiful

and undisturbed, that a good run can hardly be expected. To give you some idea of the quantity of foxes—after leaving Cream Gorse (in which were plenty) the first day's cub-hunting, they went to Thorpe Thrusells, a small thorn and gorse covert about six acres, where no less than nine went away: at Garratree-hill—at Bilsdon Coplow, the show is equally good—and, indeed, every where, except upon Charnwood Forest, where it is of little consequence, as from the extensive woods the fewer the foxes the better the sport. The riding has hitherto been very bad, owing to the ditches being full of grass—there were several bad falls. Mr. Osbaldestone has been very unlucky, as regards his servants. Richard Burton broke one or two of his ribs on the above day; and a few days previously, Sadler, one of the whippers-in, dislocated his shoulder: they are both doing well, and are likely to be out again in a few days.

The prevailing topic here is, a match for two thousand five hundred sovereigns a-side, between Lord Kennedy and Captain Ross, to run their horses from Barkby Holt to Bilsdon Coplow, about four miles and a half across the country, not to open a gate—Captain Douglas to ride Lord Kennedy's, Captain Ross his own; to be run on the last day of March. Several years since, there was a race run on the same ground—only they returned, coming the same ground back—between Mr. Charles Meynel, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and the present Lord Forester: it was won by Mr. Meynel.

Hoping it will be in my power to give you an account of some good runs next month, I remain, Sir, &c.

N.

November 18, 1825.

The Chase.

The King's Hounds.—His Majesty's hounds hunted a deer on Monday, Nov. 7, which was uncared near Two-mile Brook, on the Bath road. The deer, in starting, took to the left, leaped a high hedge through a large field, and crossed the Bath-road; by this time the hounds got some

and went off in full speed through the inclosures towards Daney, taking to the left by Chalvey, then across the fields, and re-crossed the Bath-road between Salt-hill and Slough, when the game ran with great speed through the enclosures towards Stoke Park, where he leaped the paling, and took soil. The hounds soon got him out, when he ran among a herd of deer in the Park, where he was taken, after a chase of upwards of an hour and a half.

Wednesday, November 16, was appointed for a meeting of his Majesty's stag-hounds at Princes' Risborough, Bucks. The day had been ardently longed for, and the morning rose as auspiciously as could be desired. The sport being a novelty in the neighbourhood, every road, within a radius of twenty miles, contributed an equal proportion, and the assemblage was as unusual as the occasion. The place selected for the day's diversion was in the midst of the Chiltern Hills, about half a mile from Princes' Risborough, and at the turn out of the deer there were computed to be from eight hundred to a thousand mounted sportsmen on the field. The deer, bounding off in the finest style, bent with speed its way to the hills; and in ten minutes the hounds were put upon the scent. The deer, at starting, crossed the Wycombe road, and bearing off to the left, skirting the grounds of Horsendon, went over Bledlow Ridge, through the wood to Beddenham; then to West-Wycombe, when, being headed, she bent her course to Stokenchurch. In this aim she was again headed, and thence took across the Hill, into the vale towards Lord Macclesfield's, but, being again turned, took short to the right and kept a straight line, at a racing pace, along the bottom of the Chiltern Hills, skirting Pinner, and Chinner, to Bledlow. At this place the church stands near the edge of a rock, under which, in a deep glen, overgrown with trees, issue some transparent springs, which contribute to form a pond called the Lyde, which afterwards discharges its waters into the Thame. Into this pond the deer beset herself—and—the hounds not

being close at her heels—was, after all the gallantry she had displayed, seized and pinned by a vulgar and ferocious bull-dog of the village, and being almost dead, was immediately killed!!! From the time of starting to the death was an hour and three-quarters, and the distance was thought by good judges to be between twenty-six and thirty miles, with scarcely a check the whole way. The deer was a hind, which had been previously four times hunted, and was greatly esteemed.

Mr. Shard's stag-hounds had a most brilliant run on Friday, November 18. A hind was turned out at Lobcombe Corner, in the presence of about one hundred horsemen. She shewed game at starting, went off in gallant style, and after a run of about two hours and a half, almost without a check, was taken at West Grimstead, about four miles west of Farley.

Stag-hunt in the East of Devon.—On Tuesday the 27th October, about half-past nine o'clock in the morning, James C. Northcote, Esq. of Buckerell, proprietor of a celebrated pack of harriers, received information of a fine young stag (a forester) crossing the country from the North of Devon towards Hembury Fort. About half an hour after the hounds (fourteen couple) were laid on under Hembury Fort on the south-west side, and immediately they dashed off in great style through the parishes of Payhembury, Feniton, Buckerell, Awliscombe, Gittisham, through Combe Woods (the property of the Rev. Thomas Putt), over Gittisham Hill, into Honiton Bottom, and thence to Sidbury; here he made a fine turn to the left, and went directly over Salcombe Hill, to Branscombe, Beer, Southleigh, through Wiscombe Park and coverts (the property of C. Gorden, Esq.) to Northleigh, and thence he took an extensive circuit of these several parishes, and returned through them to Farway, into Buddlehays Bottom, where (about four o'clock, after a thorough gallant run of six hours without a single check) he was tallyho'd, the hounds in fine view, and full cry after him, when he returned

through Wiscombe Park to Sidbury, Salcombe, making a direct course towards the sea, but was turned, when crossing a river between Salcombe and Sidmouth, by some men who were at work in the field; he thence proceeded to Buckton Hill, and over Harcombe Hill, back again to Buddlehays Bottom, again through Wiscombe Park; and lastly to Broad Down, where he was taken (completely done up) and killed. This noble chase terminated at seven o'clock in the evening, after running nine hours, two of which were by the light of the moon. Out of a great field of sportsmen only very few were in at the death; amongst whom were noticed James C. Northcote, Esq., Geo. B. Northcote, Esq., the Rev. Thomas Marker, and "Jem" the huntsman, who was first up. The day was rough and stormy—nevertheless the chase was joined by a great number of sportsmen of the many parishes the stag passed through. This crack little pack of harriers was headed all the day by Gamester and Forrester, but in cover Nimrod was happy and did his duty admirably. It is calculated that the chase exceeded eighty miles, and to have been the best day's sport in the eastern part of the county within the memory of man. There is no doubt but that the stag had crossed the country from the North of Devon in the morning, as he was seen coming from that direction near Warnicombe on Whitdown, about a mile from Tiverton, where in all probability he crossed over to Black Down, and thence to Hembury Fort Hill.

The hounds of John Netherton, Esq. of Bowden, Devon, lately hunted an old fox, but did not succeed in killing him. The same night master reynard (*in propria persona*) paid a visit to Mr. N.'s poultry yard, and in return for the amusement afforded him, politely carried off one of the finest geese.

As Colonel Scale's hounds were hunting on the east side of the Dart, on Saturday, October 22, two of them were missed. The pack were again out on Monday, the west side of the river; on hearing the sound of the

huntsman's horn, the missing hounds were seen to plunge into the river, swim across, and join the pack, which subsequently killed a hare, after fine sport.

On the 11th November, Colonel George Wyndham unkennelled a fox in Hoe Wood. The burst was excellent. Reynard broke for Toddington, neatly threadled the coverts there, and then sprung to the left; but, being headed, he diverged for Horton Shaws and Beden mill, where he got to earth, after a capital run of twenty-five minutes. At Southwick, a second fox broke kennel in view, and amply made amends for previous disappointment. A chase, almost without check, of thirty-five minutes, then gave a breathing to the best bloods in the field; and at the close poor reynard paid the forfeit of his life.

Thursday, October 26, the East Sussex fox-hounds unkennelled a fox in a furze covert belonging to Mr. Moses Filder, which immediately bent his course towards the high cliffs of Beachy Head, and led his pursuers so close to the brink of them, that five of the hounds fell over, and were dashed to pieces on the beach below, while reynard himself, taking advantage of the shelvings of the frightful steep, descended in perfect safety. Four of the ill-fated hounds, it is said, were considered by the Hunt the best of the pack.

The Cup annually given by the members of the H. H. (Hampshire Hunt) to be contested for by horses belonging to farmers within the district, was won by Mr. Vine's (of Otterborne) chestnut horse. The race took place on Abbotsdon Down, when five horses started: the first heat was won by Mr. Legg's (of Lye-way) grey horse, and the second and third were decided in favour of Mr. Vine's horse, consequently he was entitled to the cup, which was a handsome and valuable one; and Mr. Jolliffe's (of Candover) roan mare, to a handsome jockey whip, as second best. The sport was most excellent, and the race, after the first heat, well contested. There was a good show of horsemen and carriages on the Down,

and the day turned out fine, although the early part of it was rather unfavorable. After the race, upwards of two hundred gentlemen and farmers sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by Mr. Laihe, at the Swan Inn, Alresford. The table was covered with a profusion of the choicest, as well as the most substantial, dishes of the season, which were served up by Mr. Laihe in a manner much to his credit. The wints were excellent and obtained much praise. It need not be added that they, as well as the other liquors, flowed profusely, in copious libations to the jolly god. J. T. Villebois, Esq. the worthy Steward, most ably filled the chair, and the evening was spent with the greatest hilarity and harmony.

Lord Belgrave is building extensive dog kennels, in the Park, near Belgrave Lodge, Cheshire, preparatory to the establishment of a regular pack of hounds.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING,
1826.

Monday.—Lord Orford's b. c. Swiss Guide, by Tramp, agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Allegro, out of Pagoda, 8st. 5lb. each, R. M. 500 sovs. h. ft.

Tuesday.—Mr. Lambton's Cedric, 6st. 8lb. agst Lord Anson's Sligo, 8st. Last mile and half of B. C., 500, h. ft.

DONCASTER, 1826.

No Day Mentioned.—Mr. Yates's b. f. Linnet, then 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb., agst Lord Muncaster's b. f. Garcia, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. Mile and half, 300, h. ft.

Mr. C. Day, of Northleach, has sold his b. c. Spectre Junior, by Spectre, out of Zuleika, now two yrs old—the price given at twelve hundred sovereigns. He is named in the Derby. Mr. Fulmer Craven was at first said to have bought him, but it is since stated that the purchaser is John Mills, Esq. of Bistern House, near Ringwood, instead of the former gentleman.

Ascot Races, 1826.—His Majesty

having been pleased to grant a Plate of 100 guineas, to be run for by *Hunters only*, on the last day of the next Ascot Races, the following Regulations are to be observed on the occasion:—The owner of each horse that enters must produce tickets, certifying that such horse has gone eight runs with His Majesty's stag-hounds between the 27th of October 1825, and the 25th of March 1826.—No horse to start for this Plate that ever won a Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes of 20 guineas value, or upwards; but receiving forfeit will not be deemed winning.—Five years old to carry 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st. Heats, two miles and a distance each: to start at the distance post, and go once round and a distance.

On Saturday, Nov. 5, a match for 50 sovereigns was run on Exton Park Course, between Mr. Bradford's ch. m. Defiance, 9st., and Mr. Bowman's b. m. Bemrose, 9st. 7lb., which was won cleverly by Defiance. After the race a large company dined at the Hotel in Stamford.

A match over Lichfield Race Course, between Mr. Wakefield's b. m. Governor, 10st. 5lb. and Mr. Painter's Fitzwilliam, 10st., who is the winner of the Hunters' Stakes at Wolverhampton, Walsall, and Stafford, and has never been beaten, took place over Lichfield Race Course, for 50l. a-side, two miles, this month, and was won by Fitzwilliam.

The bill of fare for the next Blandford races is already published, containing a larger list of subscribers to the Dorsetshire Gold Cup and the various Stakes than has ever been exhibited.

Cambridge, November 10.—The sports at the Six-mile-bottom have at length attracted the serious attention of the Heads of the University, and the following notice has been issued: "Whereas many students have of late been engaged in riding races, and otherwise promoting racing in the neighbourhood of the University, we, the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Colleges, hereby order and decree, that if any person in *statu pupillari* be hereafter found guilty of the offences above described, he shall be punished

for the first time he so offends by rustication, and for the second by expulsion."

Horse Races in Brazil.—*Rio de Janeiro, August 2.*—On Saturday last there was a grand horse race in the meadow of Botafoga, at which their Imperial Majesties were pleased to be present. The plain presented an interesting sight, from the number of spectators on horseback, in carriages, and in boats. Among the great number of persons of distinction were, Sir Charles Stuart, the Conde del Palma, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and many others. This amusement, which is new among us, may prove useful, if our countrymen, while interesting themselves in it like the English, pay more attention to the breed of horses than they have hitherto done.

LONGWAIST AND LOTTERY.

The following letters from the gentlemen who own these two celebrated horses, have appeared in the *York Journals*:—

"To the Editor of the *Yorkshire Gazette*.—Sir—I see by your paper of last week, that the owner of Longwaist challenges to run any horse in England four miles for 1000 guineas. Now, Sir, for the honour of our county, I am induced by this challenge to keep my horse Lottery a short time longer in training, and he shall run Longwaist four miles over York Course, in the Spring Meeting, for 1000 guineas or upwards.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. WHITTAKER."

"Dowthorpe Hall, Oct. 20, 1825."

"To the Editor of the *York Herald*. Sir—I have perceived in many of the papers, both London and provincial, that Mr. Mytton has challenged for the whip with Longwaist, and that he is ready to run any horse that has ever beat him, four miles: that statement did not emanate from me, nor would I have attended to it; but perceiving in the *York Gazette* a letter, written and signed by Mr. Whittaker, accepting the supposed challenge, I beg to say, that for the honour of this county, Longwaist shall be matched (if accepted) for 1000l. aside, four miles, over Chester, which will be

found nearly as far from my stables as from those of Lottery; and the weights I propose are, Longwaist 8st. 2lb., Lottery 8st. 12lb.—If accepted, the articles to be signed and deposited in the hands of Mr. Houldsworth, or Sir Tatton Sykes.—Your very obedient, JOHN MYTTON."
"Halston, Oswestry, Shropshire,
Oct. 26, 1825."

"To the Editor of the *York Herald*. Sir—In answer to Mr. Mytton's letter in your paper of the 29th ultimo, I beg to say that I was induced, by statements in a former paper, to accept a challenge, as I supposed, from the owner of Longwaist; and am now ready to make a match, Lottery against Longwaist, for 1000l. or any other sum, four miles over York or Doncaster, at 9st. and 9st. 5lb. which I believe to be fair weights between five and six-year-old horses.—If Mr. Mytton thinks proper to accept this proposal, I shall be happy to leave the articles in his hands.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. T. WHITTAKER."

"Dowthorpe Hall, Nov. 3, 1825."

LAMBTON HUNT MEETING.

There appears to have been (says the *Durham Advertiser*), if report speaks correctly, a great diversity of amusement at the late Lambton Meeting. In addition to racing, the horse-whipping of one groom, and the cutting down of another who had hanged himself, but not effectually, to avoid the anger of his master (both grooms having been detected in mal-practices)—a duel, it is said, was also to have taken place, but the interference of friends prevented it: but the most entertaining occurrence was the extinguishment of the gas lights while the gay party were engaged in the mazes of the dance. The joke was not relished by the Head of the Castle, who, it is added, offered a reward of 1000l. for the discovery of the offender.

NORMAN HORSES.

T. A. Knight, Esq. High Sheriff of Herefordshire, has imported five stallions and three mares from Norway, which will shortly arrive at his seat, Downton Castle, near Ludlow. The strength, activity, safety, and excellent qualities of these animals

have invariably excited the admiration of all who have visited Norway, and are spoken of in terms of commendation by Sir Humphry Davy and T. A. Knight, jun. Esq. who some time since made the tour of that country. They will doubtless prove a valuable acquisition to improve the breed of our saddle horses.

STALLION EXPORTED.

A splendid young stallion by Ash-ton, out of Idle Boy's dam, has recently been purchased from Mr. Wm. Goodwin, the King's Veterinary Surgeon, and sent to one of the principal studs in Hungary.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO BREEDING.

Kendal Agricultural Society, for distributing prizes for crops, cattle, and horses, went off this year with considerable *clat*. The Silver Cup given by Anthony Shepherd, Esq. of Shaw End, to the person who exhibited the best three-year-old colt, gave general satisfaction, and it is expected will be the means of stimulating other Gentlemen to give premiums for the improvement of the breed of horses in the county of Westmoreland, so naturally adapted to that important purpose. The four colts shewn on the occasion were valuable, and did great credit to their breeders, as having a beautiful symmetry with fine action. They were the property of the following breeders:—Jacob Wakefield, Esq. ch. colt, by Marmion; Mr. Thompson, b. colt, by Marmion; Mr. Jackson, b. colt, by Helsworth; Mr. Ellwood, br. colt, by Helwith.—Mr. Thompson's c. carried the prize. The dinner was numerously attended; the Hon. Col. Lowther, the Hon. Col. Howard, present; Geo. Wilson, Esq. of Dallam Tower, in the Chair. A subscription was signed.

Courting.

[From the great pressure of interesting matter, we are unavoidably obliged to defer the details of these Meetings till our next, and must content ourselves with naming the winners only. To give them in a mutilated state (particularly as some are not yet decided), would be unsatisfactory to our Courting
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readers; and as we shall be obliged to print a SUPPLEMENT next month, to clear the accumulated valuable Communications in hand, we shall then be enabled to include all the matches up to the date of our publication.]

LOUTH, NOV. 8.

Winners:—For the Cup, Mr. Hassall's blk. d. Hippogrif.—Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, Mr. Hassall's fawn d. Hercules.—Puppy Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, Mr. Beridge's blk. d. p. Hamlet.

We perceive, by an Advertisement on our cover, that part of Mr. Hassall's stud of greyhounds will be brought to the hammer at Mr. Beardsworth's Repository, Birmingham, on the second Thursday in December. Their pedigree and description will appear in the Birmingham paper on the Monday previous to the sale.

We also learn that Bergami, Vengeance, and Hercules, will serve bitches at Packington—the two former at three guineas each, and Hercules at five guineas each.

ASHDOWN PARK, NOV. 7.

Winner:—For the Cup, Mr. E. Cripps' blk. b. Emerald. Owing to the weather, the ground being covered with snow, and the consequent scarcity of hares sitting out, all the Classes of both the Craven and Ashdown Stakes (which were contested for the first and second days) were on the last day divided.

ILSLEY, NOV. 1.

Winners:—For the Cup and Goblet, Mr. Graham's Guelph, the Cup; and Mr. C. Long's Lancaster, the Goblet.—For the Famborough Stakes, Mr. Goodlake's Graceful.—For the Ilesley Stakes, Mr. Graham's Giant.

AMESWORTH PARK, NOV. 14.

Winner:—For the Silver Cup and Cover, Mr. Gooderid's Rattler (bred by the Duke of Clarence's Steward in Bushy Park).

SWAFFHAM, NOV. 15.

Winners:—For the Gold Cup, Mr. Buckworth's blk. b. Bee.—For the Cley-Puppy Sweepstakes, Mr. Ayton's Primrose.

SPORTING ACCIDENTS AND
OBITUARY.

Sir Richard Sutton, when out with

his hounds on Monday, Nov. 14, had the misfortune to have his thigh broken by a fall from his horse. The accident happened in the parish of Newbold, near Wragby; and he was thrown in consequence of his horse refusing a leap at which he was going. The bone has been set, and we are happy to hear that he received no other hurt, and is doing well.

Another melancholy accident has taken place at Higham, the seat of Francis Bentworth, Esq. near Ashby-de-la-Zouch. As Mr. Hointrough was passing through the small gate that leads from the pleasure grounds into the wood walks, the trigger of his gun was struck by a projecting piece of the latch, and the contents lodged in his head. He expired before he could be taken back to the house. Mr. H. had just received an appointment to a lucrative situation in America, and had been married only a week.

On Tuesday, November 1, as Sir John Cope was mounted on his favorite hunter, Tortoise, and about to start with the hounds at a fence, the animal gave a leap forward, and dropped down dead. He was in his 19th year. His present Majesty once offered 600 guineas for him. We understand Sir John means to have his skin stuffed.

Died, Nov. 4, aged 77, Henry Yarburgh, Esq. of Heslington Hall, near York. His death was awfully sudden, having, whilst hunting, and in apparent health, been suddenly attacked with the gout at his stomach, which caused his dissolution the same evening.

On the 2d November, at Godalming, William Lee, Esq. aged 66, one of the oldest and fairest shooting sportsmen in the county of Surrey.

CURIOUS GAME CONVICTIONS.

The following curious case occurred at the Bolton Petty Sessions. On Saturday the 10th of September last, James Latham, of Horwich, glazier, a person unqualified to kill game, was seen to kill a hare with a gun in the parish of Dean. Latham, being aware of this, on the Monday following went to the Sessions Room in this town, with Thomas Jolly, who, at

Latham's request, laid an information against him under the 5th of Anne, c. 14, for using a gun to kill and destroy game, to which information Latham pleaded guilty, and was convicted before Ralph Fletcher, Esq. in the penalty of 5l. one half of which was paid to Jolly, the informer, who returned it to Latham, and the other half was of course distributed according to the Act. On the 16th of September, another information was laid against Latham, under the 9th of Anne, c. 25, which is an extension of the 5th of Anne, for having the *same hare* in his possession after he had so killed it. The Magistrate, however, not being satisfied that he had a power of convicting in both cases, directed the subjoined query to be submitted to Mr. Starkie—viz. "Whether he could or ought again to convict Latham under the 9th of Anne, c. 25, in the penalty of 5l., for having the same hare in his possession on the same day, and in the same parish as when he killed it, and for which he had been so convicted." The opinion of Mr. Starkie having been obtained, the Magistrate directed it to be read to the defendant; it was nearly as follows:—"I am of opinion, that in *strictness* the party is liable to be convicted, for having a hare in possession on a particular day, notwithstanding a prior conviction for having used a gun on the same day. For the offences are in point of law distinct; a man may incur a penalty for the using of a gun, although no game be in fact destroyed. On the other hand, though game be destroyed by the using of a gun, yet, if the offender were afterwards to expose that game for sale (and whether he did so on the same or on a different day would be immaterial), it is quite clear that he would, by so doing, incur a second penalty. Now as the Statute 9 Ann, c. 25, s. 2, makes the possession of game by an unqualified person to be equivalent in all respects to his having exposed it to sale, it appears to me that in such a case as the present, the party must be regarded in the same point of view as if he had actually exposed the hare for sale, and that consequently he is liable to

a second penalty.—I am not aware of any provision in any of the Game Acts which exempts a party from conviction for having game in possession, or for having exposed game to sale, in respect of a previous conviction for using a gun, although the gun may have been used for the destruction of the game afterwards had in possession, or exposed to sale; and in the absence of any such clause, it appears to me that the offences are to be considered as distinct, and that the offender is liable to distinct and separate penalties. But, in the present instance, it appears to me that the first conviction is merely null and void, on the ground of collusion between the informer and the party informed against. For this is a mere evasion of the law, by which an offender gets rid of one half of the penalty which the Legislature intended to impose; and the law will not, in general, permit a party to avail himself of a fraudulent and evasive judgment, in a collateral proceeding.—See the *Duchess of Kingston's case*, 11 State Trials, 261; *Crosby v. Levy*, 12 Eust. 409; *Martin Lolly's case*; and see the St. 4 Hen. VII. c. 20; which, although it be applicable in its terms to actions only, yet seems to be declaratory of the Common Law in cases of collusion. Thomas Starkie, Inner Temple, October 12, 1825."—Such an exposition of the law, of course, rendered a conviction imperative, and the defendant was adjudged to pay the mitigated fine of 5*l.* including costs.—*Bolton Express*.

A conviction of rather a novel character has taken place before the Bench of Magistrates at Gosport, the law in which case does not appear to comport either with propriety or equity. Major-General Sir James Lyon, K.C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth, Commander-in-Chief of the South-West District, was fined by the Bench of Magistrates named, under the authority of the 90th clause in the Mutiny Act, which levies a penalty of 20*s.* on the "Commander" of soldiers, any of whom shall be found guilty of an act of poaching: to which is added the liability of im-

mediate dismissal from the army of the said "Commander of the Troops," should he refuse to pay the fines levied in forty-eight hours after conviction. Sir James Lyon, hard and absurd as the case is, instantly paid two fines of 20*s.*—two soldiers of the Gosport garrison having been detected in this unlawful practice. If this be the law, we may next month have to record similar convictions against Sir James by Magistrates of the county of Dorset, or even of the city of Bristol, for these places are comprehended in his command.

A man of the name of Hugh Owen, of Norton-upon-Hales, near Drayton, in Shropshire, who has lost both arms above the elbow, was convicted before Sir Andrew Corbet, Bart., on the 5th of November, for killing a hare. Not being able to pay the penalty of 20*l.* he was committed to our House of Correction for six months. Owen gives the following account of the transaction:—He is a pauper, and keeps an ass, by which he ekes out his parish relief to support a wife and four children. A neighbouring farmer allowed him to put his ass into a field of stubble, and the offender, in going to fetch the animal from the field, taking his little terrier with him, the dog pounced upon a hare sitting in her form, and killed her. The man being unable to pick up the hare, stood over it some time, when a Welchman came by and wanted to take it, which Owen would not permit. Shortly after this, Owen's son, about eleven years old, came to seek his father, and he took home the hare. The Welchman informed of the transaction.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*.—Some remarks having been made on this conviction, as a harsh one, it has been stated in explanation that the convicting Magistrate, who has a character for humanity, believed Owen to be a notorious poacher.

POACHERS.

A desperate conflict took place on Saturday, November 12, in the pheasant preserve of H. Hoghton, Esq. in Walton-le-Dale. A party of six gamekeepers, who had been joined by another person in the midnight watch, fell in with a company, consisting, ac-

according to the keepers' account, of no less than eleven poachers. The parties having mutually recognized each other for a moment, one of the poachers said, "D—n 'em, let us fire," upon which several pieces were instantly let off, and the volley was answered by a discharge from the gamekeepers. The guns of the poachers were ineffective; but an exclamation, when the gamekeepers fired, indicated a different result on their part, and a day or two afterwards a hat was picked up near the spot, with several shot-holes in the crown. The fire was not repeated, and the gamekeepers did not feel themselves in sufficient strength to attempt a capture of the poachers. A report has prevailed that the man who was hit is in danger of losing his eyesight, being badly wounded in the upper part of his face.—*Preston Chron.*

SHOOTING.

Holkham.—For the last five weeks, this splendid mansion has been filled with royal and noble parties, enjoying the pleasures of the field. Amongst the noble company are the Marchioness of Hastings and the Ladies Rawdon, Lord and Lady Dacre, Lord and Lady Henry Fitzroy, Miss Fitzroy, the Hon. Misses Anson, Lady Harvey, the Earls Spencer and Talbot, Lords Suffield, Duncan, Althorpe, Duncannon, Lynedoch, and Arthur Hill, General Sir R. Fergusson, the Hon. Geo. Walpole, Col. Anson, Capt. Ferguson, Hon. C. Talbot, Fitzroy, and Chantry, &c. &c.—Agreeably to the annual custom at Holkham, Monday the 7th inst. was appointed for a grand *battue*, and at an early hour the noble party took the field, shooting principally in the coverts in the park. The shooting throughout was very fine, and upwards of 700 head of game were shot in the course of the day. Game has not been found so plentiful in the park as in former years. The deficiency is principally in hares, of which not more than 220 as yet have been shot in one day. In former years upwards of 500 hares have been shot in the Park in one day.

The match between Messrs. Payton and Cruickshanks, who should kill most hares, rabbits, pheasants,

and partridges in two days, was finished on the 23d November, at Warfield, Berks. The match was for fifty sovereigns only, with double-barrelled guns, a brace of dogs each, fetchers and markers allowed. On the result the following heads were produced:—First day Capt. Payton killed 11 hares, 20 rabbits, 11 pheasants, and 7 partridges; Mr. C. 7 hares, 22 rabbits, 9 pheasants, and 7 partridges—Second day, Capt. Payton killed 9 hares, 14 rabbits, 9 pheasants, and 9 partridges; Mr. C. 12 hares, 14 rabbits, 12 pheasants, and 5 partridges. Total, Capt. P. 90 head of game; Mr. C. 88 head. The Captain missed 14 shots and Mr. Cruickshanks nine only; but the game was found deficient in his beat.

TROTTING.

A mare, five years old and under fifteen hands, was this month backed for a wager of sixty pounds, to trot sixty miles in six hours, to and fro, between the Angel Inn, Old Bridge, and Salford turnpike-gate!! She carried nine stone, and accomplished the task 23 min. 4 sec. within time.

The Melton Mowbray horse Forrester lost his match of two miles for 500 sovereigns, on the flat approaching Nottingham. The task was to trot the two miles in three minutes and four seconds, but the time was out when the horse was fifty yards from home.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Foot Race at Flappet Springs, near Keighley, for Forty Guineas.—Monday, Nov. 14, in the morning, groups of persons were seen going towards Flappet Springs, in every direction, and at the start the number assembled was estimated at 5000. The pedestrians were Ratcliffe, of Swilling-End, near Halifax, and Sugden of Flappet Springs; they were to run two miles on the turnpike road (which was uncommonly heavy), towards Halifax and back again; they continued within a yard of each other for three miles, when Ratcliffe fell exhausted, and Sugden completed the four miles within twenty-two minutes!!

A pedestrian match for one hundred sovereigns, between Mr. C.

Cholmondeley and Mr. Tollemache, took place on Thursday, Nov. 4, in the avenue near the Lodge-gates at Oulton, Cheshire, and was won by Mr. Tollemache cleverly.

DUELLING.

A duel was fought on Thursday, November 3, on some rafts on the river running from Lymington, Hants, to the Isle of Wight, between two gentlemen of the names of Crownie and Burtenshaw, in consequence of a quarrel when hunting in the New Forest. Mr. B. was taken away seriously wounded.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Ipswich, Nov. 12.—On Tuesday last as a gentleman was walking upon the turnpike road through a village in this neighbourhood, his attention was attracted by a little spaniel which accompanied him, and which was whining and barking at the foot of an old pollard by the road side. Upon going to the spot, he was much surprised at seeing a rabbit leap from the top of the tree (a distance of nine feet from the ground) and make its escape; a second, however, was less fortunate, being caught by the dog, which had now penetrated to the top, the inside of the tree being hollow. Upon examination, a *seat* or *form* snugly and (as its late tenants doubtlessly imagined) *securely* situated, was found upon the crown of the pollard.

Mr. Philip Self, gamekeeper to Sir R. Steele, shot five couple of woodcocks on the Sydling Manor, Dorset, before the 1st of November this year.

A cormorant was shot at Compstall Bridge, Cheshire, on Tuesday, October 25, which measured between the two extremities of the wings, five feet, and from the point of the bill to the tip of the tail three feet one inch. It weighed 6lb. 9oz.

On Tuesday, November 1, a cormorant, weighing seven pounds, and measuring four feet from the tip of each wing (extended), was shot at Culham Court, near Henley, Oxon, the seat of the Hon. Frederick West. The bird had frequented the grounds near the mansion for some time past.

A few days since, one of the labourers of Mr. Morton, of the Swan Inn, Mansfield, being at work in the

farm, saw a covey of partridges rise, six in number, and when they were about four feet from the ground, he observed something spring up and fetch one of them down. Curiosity of course prompted him to go to the spot, and, to his astonishment, discovered this "new gamester" to be a *weasel*, in the act of gnawing off the bird's head!

PUGILISM.

The Pugilistic Club is dissolved—late events having disgusted the Corinthians. This information we collect from Bell's *Weekly Dispatch*, a paper deservedly esteemed for the correctness of its information on Pugilism. We have received various communications on this subject; and shall endeavour, from the numerous documents in our possession, and from the official statements in that Journal, to give a "brief chronicle" of the causes of the decision of the P. C.—In our last (see p. 56), we stated that the match between Reuben Martin and Young Gas (which was to have taken place Oct. 18) was spoiled by the interference of Martin's wife. Other reasons have been assigned. Suffice it, however, to say that Young Gas, immediately after Reuben's refusal to fight, claimed the stake-money; but in consequence of a demand being made for a certain sum, which a Mr. Woolley, an attorney, said *he* had contributed towards Reuben's stake—(at the same time acknowledging that Gas ought to receive the whole hundred pounds, except that, as Reuben was taken *ill*, it was hard *they* should lose their money through *his want of condition*)—a meeting was held at Belcher's on the 26th October to settle the dispute. It should be observed that Gas had acknowledged that he had been *tampered with*. A large assemblage of the friends of the Fancy attended the meeting, when Mr. W. repeated his claim, on the grounds just stated. To this Belcher replied, that *even on their own shewing*, the friends of Martin ought to forfeit; a hundred cases had occurred of forfeits paid by boxers and backers under such circumstances; but no man would be

party, feeling their valour wax warm, and forgetting the kind of person they had to deal with, rose to pay the champion off in a kind of coin which he has always been particularly *handy* in giving a satisfactory receipt for, in the shape of sundry remembrances that leave aches, and pains, and bruises, on those who have required such acknowledgments—in short, they vowed they would serve him out handsomely. Spring, however, declined the honour, and with equal temper and discretion retreated from his assailants, stopping their blows, and smiling at their vain attempts to touch him. He immediately sent for a constable, but the guardian of the law declined to attend, for which, doubtless, Spring knows his remedy. Finding that the law refused to protect him, and the fellows still insisting on thrashing him, with violent abuse in reply to his repeated attempts to induce them to be quiet, he at last very properly,

goaded by the most outrageous provocation, determined to adopt the shortest method of quieting such characters, and requesting the persons present not to interfere, after every peaceable remonstrance had failed, he proceeded to expel the intruders. Three of them then rushed on him at once, and he was soon surrounded by the six. Perhaps in his best days he never shewed such science, coolness, and courage, as he displayed on this occasion. With admirable quickness he stopped and returned, in a manner his cowardly assailants will remember as long as they live; right and left, every blow told on their sconces, and on one occasion they were all down together. In less than twenty minutes they were completely brought to a stand-still, and the champion acknowledged victor—coolly observing, that he would thrash twenty such as them in an hour. They were all stout fellows, at least thirteen stone each.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLACED in the dilemma of either rejecting many excellent articles which our correspondents have forwarded us, or of printing a SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, we have not hesitated adopting the latter course. We shall therefore publish two Numbers on the 1st of January next:—viz. the regular publication for that month, and a Supplementary one. The latter will contain, as one of its embellishments, a portrait of Memnon, the winner of the St. Leger; and in the letter-press department will be found an Account of "Dobberan Races, and a description of some of the Noblemen's Studs in Mecklenburg," with which the Editor has been honoured by a Foreign Correspondent.—Also "a Letter on Condition, by Nimrod;"—"Phædon Diaboloteles, a marvellous Historie of Dick Neck-or-nought, driver of ye Telegraphe Coache;"—"The Old Forester's Second Letter on the present State of the Turf;"—"Cambridgeshire Hunting;" and much other interesting matter.

We congratulate our Subscribers on NIMROD's announcement of his intention to visit the counties of Warwick, Salop, Chester, Northampton, Leicester, &c. this winter; and that he has kindly promised to favour us with whatever he may pick up of interest to the Sporting World in those counties during the Hunting Season.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of "A few Lines from Viator in reply to Tim Bobbin"—a letter from "Snaffle" on several interesting subjects—"Odds and Ends by Mr. J. Lawrence"—"Rusticus on Ornithology"—"Quis?"—the details of "Louth, Ashdown Park, and other Coursing Meetings"—"Original Anecdotes," the "Percussion Lock," &c. &c.

"Westland" is assured that his proffered communication will be very acceptable—"Viator" (from Yorkshire) will accept our thanks, and we hope lay us under farther obligations.—We have not been wanting in endeavours to obtain what "Morland" alludes to; but hitherto they have been unsuccessful.

An "Old Breeder of Racers" requests us "in candour and justice" to say that he was much disappointed with Mr. Hanckey Smith's *Observations on Breeding for the Turf*; as, he says, "the book (price twelve shillings!) does not contain the slightest original information, and is merely made up from the Stud Book."—"In candour and justice" we ought to say, that another correspondent commends the work as "a useful and valuable Compilation."

"A Subscriber" inquires "whether Peats' Stirrup Leather answers the expectations formed of it; where it is to be met with; and what is the price of it?"

The "Dying Fox-hunter to his Wife," is a little too sombre for our pages.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII. N.S. JANUARY, 1826.

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Embellished with,

I. *Portrait of MANIAC, a celebrated Hunter, painted by LAPORTE, and engraved by J. SCOTT.*

II. *GREEN SANDPIPER, from a Drawing by A. COOPER, Esq. R.A.*

A FEW LINES FROM NIMROD; AND A LIBERAL PROPOSAL TO MASTERS OF HARRIERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Am returned from a three weeks' cruise to eat my Christmas dinner by my own fire-side, and intended to have presented to your readers the result of what I have seen; but having, unfortunately, left some memoranda behind me, and wishing to be correct, I must postpone that pleasure until your next Number, as you tell me this must be in the press the day after to-morrow.

I commenced my Tour with what are called (I suppose in distinction

of the Old Berkeley fox-hounds): "the Young Berkeley stag-hounds." I then had a peep at Sir Thomas Mostyn's and the Duke of Beaufort's fox-hounds, and spent the last fortnight in Warwickshire, to which county the eyes of the *Sporting World* have been particularly directed, in consequence of its having been taken possession of by a new master. All I have to say, however, must be delayed until the next month.

Anxious as I was to get soon again into the *Sporting World*, I was resolved not to send my horses

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from home until there was some appearance of snow; and, up to the first of the present month, there had been none in the neighbouring countries I had visited. On that day there was a heavy fall of rain, which I was in hopes might have the desired effect; and in anticipation of it I set out on the morning after; but, with trifling exceptions, there have been fewer good hunting days up to the present period than the oldest sportsman I have met with can recollect. Even the crack grass countries have been doing but little, and a lack of sport has been a general complaint. I do not mean to assert that some runs, and a few fine ones, have not been seen; but a run now and then does not, in my acceptance of the word, imply sport.

There are masters of harriers as well as masters of fox-hounds, and to such do I now address myself. A friend of mine (a bachelor), who has a clever pack of very highly-bred harriers—and which hunt one of the finest hare-hunting countries in the world—will make a present of them to any gentleman who will accept of them on the following very liberal terms: He will find house, kennel, and stables, and join in the expenses of house-keeping, and all others attendant on hounds and horses, for the period of two months—one at the beginning, and the other at the end of the season—provided the gentleman who may accept of his hounds will hunt his country for those two months. The distance is within an easy morning's drive (West) of London. My friend, like his hounds, is very well bred—quite a man of the world, and an excellent companion into the bargain. Should any master of harriers, or any other gentleman, feel

disposed to accept of this offer, a line addressed to A.B., at the Editor's of the *Sporting Magazine*, will receive an early answer.

I do not like to conclude this short epistle without observing, that I found that fine country, Warwickshire, very full of horses, and the hounds very well attended; but all farther particulars must be deferred for the present. This day, however, ought to be a holiday. It is Christmas eve, when, as an old ballad informs us—

“The misletoe hangs from the oaken beam,

The ivy creeps up the wall;

The bays our shining casements screen,
The holly-bush graces the hall.”

It is pleasing to observe old customs, when they do not retard the progress of knowledge, or degrade the human mind: and as I have my pen in my hand, I may as well fill up my paper with an allusion or two to the veneration paid to that *lusus naturæ*, the misletoe.

As the Ivy is dedicated to the God of Wine, so is this parasitical intruder to the sportive Cupid; and though the sacred regard once paid to it has disappeared before the light of knowledge, yet it is still beheld with emotions of pleasure in our kitchens at Christmas. It gives a sort of licence to seize the “soft kiss” from every pretty girl that can be enticed beneath its shade, and custom authorises the harmless rape. The ancients went still farther than this: it formed, with them, part of their religious ceremonies, as we learn from Virgil, who compares to it the golden bough growing on the oak, which Æneas found in the Shades below. The Druids ascribed to it still higher honours. They pretended to work wonderful cures by its virtues. It was a remedy for sterility in women; an antidote to poi-

son; and in compliment, no doubt, to its healing properties, they laid it on their altars as an emblem of the Advent of the Messiah! The hour alluded to is now at hand; and to-morrow's sun will bring this festive day—many happy returns of which may all true sportsmen live to enjoy! for, as our great Bard informs us,

"The yearly course that brings *this day*
about
Shall never see it but a holiday."

NIMROD.

December 24, 1825.

BOAR CHASE IN SAXONY.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

HAVING occasionally, in your interesting Magazine, seen the wish expressed, to make it the circulating medium of all that happens in the Sporting World, I did not hesitate to direct to you the following account of a day with the King of Saxony's wild boar hunt, which, in case you consider it worth your notice, is fully at your disposition.

We left Dresden for Moritzburg, a *Chateau de Chasse* of the King's, where the *rendezvous* of the day was fixed. Soon after arriving there, the King and his brother, Prince Antoine, arrived. After having given a look to the hounds, forty-five couples in number, we rode on alongside a piece of fine oakwood, enclosed with an eight-feet high stone wall, in which there are kept, for the purpose of being hunted, about eighty wild boars and sows.

The King got off his horse to see the better from a stand the hero of the next hour come out of a gate that was thrown open, and to which it was hurried by many people beat-

ing the covert. It happened to be a fine three-years old boar that ventured to try the awful chance.

After some minutes' law, two steady and slow blood-hounds, with some cross of fox-hounds in them, were put on the scent, and the King and his suite followed, while our party preferred waiting for the pack, which in close array made its appearance after ten minutes. But instead of allowing them to be off as soon as on the scent, the huntsman, whippers-in, and half a dozen more people, got around them, and, by handling their whips, caused the hounds not only to crowd together, but literally to get one on the other, and form a kind of a pyramid. The huntsman, by taking off his hat, put an end to this somewhat ludicrous scene, which altogether proved the hounds being under perfect command. The anxious hounds, at seeing the well-known signal, went off at a good rate; but, as we soon got into young fir-wood, the pace slackened much till we came on good ground again. After a quarter of an hour's run, we fell in with the King, who, at a canter, followed the hounds. But perceiving them to win on the horsemen, and becoming afraid of losing sight of the chase, I took the liberty of passing His Majesty, and kept up with the huntsmen. We soon were joined by about ten gentlemen, charging out of the wood in various directions, and had a fine run over some grass land, where, on a turn, we were gratified with a view of our black *ami*, who, to judge by the hurry with which he got again into the thicket, did not appear to like us full as well as we did him. After ten minutes the boar was forced out of the wood, crossed a meadow, and got into a lake,

closely followed by three couples of hounds, who in the water soon got up to him.

I at first expected to see a good battle between the boar and his gallant pursuers; but numbers of them coming up in a moment, he was overpowered before the huntsman could succeed in whipping his hounds off. Count Marcolini, Master of the King's hounds, shewed a good deal of sporting blood in him, as he hurried into the water to a considerable depth, the better to enjoy the view of what they here call the *hallaly*. The King, after some lapse of time, came up, but was deprived of his usual sport; viz. to destroy the boar with his *couteau de chasse*, while the hounds (and some human assistants) have hold of him.

The chase did certainly not go so fast as your readers in England are accustomed to ride after either fox or stag, but it was on the whole very pretty; and I am too well acquainted with the character of English sportsmen, not to be convinced they would have enjoyed it, and rejoiced with me at seeing a venerable old Prince, at the age of 75, seeming so happy in enjoying the pleasures of the field, and surrounded by his subjects, all of whom love and revere him as their common father.

A Subscriber in Mecklenbourg.

MANIAC.

Painted by LAPORTE, and engraved by J. SCOTT.

THIS extraordinary horse belonged to Mr. J. E——e, who rode him over the fence represented in the picture, near Harrow, after a most severe run with His Majesty's hounds. It is held by some persons that thorough-bred

horses are deficient in leaping, but here we have an instance to the contrary.—Maniac is of singular temper, whence his name is derived, but when ridden with hounds he is an extraordinary fencer, and perfectly docile. He was got by Sir Harry Dimsdale out of Eliza, and is in every way the model of a perfect hunter.

INQUIRY—HUNTING FIXTURES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

BEING myself a novice in fox-hunting movements, I wish to be informed by some of your sporting friends, through the medium of your valuable Magazine, the mode generally adopted by gentlemen whose mansions are situated in parks, when hounds are at such places appointed to meet. I will relate an appointment which took place in my neighbourhood, near Colchester. The hounds were to meet at half-past ten, at a gentleman's park: nearly two hundred horsemen had met at this park gate before the hounds arrived, but were refused admittance by the gamekeeper, who assured the gentlemen, that he had orders from his master not to admit any one.

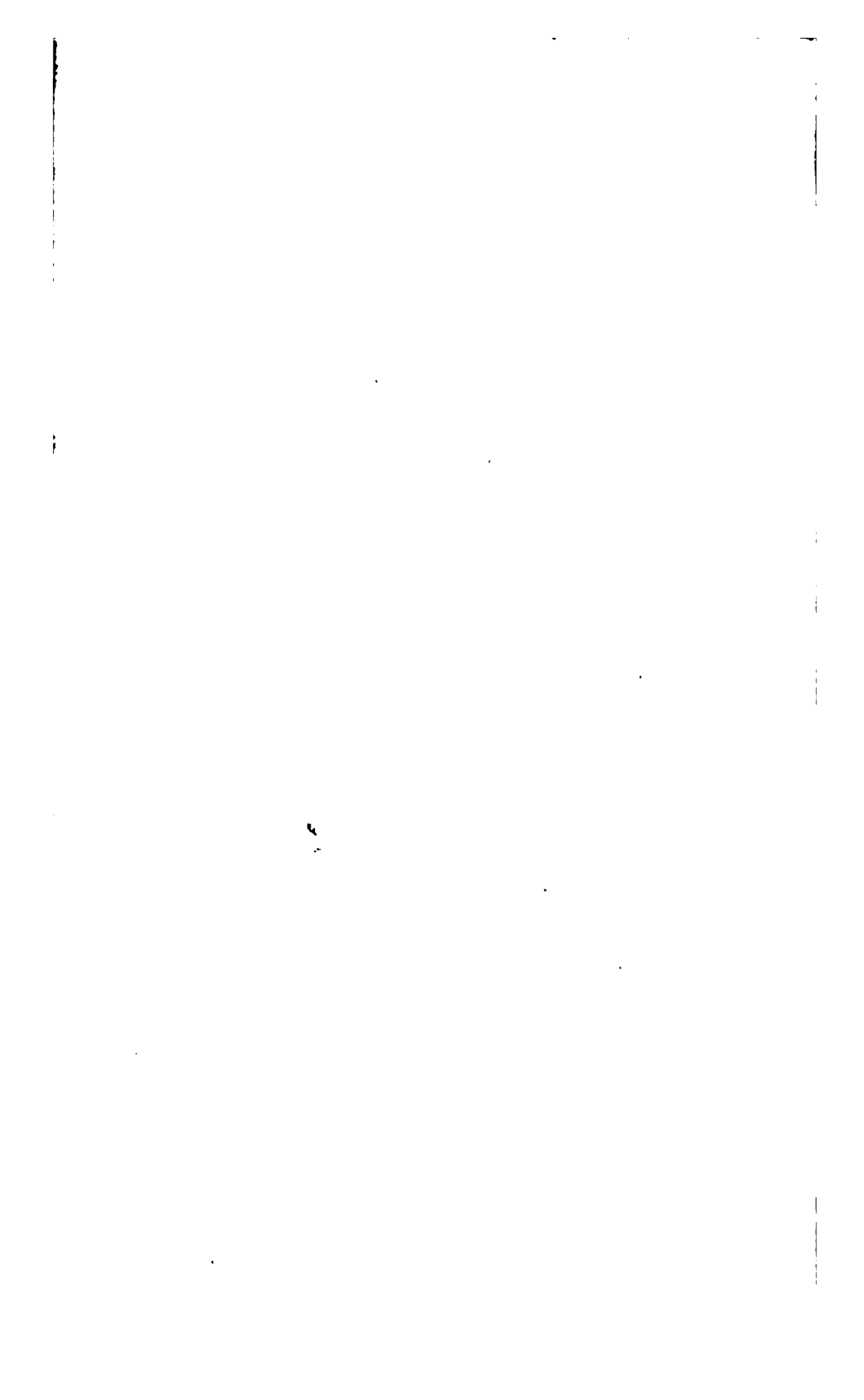
I should not have troubled your valuable columns, but reading in your last Number (page 96) an account of the hospitality shewn by a Sporting Gentleman near Chelmsford, induced me to mention the other extreme, and to ask if park gates are shut in other sporting counties against the gentlemen and yeomanry of the county.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

A CONSTANT READER.



MANIAC.



THE "NEAR" AND "OFF" SIDE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Have just hastily perused your last Number; and as there is a letter in it which requires an answer, I again take up my pen in your service. I allude to the remarks of Mr. Double B on the Road. His surmises respecting the *near* side of it may be very ingenious, but I question very much the correctness of them; indeed, for my own part, I do not see wherefore any difficulty should have arisen on the application and meaning of the terms *near* and *off*—the words speak for themselves. We have, for the better order and regulation of travelling, certain rules. Thus, in meeting a vehicle of any kind, we go on that side of it which is *nearest* or *next* to us; in passing one, we go on that side which is *farthest off* from us: hence *our own side* of the road is always called the *near* or *next* to us; the horse which is *nearest* or *next* to that side of the road is called the *near* side one; and by the same token the horse which is *farthest off* from the *near* side is called the *off* side one. It may be argued, that in passing a vehicle on the *off* side, you go on that side which is *nearest* you: granted:—but the very fact of going from your *own* or *near* side of the road to the *off* or *farthest off* side is of itself sufficient to constitute the difference in the application of the terms. Mr. Double B. goes on to say that *team*, *drag*, &c. all refer to the original *radix*: "*wagon*!" and that in short *near* is substituted provincially for *left*. How absurd! *Drag* in our acceptation, and *team*, from the Latin word *temo*, are terms which can be made use of with equal propriety in speaking of a

coach or a wagon. Johnson explains the latter word thus: "A number of horses or oxen drawing at once the same carriage." *Near* is *never* used but in opposition to *off*, in the same manner that *left* is in opposition to *right*. But Mr. Double B.'s finale is most amusing. He says, "If I had time to spare, I might advance something *more weighty* on the subject." Now, pray, Mr. Editor, in your Notices to Correspondents, do beg the whole force and weight of his arguments in your next. Any subjects which admit of doubt should, if possible, be elucidated; and the more opinions we have, the better we shall be able to draw a satisfactory conclusion.

I will now offer a few remarks on the chariot races of the ancient Greeks, which may, perchance, throw a little light on the subject of *near* and *off*. Judges were appointed, who, after shaking together the names of the competitors, drew them out and arranged their places by lot. The chariots were stationed in a line; and as they went round to the *left*, and had to turn round a pillar to their *left*, at the end of the course, in order to return to the *apscis*, or starting place, that which was placed most to the *left* or *near* side had a decided advantage. They started at a given signal, and went at scores, if we are to credit an epigram cited by Brunck and translated by West:

"The barrier when he quits, the dazzled sight
In vain essays to catch him in his flight;
Lo! is the racer through the whole
career,
Till victor at the goal he re-appear."

However, be this as it may, the victor was loaded with honours and rewards, and the year was called after his name. The course, as Gedoyne conjectures, was divided

probably into twelve parts; at each of which there was a *συναλη*, also called *καμπύρα*, and the charioteers had to turn once round the *τερμα* or *νύσση*. The latter word was from *νύσσω*, "pungo," because at that place the drivers were wont to use the goad; for, by passing the rest there, a considerable advantage was obtained. When the chariot was drawn by four horses, they were arranged abreast, two in the middle, fastened to the chariot by the yoke, and hence called *Χυγιοι*. The other two, as outriggers, were fastened to the yoke or some part of the chariot by traces, and termed *παρηγοροι σιραιοι*, &c. &c. It seems that the great skill was to turn as close to the mark as possible without touching it, and this was effected by *dropping your hand* and giving the rein to the *off-side* outrigger, and keeping in or holding back the *near-side one*—as we learn from Nestor's advice to his son, in *Homer*, before starting.—Pope's translation runs thus:—

"Mark then the goal—'tis easy to be found—

You aged trunk, a cubit from the ground.

• Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the *left-hand* steed:
• But urge the *right*, and give him all the
reins,

While thy stout hand his fellow's head
restrains,

And turns him short."

While I am about the science displayed in ancient coachmanship, I cannot omit mentioning a curious fact which appears concerning Orestes, in the *Electra* of Sophocles, who, quite in the style of the old *screw* Chiffney, made his a *waiting race*—*νύσσης ἔχας*—he kept his horses back, placing all his confidence in the push, or struggle, at the end of the race. This, however, appears to have been a

favorite plan with all skilful charioteers. We may take a hint from old Cicero—*Arc. Quæst.*—who says, "Ego enim ut callidus agitator, priusquam ad finem veniam, equos sustinebo."

It may be as well to say a few words on the length of the different courses. The *δρομος διαυδης*, or double race, in which the racers turned round a barrier at the end of the *Stadium*, and returned to the *αφρσις*, or starting place, was not in use till the 14th Olympiad.

The *δολιχοδρομος* consisted, according to some, of seven, according to others of twelve, or twenty-four *stadia*; and we are told that the length of the *stadium* was an hundred paces, equal to about six hundred feet.

The *εκποδρομη* at Olympia, Ge-doyn says, was four *stadia*; West, that it was two in length, and therefore four in circuit; so that the whole course of the *τελειον αρμα* for full grown horses was 12½ *stadia* = 6 Grecian miles, and that for the *πωλικον*, or colts, 8 rounds = 32 *stadia* = 4 Grecian miles.

A Grecian mile was = 800 paces. An English = 1056 $6 \times 800 \div 1056 = 4 \frac{1756}{1056} = 4 \frac{1}{4}$, or rather more than 4½ English miles for the greatest, and for the less $4 \times 800 \div 1056 = 3 \frac{1}{2}$ English miles. And now, Mr. Editor, I shall conclude, in the hope that the crooked letters will not alarm, and that the observations will be acceptable to yourself and readers.

I had heard of poor Nimrod's accident—and who had not?—but I am happy to find from his own account, that he is likely to rally, and do well again—his loss would be most keenly felt by the Sporting World at large.

Let me recommend your correspondent WESTLAND to refer to

the Racing Calendar: he will there find that both Bizarre and Lottery have been beat by horses which *are not first-rate*. I doubt not but you will, immediately recognize my *old fat*, though I have suffered so much time to elapse since last I wrote to you; and as I altogether disapprove of the "alias" and the "sine nomine corpus" system, I shall beg to remain your old friend, under the old name, RIVUS.

BETTINGS ON THE DERBY, OAKS, AND LEGER, FOR 1826.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

THE betting to-day was neither extensive nor heavy. Monarch is still on the advance, and stands unusually high; Tredrille is in the shade a point or so. Bolivar was brought up again, many of his party calculating that he cannot be kept where he is. The General is likewise coming on, the odds being freely taken; and, excepting Advance, who is creeping up, the others remain as before stated. Mignonette, for the Oaks, is receding, and in all probability will not long remain first favorite. Pawn continues steady, and must eventually regain her former situation. Henry has retrograded two or three points; but this is more owing to the leading favorite advancing so rapidly, than from the result of a private trial. The outside ones are fast going, and a good deal has been laid against them at high figures. The St. Leger is exceedingly dull; it being conjectured that the nomination will fall far short of what it was last year; and, with the exception of Lord Kennedy's, Mr. Watt's, and Crusader, the others are scarcely mentioned.

Yours truly, Z. B.

Tottenham, Dec. 19, 1825.

DERBY.

- 5 to 1 agst Monarch.
- 17 to 1 agst Tredrille.
- 13 to 1 agst Bolivar.
- 14 to 1 agst The General.
- 17 to 1 agst Advance.
- 20 to 1 agst Spectre junior.
- 21 to 1 agst Gramarie.
- 22 to 1 agst Twatty.
- 25 to 1 agst Sophist.
- 30 to 1 agst Pranka.
- 30 to 1 agst c. out of Centaur's dam.
- 30 to 1 agst Canvas.
- 30 to 1 agst Blunchausen.
- 30 to 1 agst Cedric.
- 35 to 1 agst Brother to Scratch.
- 35 to 1 agst Waterman.
- 40 to 1 agst Tippetwitchet.
- 16 to 1 agst Lord Lowther's lot, barring Monarch.

OAKS.

- 7 to 1 agst Mignonette.
- 8 to 1 agst Pawn.
- 8 and 9 to 1 agst Rachel.
- 11 to 1 agst Henry.
- 15 to 1 agst Elizabeth.
- 16 to 1 agst Parasol.
- 16 to 1 agst Bo-Peep.
- 17 to 1 agst Louisa.
- 18 to 1 agst Tears.
- 20 to 1 agst Morel.
- 30 to 1 agst Ellen.
- 30 to 1 agst Miss Hap.

ST. LEGER.

- 8 to 1 agst Bedlamite.
- 9 and 10 to 1 agst Crusader.
- 16 to 1 agst Belzoni.
- 20 to 1 agst Monarch.
- 22 to 1 agst Barefoot.
- 25 to 1 agst Grecian Queen.
- 25 to 1 agst Barataria.
- 30 to 1 agst King Catton.
- 40 to 1 agst Tarrare.
- 40 to 1 agst King Koul.
- 50 to 1 agst The General.
- 50 to 1 agst Tredrille.
- 100 to 1 agst Bo-Peep.
- 100 to 1 agst Louisa.
- 100 to 1 agst Sophist.
- 100 to 1 agst Skirmisher.
- 100 to 1 agst Syphon.
- 100 to 1 agst Lena.
- 100 to 1 agst Mezereon.
- 100 to 1 agst Magister.

MR. WILSON'S BREEDING STUD.

THE following is a list of the BROOD MARES belonging to Richard Wilson, Esq. of Bildeston, Suffolk:—

No. 1. Old Whiskey Mare, out of Hoity Toity, by Highflyer; grandam,

by Goldfinder, out of Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel.

2. Mirth, by Trumpator, out of Hoity Toity, by Highflyer—Goldfinder—Lady Bolingbroke.

3. Delenda, by Gohanna, out of Carthage, by Driver; grandam, Fractious, by Mercury—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse.

4. Benningbrough Mare, dam by Magnet, grandam by Match'em, great grandam by Regulus, out of a sister to the Ancaster Starling.

5. Maid of Moscow, by Prime Minister, out of Miss Watt, by Delpini; grandam, own sister to Repeater, by Trumpator.

6. Darling, by Patriot; dam by Highflyer—Tiffany, by Eclipse—Y. Hag, by Skip.

7. Old Maid, by Gohanna, out of Tag, by Trentham; grandam, Venus, by Eclipse.

8. Olivera, by Sir Oliver, out of Bellona, by Mercury.

9. Black Diamond, by Stamford, out of Louisa, by Ormond; grandam, Evelina, by Highflyer, the dam of Orville—Tantrum—Regulus—Marske's dam.

10. Stella, by L'Orient; dam by Ruler, out of Magdalena, by Highflyer.

11. Miss Stephenson, by Sorcerer or Scud; her dam by Precipitate, the Sister of Petworth.

12. Rowena (Sister to Wouvermans), by Rubens, out of Brighton, by Gohanna.

13. Young Rhoda, by Walton; her dam by Trumpator, out of Cinderella, by Dungannon.

14. Miss Lydia, Sister to Miss Fanny, by Walton; her dam by Orville, out of Goldenleg's dam, by Buzzard.

15. Lezinka, by Smolensko; dam by Benningbrough; grandam by Magnet; great grandam by Match'em.

16. Miss Clarke, by Williamson's Ditto; dam by Young Whiskey; grandam by Trumpator, the Sister to Orange-flower—Highflyer—Match'em.

17. First Fly, by Cockfighter, out of Eustatia, by Highflyer.

18. Helena, by Rubens, out of Sprightly, by Whiskey.

19. Pincushion, by Williamson's Ditto, out of a Skyscraper mare; her

dam by Dragon, out of Fidget's dam by Match'em.

20. Isabella, by Comus; her dam, Shepherdess, by Shuttle, Cannonade's dam.

21. Sir Peter Mare, out of a Sister to Tickle Toby, by Alfred—Herod—Eclipse.

22. Miss Crookford, by Williamson's Ditto, out of Darling, by Patriot.

23. Georgina, by Orville, out of Barossa.

24. Pinwire, by Whalebone; dam by Gohanna, out of Amazon, by Driver; her dam, Fractious, by Mercury—Woodpecker—Everlasting.

25. Medora, by Selim; dam by Sir Harry. This mare won the Oaks, and is the dam of Postuma and Pucelle.

26. Pentagon, by Selim; her dam by Delpini—Marske—Regulus; she is the dam of Ajax.

27. Grey Mare, by the Melville Arabian; her dam by Magog, by Match'em.

28. Miss Powlett, got by Ardrossan, out of a Shuttle mare, bred by Mr. Watt; dam, Hopeful, by Sir Peter, out of Play or Pay's dam, by Herod—Regulus—Rib.

29. Grey Duchess, by Young Whiskey, out of the Cockerell Arabian mare. This mare is the dam of Punt and Funny.

30. Shepherdess, by Shuttle; her dam by Buzzard, out of Ann of the Forest, by King Fergus; great grandam, Miss West, by Match'em, the dam of Stargazer, Hubby, Skypeeper, and Quiz. This mare is the dam of Cannonade, by Smolensko, and of Isabella, by Comus.

31. Ina, by Bettison's Sir Peter, out of Two-shoes, by Asparagus; her dam, Sister to Mother Bunch, by Mercury.

32. Barbara Allen, by Camillus, out of Anticipation, by Benningbrough; her dam, Expectation, Sister to Telemachus, by Herod.

33. Bay Mare, by Remembrancer; her dam, Æthe, by Young Marske, out of Serius, Sister to Fleacatcher, by Goldfinder. This mare is the dam of Rhoda.

34. Shuttle Mare, dam by Hambletonian, grandam Goldenlocks (the dam of Soothsayer), great grandam Violet, by Shark.

FRENCH SPORTING—VINDICATION OF FOX-HUNTERS—SUMMERING THE HUNTER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Some time ago attempted to give a short description of French hunting, such as it had fallen under my observation. To this I think I have since seen one or two allusions in your Magazine, coupled with a hint, that a man who seemed so fond of the French *chasse* could be no lover of the true English sport of fox-hunting. This is a proposition which I must beg leave to deny. There is an old saying, "better half a loaf than no bread." Acting on this principle, and having had the misfortune (for a misfortune it must certainly be accounted by every sportsman) to pass two seasons in France, I thought the best course I could follow was to assimilate my amusements as much as possible to those I should have enjoyed at home, and to make the best of the country and hounds that came in my way—a more rational and healthful mode, in my opinion, of passing the mornings, than lounging about the streets, or wasting them at Whist and *Ecarté*, the usual resources of English residents in the small towns on the Continent. I was luckily enabled to reach hounds three or four times a week, and had occasionally wonderful sport for the country, with wolf, boar, and stag. But of this enough: I am now again, thank God! in the land of fox-hunting, which I pray may ever continue to be the favorite amusement of the gentlemen of this country.

I cannot avoid noticing a most pitiful attempt, in a late Number of the *Morning Chronicle*, to sneer
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at some of the letters in the *Sporting Magazine*, and the Squires, as they are there termed, of the present day. It is there insinuated, that a man who devotes part of his time to the healthful and manly amusement of fox-hunting, must be so rude or stupid as to be unfit to take his place in the Senate with advantage to the country or credit to himself; and that one who puts a horse along like a workman must be destitute of kind feelings and humanity. This pretended refinement of feeling, as connected with the amusements both of the higher and lower orders, has been too much dwelt upon of late; and, if further sanctioned by the Legislature, will go far to destroy the native character of Englishmen. I would ask those gentlemen who wish to abolish prize fights, bull baits, &c. and who sneer at fox-hunters as a set of boorish ignorant Squires, what they would have Englishmen to become? I can easily solve the question. The gentlemen would turn into a degenerate race of *petits-maitres*, deeply imbued with the vices of foreign countries, or with a squeamish hypocritical morality, either of which must equally unfit them from filling well their stations in society; and the money, which might have imparted happiness to thousands of their dependants, would be wrung from a miserable and dissatisfied tenantry, to be lavished in the dissipations of some unwholesome city. The lower orders, being debarred from those amusements to which they have been accustomed, would soon lose that sense of honour and love of fair play which has so long distinguished them, and, in their casual disputes, instead of the fist, would learn to use the knife or stiletto:

Q

discontented at the restraints imposed upon them; they would question, in their hours of leisure, the justice of the laws by which they are governed, and the rights of those who framed them.

This is not an overdrawn picture, but is the probable result of the abandonment of those sports now followed in this country; but which I boldly prophesy that no efforts of the pretended advocates of fine feeling, or of the ignorant abusers of that which they do not understand, and are incapable of enjoying, will ever be able to affect.

Your correspondent, the *LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI*, has taken up an equally wrong view on the opposite side of the question. He condemns all the refinements and improvements of modern days, seems a decided enemy to elegant entertainments and French cookery, and is much offended that men, with whom he declares he never associates when he can help it, should have a few jokes in common with which he is not perfectly familiar. Much allowance, no doubt, must be made for the many cares and griefs incident to age, which break the spirits and sour the temper; but I am happy to say I have generally observed in veteran sportsmen an elasticity of spirit, produced no doubt by the exercises to which they have been accustomed, and a wish to aid and participate in the gaiety of the young, which to their juniors is always a most delightful subject of contemplation. I am far from thinking the present times so bad as your correspondent would have us suppose them. We have lost much of the coarseness and ignorance generally laid to the charge of the Squires of old, and in their

room have picked up a degree of refinement very different from that squeamish sensibility I before alluded to, and a knowledge of literature and the arts, always much to be desired. The sportsman of the present day is, generally speaking, a man of liberal education and ideas, enlarged by travelling and cultivation: his conversation is not confined to the narrative of a good run, or the pedigree of a horse, but he is enabled to deliver a sound opinion on most subjects that are started, and unites to the enthusiasm of a lover of the chase the polished manners of the man of the world. We seldom now hear of a scene like that so well described by Thomson:

—" Confused above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter, where
astide
The lubber power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumberous, reclining still from side to side,
And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep
till morn."

On the contrary, the modern fox-hunter, partaking moderately of the pleasures of the table, among which a little touch of the French cuisine, if administered by a good artist, is not to be despised, seldom incapacitates himself from enjoying, when within his reach, the delightful relaxation of female society.

Before concluding, I cannot help giving my tribute of warm approbation to NIMBOD's system of Summering Hunters and getting them in condition, by which, if properly attended to, the most beneficial results may be insured both to that noble animal and his rider. I think my horses have come out this season in as good condition as I ever saw any appear at a covert side; and in a run the other day I remarked, what NIMBOD has already

mentioned, that when the pace slackened, though still going, my horse was evidently drying; but this was the effect, not only of a strict adherence to NIMROD's system, but was produced by his having two years' good condition in him. Though it is almost a repetition of what you have already heard from a much abler pen, I will shortly mention the mode I adopted. After putting my horses through two doses of physic, containing seven drachms of Barbadoes aloes and four of hard soap, as soon as the weather was mild enough to admit of their going out, I huddled off a dry part of a field of old pasture, allowing less than a quarter of an acre to each horse. Into this inclosure, during the heat of summer, they were turned about nine o'clock at night, and were again brought in before six o'clock in the morning. In their loose houses they had a couple of feeds of oats per day, and a little hay. Previous to this their shoes had been removed, their feet well pared out, and clips put on the fore ones. They were taken up about the middle of July, had two doses of physic as above before their clothes were put on—this being so remarkably hot a summer. A week after the second dose was set, I began a course of diaphoretics, giving for three weeks successively the following ball twice a week:—

Hard soap and common turpentine, of each 4 drachms.
Finely-leigated antimony $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce.

During this time they had five hours' walking exercise at two several times a day; I afterwards abridged the time of their exercise to two hours and a half, taking care that it should be principally trotting. They never had a regular sweat, nor did they require it, and

only a couple of brushing gallops before the 31st of October, when I began hunting. What a wonderful saving is this both to the legs and feet of a horse, instead of having them knocked about in sweating off a load of bad flesh! and how much was any animal to be pitied that was exposed to the attacks of the flies, and the scorching beams of a meridian sun during a summer like the last! I am happy to say the system is gaining ground every day, and that the absurdity of at once and altogether throwing away their condition you have been working eight months to put on, is so glaring as to strike even the meanest capacities; and I trust we shall soon hear of no horses that are not (to use the phrase of a sporting friend of mine) "*summered à la Nimrod*." This letter has somehow or other spun out to a most egregious length; but one subject leads on to another, and in sporting matters the interest is so lively, it is not easy knowing where to stop. I shall now take my leave, hoping for an improvement both in the weather and the scent, which have been so generally bad this season, and subscribe myself yours,

CHASSEUR.

INQUIRY AND REPLY RESPECTING WHIST.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

HAVING seen, in the two last Numbers of the *Sporting Magazine*, references to the game of Whist, I have been induced to ask, through its medium, a solution to the following question: namely—Spades being trumps, and half the cards played, A lets fall a small Heart out of his hand,

which B, his adversary, seeing, immediately plays the best Diamond, thinking A would trump that suit, and calls the Heart; but A having a diamond plays it—Has B any further right to call the Heart? The above mentioned case not being treated of by either Hoyle or Mathews, I should feel obliged if any of your readers would have the goodness to solve it.

INVESTIGATOR.

Cambridge, November 28.

The answer to INVESTIGATOR's question is comprised in the law both of Hoyle and Mathews, and indeed allowed by all players, that if a card be separated and seen, it may be called at any time during the playing of the hand; consequently in the instance alluded to the small Heart might be called to every suit led, and should have been played, providing it did not cause a revoke. The Game of Whist should be played with the utmost strictness, and every advantage is allowed to be taken by an opponent; of course, no penalty, except a revoke, should be enforced with more severity than the exposing a card. Some first-rate players even go so far as to insist on the dealer taking up his turn-up card *before* he plays, under the penalty of its being called; because the law of the game is, that no possible chance of giving his partner the slightest advantage should be permitted, which *might* be the case in some instances by the trump remaining on the table; besides, if there be *five* cards on the table, according to all accepted laws, one of them must be an exposed card; and the trump of course in this instance becomes the exposed card, and may be called. Many clubs have also adopted, as

a law, that if one party mark honours to which they are not entitled, the adversaries have the right of adding them to their score.—EDIT.

THE ANIMAL QUESTION—ANEC- DOTE—MARKSMAN, AND TON- BRIDGE RACES—STAGE COACH- MEN—LORD FITZWILLIAM— LORD KENNEDY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

A Great controversy has recently been excited, not only in your pages, but also in society in general, concerning what is called the Animal Question, i. e. whether it is cruel to bait bulls, fight dogs, bait badgers and bears, fight cocks, and also whether it is wrong or no for pugilists to fight; and now that my betters have "said their say," I hope it may not be thought presumption in me to state my opinion upon the subject.

Imprimis, it seems to me, that those who advocate those amusements, when they accuse others who wish to put them down of canting, are guilty of canting themselves; for though the Philobrutists may carry their humanity too far, the same fault is to be found in their adversaries. I allude more particularly to a correspondent who signs himself SCOTT BRITANNICUS (page 201 volume 16), who, in his remarks on village quarrels, carries his sentiments almost to burlesque, and seems to me to think that a quarrelsome disposition denotes bravery, and that after the fight the quarrel is forgot for ever. But too frequently, *ut ita dicam*, as Cicero would say, "*manet illud mente repositum*."

In fact, Mr. Editor, I am deci-

dedly of opinion that the sooner bull, bear, and badger baiting, and cock and dog fighting, are done away with, the better. G. L. Fox, Esq. to his credit, refused (though contrary to ancient custom) to give to the inhabitants of Beverley a bull to be baited, but in the most handsome manner offered the value of the animal. But far, far be it from me to cry down for a single moment, the manly amusements of fox-hunting, shooting, or fishing. NIMROD has made me a friend to the first amusement: to the second few can object with any shadow of reason, as the bird is put out of his pain almost always immediately: and as to fishing, J. T. (vide June Number) with his neatly turned lines has failed to make me a disciple of his. In fact I had rather be an English fox-hunter of any grade, than one of the most illustrious of your Hindoo Brahmins.

NIMROD's anecdote (page 149) of the assemblage of country people at Glen Gorse to draw the fox, expecting to be paid by a collection, as a subscription had been made for their remuneration in the last run, amused me much—(and who, I would ask, is not amused, and at the same time instructed, by that excellent writer? who truly "*miscuit utile dulci*")—and put me in mind of the old story of the clergyman, who, meeting only one old woman at church on a week day, gave her a shilling and sent her away, when he was surprised the next service time to find the church lined from top to bottom with anxious expectants.

It is curious, Mr. Editor, to think how much later horses were kept on the turf a century ago, to what they are at the present time; horses then ran and won too, at

eleven, twelve, and thirteen. Horses now are frequently advertised to cover at five years old—witness Gustavus, Moses, and Emilius. Doctor Syntax however is a glorious exception, as also old Marksman, whom I myself saw win his last race at Tonbridge Wells. He took the lead, made all the play, and won the two first heats in grand style, amidst the cheers of the multitude. The rest of the sport was disgraceful indeed. One would-be sportsman thinking to shew off his knowledge of turf affairs, when the old horse was being saddled, exclaimed with a consequential air, "I saw him run a long time ago at Newmarket."—"Long ago indeed," replied the groom, "for he was never there in his life." I overheard two other knowing ones talking of the heats for the Derby, and another saying that a Derby horse, i. e. a winner of that great stake, was beat at Tonbridge!!

Talking of stage coachmen (whom it is now the fashion to run down as a dissolute set), the simple fact of coachmen retiring on an independence proves that they cannot be very improvident—take for instance Mr. Wyse, who I remember as a steady driver, and, if anything, too slow.

NIMROD tells us of Mr. Wards having kept fox hounds fifty-six years. Earl Fitzwilliam, that truly venerable character—

Whose peaceful days benevolence endears,
Whose quiet nights an happy conscience cheers—

has hunted longer, and kept them at least as long. His Lordship is now seventy-seven, and has not given up hunting yet, and he has followed hounds since he was a boy. Lord Milton, his only son, is perhaps as hard a rider as any in England; and Lord M.'s eldest son hath

already learnt to "urge with bloody heel the rising steed." From what I read of sporting, it appears to me that Lord Kennedy is as true a sportsman as any in Britain. His Lordship keeps hounds and race horses, and is one of the first shots in England. Few, very few, can say as much. But now, Mr. Editor,

"My pen from want of ink doth stand adry,
You're tired of this scrawl—and so
am I."

FENTON.

November 28, 1825.

MR. HANCKEY SMITH'S BOOK.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

ALLOW me "in candour and justice" to say a few words in answer to your correspondent AN OLD BREEDER OF RACERS' remarks on Mr. Smith's Observations on Breeding for the Turf.

In the first place he says he was much disappointed with the work—all I can say to this is, that I never saw nor heard of its being *puffed off* so as to excite the *irascibility* or call for the rebuke of those who may have eventually been disappointed with its contents. In short, I believe (but I stand corrected) that it was never even advertised; and Breeders (excuse my presumption) should, I think, (with reference to my station in life—so you see I am selfish,) give every encouragement, *however feeble the attempt*, which may tend, *or be designed*, to promote their interest. The work in question was first recommended to me by an old Brother Turf Man of long practical experience, and I must "in candour and justice" confess I did not feel disappointed. Many of its remarks are neither above nor below my humble understanding, and I

fancied (and this perhaps flattered me) that it contained ideas which I knew from practice and experience, but never could express to the world. In addition to this I have heard Mr. R. Robson speak of it in the highest terms—and you must know, Mr. Editor, that he is an oracle with us, and his judgment and knowledge I believe most deservedly stand as high in these matters as any man's in England.

I think (as I believe my superior does) that twelve shillings is too much for a book of this description, and that it might have been reduced both in size and price, and still retained all the valuable part of it; but I have it from undoubted authority that the author had nothing to do with the price, having given it up to a bookseller, stipulating only for a few copies for himself. This does not, it is true, lessen the objection as to the price; but I am "in candour and justice" induced to mention it, as it exonerates the author from any selfish views in the publication. Lastly he observes, "that it does not contain the slightest original information, and is merely made up from the Stud Book." If it contains any observations (and I confess it seems to me to contain some of a novel and interesting nature), they certainly cannot be taken from the Stud Book. A great part of the work, I should say, (with all due deference to my superior officer,) is extracted from Pick's Turf Register and old Racing Calendars, but the Stud Book can contribute nothing to a work of this nature beyond what it contains—viz. the pedigree of horses; and which must no doubt necessarily be often referred to when treating on any subject connected with the Turf. I have no

personal acquaintance with Mr. Smith, but having derived much satisfaction, and I think some useful hints, from his book, and considering it a valuable work of reference to every Breeder for the Turf, who is not above the opinion of others, I am influenced by "candour and justice" to say so.

I remain, with great respect for all "Breeder of Racers," your humble servant,

AN OLD STUD GROOM.

P. S. I hope you will use your influence with the Breeder of Racers, and I trust *winnors*, to favour the Sporting World with the result of his superior knowledge on a subject now so much in request on the Turf. This would, I doubt not, amply supply the disappointment others like himself may have experienced from the perusal of inferior publications, and set us *subordinates*, both in mind and station, all right.

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE POACHER.—No. I.

Sunset—Grave of the Greyhound—Snowden—Anecdote of a Horse—Reynard—Rencontre with an Old Woman, which leads to the affecting Story of Robert Evan Brandywyn, the Poacher.

Man. What is the hour?

Her. It wants but one to sunset.

LORD BYRON.

IT was a lovely evening in June: I can never forget it! the sun, which for some time had been gradually descending from his exalted throne in the Heavens, had now almost sunk below the horizon, and still, from the radiance reflected on the sky from his mag-

nificent orb, he seemed doubtful whether at once to break in upon the slumbers of another world, or in pity to remain a little longer to cheer the hearts of his admiring subjects. Thanks to his lingering! I had just emerged by a winding ascent from the vale of Llanharris, and after some little time and toil, arrived at Beth-Gelert, where pity for the broken-hearted Llewellyn, and still greater sympathy with the dying look of his faithful dog, caused me to heave a deep sigh, and drop a soft tear on the grave of the greyhound*. Proceeding, through the romantic pass of Aberglasslyn, my road led along the edge of Traeth Mawr, a vast arm of the sea, rendered sublimely beautiful by the rays of the departed sun on its calm and majestic surface. An embankment has been formed, which, by connecting the opposite shores of Merioneth and Caernarvon, excludes the sea from an extensive tract. I jumped off my horse, and, clambering over some rough ground, gained a small height: With my back to the open sea I beheld a scene which no other part of this country can parallel, and which I shall ever remember with regret, whatever advantages may be derived from the probable utility of having excluded the waters from their ancient receptacle. Huge rocks and precipices, down which small torrents rushed with all the indignant foam of rage and pride at their various interruptions, formed the barrier on the left; on the right, the tripple summit of Moelwyn reared its awful boundary, as though determined to approximate itself, in no small degree, to the Hyampea and Tithorea of Parnassus; and could I have conjured

* I hope my readers may bear in mind the ballad in celebration of that faithful animal.

myself to imagine that I could have found a Delphian temple on its summit, I would have dared to learn the destinies of my hidden fate before its august tripod.

In the depth was that sea of mountains, the wild and stormy outline of the Snowdonian chain, with the giant Wyddfa towering in the midst. The mountain frame remains unchangeable, but the liquid mirror it enclosed is gone. But it is done; and I can only console myself with the words of the Poet—

“ Desine mollium
Tandem querelarum :”

since I fancy I hear some one already impatiently exclaim—

“ Quid obseratis auribus fundis preces ?”

I gazed around me for some time in silence. I listened to the melody of the nightingale—I listened to the tinkling of the distant sheep bell, as borne on the fitful breeze. Various lesser sounds and murmurings did not escape me; but, above all, I listened to the multitudinous echoes reverberated from the lofty rocks, produced by the noble neighing of my impatient steed. I descended, and must pause to relate an anecdote of this favorite animal.

He has been in my possession about four years, and has the finest spirit of any I ever before met with, so entirely free from every species of wilful vice. When I left my paternal county, which is bordering on Wales, I could not find in my heart to leave him behind, though a Cambrian *shelt*y would have been more adapted to my purpose. Well, when I dismounted (*ως αντιδρον*), throwing the bridle over his neck, I left him to his own will, either to follow me if he could, or quietly

browse on the scanty herbage. The former he attempted, but was unable to follow. I suppose he then quietly proceeded to graze, but growing impatient at my long absence, had, I have no doubt, anticipated my return to his anxious neighing. When I descended, the description of the war horse, by Virgil*, never so forcibly struck me before: I beheld him with his head erected, snuffing the air with his inflated nostrils—now standing still with his ears raised, as if listening to the echo produced by his neighing, and now trotting up and down in all the might of muscular strength—yet, as though contemptuously spurning the vile earth with his proud hoof. Just as I reached the spot, he was prancing in all the anxiety of a troubled mind; the last expiring echo of his loud and tremulous voice had just ceased, when, shouting out, “ What, Barbary !” —for that is his name—the noble animal galloped up to me, and, thrusting his nose into my bosom, seemed at once relieved and delighted at the mutual recognition.

I was much pleased with this incident, and proceeded onwards in high glee, both with myself and everything around me; and though I presume to claim for myself the peculiar privilege of being enrolled among Nature's wild children, at the same time I gaze on her works with the healthful eye of a sportsman. Nothing could add more to the grace and liveliness of the scene, or exceed my delight, whenever I espied a young buck skimming o'er the heathered mountain, in all the pride of his wonted agility, or even the goat gazing with a placid eye down the giddy precipice.

* For a further illustration, see the description of the war horse of Artybins—*δεδιδωγμενον προς οπλιτην ιστασθαι ορθον*.—HEROD. Terp. III.

pice, and above all master reynard, slinking away from his fastnesses among the crevices of the rocks.

—"See, he skulks along
Sleak at the shepherd's cost."

I cannot describe to you the sensations even the sight of him caused in my breast, and though it had been to save my life, once or twice as he knowingly slunk away, I could not help startling him by a loud view halloo; but there were no hounds to cheer, no red coats ardent in the fiery pursuit, and soon as Echo had ceased her wanderings, all was listless and mute—all my heated imagination of Melton and Nimrod died away.

After my various hunting associations had passed away, and I had quoted Somerville to my heart's content, I was descending by means of a narrow defile, overhung by thick boughs and projecting rock, when my horse suddenly pricking up his ears, I stopped, and listening, heard a low, plaintive, and at times sharp voice, which, as I approached, turned rather into a sort of suppressed raving, as of some one being in great distress, having lost his or her way, and fearing a premature death amidst the fearful precipices, far from the penates of its homely hearth. I listened attentively, and caught a sprinkling here and there from a descent both wild and melancholy, and of which I can only remember the following stanza:—

"Woe, woe to the day, since of Rob they bereft me!

Woe, woe to the gentles: no joy have they left me!

Through the harp that is chordless, the night wind may rave,

Its life-string is broken—my boy's in his grave!"

It is some unhappy mother, thought I, bewailing the loss of
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her darling child; and on turning round a sharp angle of the narrow pass, the form of a woman stood before me. I gazed on her for a moment with as much horror and amazement as the sudden appearance of the stocking manufactory struck into the mind of Rousseau, when in a lone valley of the Alps he fancied that he had reached a spot on which no human foot had before trod. At first sight she appeared to me as inheriting a certain portion of the fire and substance of "Meg Merrilies;" but when she had ceased some wild antics she was then practising—whether in honour of Bacchus, or "Pan Deus Arcadie," or any other god or mortal, I cannot venture to assert—and when I had obtained a nearer view of this extraordinary object, I perceived that she was very old and much bent from age, and scarcely able to walk without the timely assistance of a stick. Her dress was singular: she wore a dark green petticoat, over which a large grey cloak and a hat; round her shoulders was fastened a leather belt, to which hung a bugle and a few rabbit skins. She stared wildly at me, and seemed anxious to avoid me, if possible; then eyeing me from head to foot, seemed as if she could say—

Chamois Hunter.—"Thy garb and gait
bespeak thee of high lineage—

One of the many chiefs whose castled
crags

Look o'er the lower valleys. Which of
these

May call thee lord? I only know their
portals;

My way of life leads me but rarely down:

Which step from out our mountains to their
doors,

I know from childhood. Which of these
is thine?"

I felt determined to speak to her: "My poor woman," said I,
"you have no doubt lost your

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way—the night is coming on fast. Can I —; and before I could finish the sentence, she frowned furiously at me, as though a legion of devils were working in her brow. “Go thy ways!” she exclaimed; “I lose my path?—I fear the darkness of night?—there! there! (pointing vehemently to the earth), twain through life, twain in death!” but, as if suddenly recollecting herself, added, in a low mournful tone, “I am a lone, lone body!” and hobbled onwards as fast as she could. Perceiving by this time that the poor woman was evidently “*non compos mentis*,” and feeling, the damp of the evening gathering around me, I hurried on as fast as the loose stones and rough-broken ground would permit my favorite Barbary to put forth his mettle.

I soon emerged from between the crags that had hitherto enclosed me; and gaining an open view of the country, soon perceived the village to which I had been so leisurely loitering, and where I proposed to take up my headquarters for the night. On the one side of it an ancient castle towered in all its pristine grandeur of feudal times, and though now no lordly pennon waved in the breeze, no brazen breast-plates blazoned in the noon-tide sun, yet all seemed gay around; the frequent lights from its windows seemed to vie with the blue vault that o’er-canopied it—at once indicative of a chivalrous master and hospitable board.

Having reached my inn, and seen my horse well rubbed down and fed, and plentifully regaled myself, somewhat after the manner of Major Dalgetty, hoping not to be interrupted by a second Allan

M’Aulay, I retired to rest, intending next morning to obtain an account of my gallant old lady, which I will submit to your perusal, Mr. Editor, if it so pleases you.

DAFYDD Y GARRY-WEN.

P. S. I sincerely hope that my readers may be pleased with the commencement of a story, which I hope, according to the old adage, “*acquirit vires cundo*,” though I already fancy I hear the “Mighty Hunter’s” malediction tinkling in my ears. I fancy I hear him condescending (since his prey was man) to abuse the Greek and Latin, and heartily wishing that the war-horse described by Virgil, or at least the private property of Artybius, had, *mutato sensu*, forcibly struck me. But I must tell him, since he has brought the Magazine to such perfection, every one reads it—the sportsman hails it with rapture—and, no doubt, the LL.D. and D.D. hail it as a benign refresher amidst their severer studies. Then he may say, “What has such a wild fellow to do with Melton; or perhaps he has only named his horse Barbary, to be himself styled Bolingbroke?” But I can tell him, though I have not hunted at Melton, I have elsewhere, and the name is the thing; and as to Barbary, since he is not of a roan colour, his master is not like Bolingbroke. Then his signature—but, however, I console myself that he says “I am a devilish good fellow for looking well after my horse;” and so drops the argument. I flatter myself I saw him the other day out with Sir T. Mostyn’s hounds. That I may meet him again, in the thorough possession of good health and spirits, is the sincere wish of

DAFYDD Y GARRY-WEN.

STALLION GREYHOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

ACCORDING to promise I send you a list of Stallion Greyhounds for the season 1826.

Yours, &c. L.

BAUTUS (sire of Boxer), got by Platoff, dam by the greyhound Hambletonian out of Damsel—at 6½ guineas, at Salperton, near Frogmill, Gloucestershire.

RACER, got by Champion (and the last son he got), out of Mr. Witmarsh's famous bitch Darling by Duke, out of Mr. John Day's (the trainer, of Stockbridge) bitch Spite, which Mr. Day sold for 50gs. Racer has been a successful runner at Ashdown Park, Deptford, Amesbury, &c.—at 6 guineas; bitches belonging to members of the Ashdown Park Coursing Club at half price, at Hungerford, Berks.

SKYROCKET, by Platoff, out of Snowdrop (winner of the Bowers Cup), by Champion, out of Mr. Brown's Buff, by Captain Craven's Rolla (late Lord Rivers's), out of Mr. Shippery's Sylph, own sister to the dam of Mr. Goodlake's famous dog Gamecock—at 3 guineas each.—Skyrocket was a most extraordinary fast dog, and as the blood of Platoff and Champion nicks so well, he is a desirable dog to breed from.

BULOW, own brother to the celebrated bitch Blast—at 6 guineas, at Codford Cottage, near Warminster, Wilts.

REX, so well known as winner of the Cups at Swaffham and Newmarket—at 5 guineas, at the Hare Park, Newmarket.

 ANOTHER REMEDY FOR DISTEMPER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Have tried the medicine for the distemper in dogs, prepared by Mr. George Rance, No. 7, Lascelles'-place, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, upon eighteen dogs successively, and have never failed in one instance. I have also given it to many of my friends, whose dogs have invariably recovered. It also gets them into the most beautiful condition. As I consider this to be a most valuable medicine, it cannot be too generally known to those who are in the habit of reading your widely-circulating Magazine, and who have felt the effects of losing any of their most promising young sporting dogs.

I am, Sir, yours gratefully, for the number of valuable hints I have derived from your valuable publication,

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Piazza Coffee House, Nov. 14, 1825.

 EPITAPH ON MR. PRATT.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

WHILST in the North last year, a friend presented me with the subjoined Epitaph, on one of our most eminent breeders for the Turf in times past, and whose name is familiar to all acquainted with

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the Stud Book. I think the document worthy preservation, and therefore hope it will appear in your pages.

Yours, **SRUM.**

Sacred to the memory of
JOHN PRATT, Esq.
Of Askrigg, in Wensleydale,
Who died at Newmarket
May 10th, 1785.

A character so eccentric, so variable, so valuable,
Astonished the age he lived in.
Tho' small his patrimony,
Yet assisted by that, and his own genius,
He for upwards of 30 years
Supported all the Hospitality
Of an ancient Baron.

The excellent qualities of his heart
Were eminently evinced
By his bounty to his poor relations,
His sympathetic feelings for distress,
And his charity to all mankind.

Various and wonderful were the means
Which enabled him, with unsullied reputation,
To support his course of life,
In which he saw and experienced
Many trials, and many vicissitudes
Of fortune.

And though often hard pressed, whipped, and spurred
By that jockey—Necessity,
He never swerved out of the course of
Honour.

Once, when his finances were impaired,
He received a seasonable supply
By the performance of a *Miracle*.
At different periods he exhibited
(Which were just emblems of his own life)
A *Conundrum*—an *Enigma*—and a *Riddle*,
And strange to tell—even these
Enriched his pocket.

Without incurring censure
He trained up an *Infidel*,
Which turned out to his advantage.

He had no singular partiality
For flowers, shrubs, fruit, or birds;
Yet for several years he maintained a *Florist*,
And his *Red Rose* more than once
Obtained the premium.

He had a *Honeysuckle* and a *Pumpkin*,
Which brought hundreds into his purse;

And a *Phœnix*, a *Nightingale*, a *Goldfinch*, and a *Chaffinch*,
Which produced him thousands.

In the last war
He was owner of a *Privateer*,
Which brought him in several valuable prizes.
Though never famed for gallantry,
Yet he had in keeping, at different periods,
A *Virgin*, a *Maiden*, an *Orange Girl*, and a *Ballad Singer*,
Besides several *Misses*,

To all of whom his attachment was notorious;
And what is still more a paradox,
(Though he had no issue by his lawful wife)
Yet the numerous progeny and quick abilities
Of these very females

Greatly contributed to augment his supplies.
With all his seeming peculiarities and foibles,

He retained his *Purity*
Till a few days before his death,
When the great *Camden*
Spread the fame thereof so extensively
As to attract even the notice of his Prince,
Who thought it no diminution of Royalty
To obtain so valuable an acquisition
By purchase:

And though he parted with his *Purity*
At a great price,
Yet his honour and good name
Remained untarnished
To the end of his life.

At his death, indeed, slander
(In the shape of ingratitude)
Talked much of his insolvency,
And much of the ruin of individuals;
But the proof of his substance
And of a surplus equal, if not superior,
To his original patrimony,
Soon answered, refuted, and wiped away
The calumny.

To sum up the abstract of his character
It may truly be said of him
That his frailties were few,
His virtues many;
That he lived
Almost universally belov'd—
That he died
Almost universally lamented.

* * * The words underlined denote the names of the different race horses so called, which belonged to the deceased. The "Misses" alluded to are the two racers called Miss Time and Miss Lightfoot.

LINLITHGOW AND STIRLINGSHIRE HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

PERMIT me once to infringe on your sporting correspondence, and to insert some facts from authority relative to the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds, &c. which, as a SOUTHERN in a former Number justly observed; had been too much emblazoned of late; and, as far as the hounds go, to give you the most correct information.

With all due deference to the SOUTHERN IN EDINBURGH, I shall therefore begin, and style them, not a pack of hounds, but a handful of blood, procured from four different kennels in England in the short space of four months; that with judgment and care, from what could be observed in their work prior to Christmas last season in the Forfarshire country, had every chance of being a fair foundation for a future pack of hounds; but as a pack they cannot be considered as such; nor is it possible they should. Rome was not built in a day, neither will any individual find he can get together a good working pack of hounds, as they should be, under four or five years, and this to be obtained with a deal of care, judgment, and expense; for we all lie wide of one another in this Northern hemisphere, and have neither the opportunities nor choice of blood that our Southern friends have; but to them we owe all our knowledge in this noble science; and those who cannot conveniently move from home, may in many parts of this provincial country experience much good diversion—for I can myself speak from experience, and say that I never enjoyed so much good

fellowship, so much real hospitality and civility, both from the proprietors and gentlemen farmers of a country, than I did from those in Forfarshire, and the "*forsan et hæc olim*," will by me be ever remembered with satisfaction and regret. It does not boast of many workmen, but some few that are in it, are of the right sort, and if tolerably mounted would not disgrace themselves in any field they may enter.

The country at present is hunted by the Fife fox-hounds for four months of the year, headed by that worthy and excellent sportsman James Horne Rigg, Esq. of Tavit, to whom the Fife-shire sportsmen owe every thing for his support. No one detests flattery or humbling more than myself; but this I will venture to assert without either, that there is not one amongst us that would not serve this "Corbett of Scotland" by night or by day if it was in his power to assist him. The hounds are hunted by a workman, (whose name is well known in the annals of fox-hunting, Tom Crane), who has received a far better education than common, has served a good apprenticeship in the Shropshire country to hunt a pack of hounds, and from being an old soldier in the Pyrenees, thinks Forfarshire no bad country. Were he in the South more would be heard of him, but if he once crosses the Tweed I should be fearful of our seeing him again in the right season. He is thoroughly master of himself in kennel, and it is his horse's fault, and not his own, if not up to see where young Rakeish "marked his way;" add to which he loves it from his heart, and all he wants is but two more years, to be lucky in procuring a good cross to

show the effect in working hound, that can hunt as well as chase.

The Southern thinks the Lothian rather too fast, but as the speed of all hounds is nearly alike, and depends on the scent; perhaps he has seen them over a country favorable to the latter, but impracticable for the best hunter in England to live with any hounds of the present day; for many are the drawbacks this pack, with respect to country, have to contend with, at least if I am to judge from Min-Lothian. Notwithstanding their loss of West Lothian, however, they have, I believe, a very fair country in part, that they hunt, and have for many years afforded excellent sport, especially since Will Williamson took them in tow; and let any of my Southern friends go to the Dalkeith kennel with an observing eye, and inform me whether every thing they see does not look business-like; if they have been bred too high (which I question), a good cross from the Beaufort, Quorn, and Yarborough kennels will yet bring them to stoop. Every one dislikes to see a hound dwelling when he might be going; still

"Can the fox-hound ever tell,
Unless the pain he takes to smell,
Where Reynard's gone?"

Nexer; and in a country, where you have ringing short-running foxes, you must have hounds that will, when wanted, take the pains to stoop. This I venture to insert, not to assert, taking it for granted from what Williamson told me this summer, that they were rather apt to hurry and get their heads up. Williamson is a man of excellent education likewise, and will give you a good and sensible answer to any question you may put to him. His foxes last year were also

bad, both hung and rang, and would not fly; and if he still thinks his hounds are apt to over-run it, he has only to persevere in the cross before alluded to, which, added to his own natural sense, will soon bring him to what he wants.

And now, Mr. Editor, having given you the best information relative to two of the establishments now going, I will leave it to some one more competent to give you an account of the other two. I will therefore now bid you adieu, and will add,

"Though my day's been a short one,
It is not gone bye,"

and though *pro tempore* out of place, trust, that at no very distant period, it will be "Yoics, over he went" once more.

So now wishing you all the old Oxford toast of—

"Hounds stout and horses healthy,
Earths well stopt and foxes plenty,"

I will venture to subscribe myself one who does not hunt for fashion sake, but for the sheer love of fox-hunting.

VENATOR.

LETTER FROM A DEVONIAN.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING lately had an opportunity of seeing the foxhunting establishment of that distinguished sportsman, Mr. Templar, of Stover, I beg leave, to send you the few observations I was enabled to make. The place of meeting was at Tetcott, where Mr. Templar was then staying for the purpose of having a couple of days' sport in that part of the country. The first day, with his large pack, he was particularly unfortunate, as he did not find his fox until very

lets; and when with all probability we should have had some sport, the fox was headed back through the awkwardness of some of the *Rough and Ready Foxhunters* of this country. On the next day, with the small pack, the sport, though not decidedly good, was still infinitely better. Reynard broke away almost immediately, and after having made a ring of about twelve miles, he returned to the covert, from whence, notwithstanding Mr. Templer's persevering efforts, it was impossible to again unkennel him. Of the large pack I did not see sufficiently to be able to give a decided opinion; but as far as I was enabled to judge, they appeared large and grand in their skins, with plenty of bone, yet without any unnecessary lumber, remarkably handy, and, with any thing like scent, they must do the trick at no moderate pace.

The small pack was composed chiefly of young hounds, and the remainder, excepting those of the old Fourborough, I was informed had never been hunted together before this season. This may account for their not being quite as handy as could be desired; but I have no doubt that under the management of Messrs. Templer and Taylor, they soon will become properly disciplined. They are very handsome, fast, and with noses such as are not frequently to be met with among fox-hounds; and they were pretty well put to the proof the day I saw them, as, to use a favorite expression of old Goosy's*, *there was not a capful of scent*, and notwithstanding the unsportsmanlike manner in which the hounds were pressed upon by the field, they did their duty admirably. During the whole run the

Fourborough took the lead, and two, in particular, distinguished themselves, *Mystery* and *Harasser*.

The hounds are hunted by Mr. Templer himself, and he does not undertake to perform a task of which he is not perfectly competent. His perseverance is truly astonishing, and his cast is made in a ready, quick, and decisive manner. Nor do his acquirements stop here. During his stay at Tetcott, the seat of the late Mr. Arcott, one of the last sportsmen of the *ancien regime*, Mr. Templer has inserted in the *Sporting Diary*, belonging to that gentleman, *which is still preserved as a memento of him*, some very appropriate lines, which do him much credit, and we are at a loss which to admire most, the elegance of the verses, or the feelings which dictated them.

He is assisted (*in his capacity of a huntsman, not of a poet*) by Mr. H. Taylor, and Mr. J. Russell, both of whom are first-rate sportsmen. The greatest commendation is due to Mr. Taylor, and even the fastidious Beckford himself would have acknowledged that he unites all the due requisites of a whipper-in. He is here, there, and everywhere, and his performance across a country is excellent, having all the dash of a *Goodricke* and the finger of a *Smith*. Here, however, my praises must terminate, for if the hounds did *their* duty, the *field* certainly did not do *theirs*. Two persons went very straight, Mr. Phillips, as usual, and Mr. Herring, but there was a considerable number of *road-trotters*. The country, though intolerably heavy, was better than I had expected; but notwithstanding the offence I may give to my brother Devonians, I still persist in asserting that De-

* The Duke of Rutland's Huntsman.

Worcestershire is the worst fox-hunting country that human imagination can devise.

In your last Number I find myself honored with a good deal of abuse from a correspondent of yours signing himself a ROUGH AND READY FOX-HUNTER. From the whole tenor of his letter it is evident that the "*didicisse fideliter artes*" cannot be enumerated among the peccadillos of his *premiere jeunesse*; and the coarseness, I might almost say vulgarity, of his expressions render his production worthy only of contempt and silence. Your most obedient,

A DEVONIAN.

Brenton, November.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN HORSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the determination which I expressed in my last of letting the subject drop, I cannot allow the two letters of TURF and B. B. to pass over without a comment.

TURF has traced all our best horses to Southern blood, yet at the same time forgets where the blood of Bizarre, Emilius, and Gaymède, came from. Barefoot was beat by Bizarre; yet his supposition that Bizarre was a worse horse than Emilius is exceedingly ill placed here, as Emilius was beaten by him in a match, clearly shewing which was the best horse.

Theodore is no very favorable specimen of Woful's get; for, although he won the St. Leger with the odds one hundred to one against him, he was beaten easily by Swap for the Gascogne Stakes, and since then has done nothing very great.

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I do not think that Redgauntlet's accident can be attributed to any unfair practices of the Northern jockeys, as, with so large a field, it would be almost impossible to prevent accidents happening. There is, however, both among the higher and lower classes, a feeling in favour of their own country horses winning, and jockeys are very averse to a strange rider winning on their ground.

Mr. Lambton has tried Newmarket, and has generally been beaten; and T. Lye, reckoned a good jockey on his own ground, could make no way at Newmarket. However, whether Redgauntlet was treated unfairly or not, he was still got by Scud, a North stallion.

What does B. B. mean when he states that Figaro is running away with every thing in the North? Did not his owner wish to win the Gold Cup or the Fitzwilliam Stakes? or did he find that the tables were turned, and his horse was at last destined to be run away from? I think the latter is the correct answer.

The South need not be proud of Catton, "the rising stallion of the North," as TURF calls him, since, besides Homer and King Catton, he has never got a fair one. Homer's running for the Cup at Richmond brought him to his proper level, and King Catton's running for the Two-year-old Stakes sank him a little. In fact, so little is Catton's blood sought after, that in 1818 Catton's own Brother ran the stage between Doncaster and Ferry-bridge, as near leader in the York Nelson.

My mistake in the last about Whisker will, I suppose, subject me to run the gauntlet through MORLAND, TURF, and B. B. The

reason of the mistake was, that inquiring about one horse, I received the particulars of another. As, however, to retract an error is the best atonement, I here acknowledge mine; yet, at the same time, am convinced that it cannot excite in any one an unfair prejudice against the Northern horses. I will, however, follow B. B.'s candid example, and allow that he is a superior stallion. The merits of Whalebone and Woful may be disputed by many North horses. Look at Blacklock, Walton, Filho da Puta, Ebor, Tramp, and last, though not least, in the scale of merit, X Y Z, the sire of that excellent horse Dr. Syntax, who won more Gold Cups than any horse, perhaps, ever will again. The last which he won (which was his twentieth) was at Richmond, when on passing the winning post he fell, and so much interest did he excite, that his state of health was regularly inquired after for some time by all the surrounding neighbourhood.

There can be no greater proof of the estimation in which the Northern race meetings are held, than to see the countless multitudes that are always assembled to witness them. Newmarket and Epsom may boast of their thousands, while York and Doncaster can with equal correctness boast of their ten thousands. The races at Doncaster occurring only once a-year, there are always five days of *real* sport—not such sport as either the Newmarket July and First October Meetings afforded this year. At the former there were only three days, and at the latter, though the meeting was prolonged to the Friday, one solitary match was all that could be mustered for the last day's sport.

Epsom may boast, after the St. Leger, of the two next most important contests; but besides the Derby and Oaks there is no other race there that excites the least interest. The anxiety with which every man in the slightest degree concerned looks forward to, and receives the smallest intelligence from, Yorkshire, for weeks before the St. Leger, shews at once in what light he views that important contest.

What makes York and Doncaster so full at the time of the races, but the Southerners coming down to witness our races? They acknowledge their merit, and are always found ready to frequent them. It is natural in man always to seek out the best; if, then, Newmarket surpasses Doncaster, why do not the Southerners attend it more regularly? Newmarket is nearer, accommodations more easily obtained; but Newmarket does not answer their expectations; they are obliged to travel farther Northward, and, by attending Doncaster races, tacitly acknowledge it to be the greatest meeting in the world. With one of the finest courses in England, and in that part of it which approaches to the residences of many of the greatest sportsmen we have—in the immediate neighbourhood also of great breeders of race horses—it is not to be wondered at that Doncaster should attract attention; but when, through the spirit of its supporters, those races have been extended to five days of *real* sport, we can easily account for the flood of company which pours from so many channels into one reservoir, glad at any price to partake of one of the finest amusements on earth.

I am, Sir, yours, A TYKE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING read with much interest the various merits of the South and North country horses, but not fully understanding all the instances of winnings and losings quoted, I take the liberty of asking B. B. what weight "that stalking horse of the North, Filho da Puta," gave to Sir Joshua when the latter beat him at Newmarket, and how far he was beaten? I shall, on being answered, be able to form an opinion on the quantum of merit due to the winner, who, I presume, was the "Leviathan" of the South at that time.

I wish also to know from WESTELAND, who is so sure Longwaist would beat Lottery over any course, whether the weights proposed by the owner of Longwaist in his challenge to Lottery are the fair and regular weights between a five and six-year-old? I hear it argued by green-horns like myself, that they are not, and that Longwaist begs a few pounds from Lottery; if that is the case, it appears that Longwaist's owner is not so well acquainted with his horse's powers as WESTELAND.

My queries, in the event of your giving them a place in your next Number, may expose my ignorance, and subject me to the fate of the WEST COUNTRY FLAT; but the answer to him is so satisfactory, that I shall not object to receive a hit from so able a pen.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

P. S. I am desired to inform X Y Z that Dupore was considered a *done* racer before he went South, a fact which his owner must ere now have found out.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SEEING in your excellent work letters between your correspondents, MORLAND and A TYKS, respecting the racers of the North and South, I am induced to compare the one with the other, and must confess there are many just remarks made by TYKS and that excellent writer the OLD FORESTER; but I should wish to ask, what do they consider North country horses, as many of the horses they bring forward are of Southern blood, or descendants from such?

Your correspondent for November, signed B. B., says, "are not they of the North indebted to the South country blood for almost every good horse they have now, or have had for years past?" He then goes on to enumerate a long list—for instance; Memnon, the winner of the last St. Leger, was got by Whisker, a South country horse, bred by the Duke of Grafton—regarding which TYKS asks, what stallion can the South produce equal to him? In another part of his letter, he says MORLAND has not answered his question of what three horses ever came from one stud equal to Barefoot, Abrom, and Tinker? I answer, Whalebone, Woful, and Whisker, who not only came from one stud, but also from one mare, Penelope; or, if that is going too far back, I mention Lord Egremont, who bred Centaur, Black-and-all-Black, and Sharper. It is asked what horse did the Duke of Grafton breed equal to Sherwood, or Lord Egremont equal to Tinker? The Duke of Grafton's Tiresias is equal to Sherwood; Centaur has won oftener, and is undoubtedly a better horse, than Tinker.

As stallions, can the North sur-

pass Selim, Rubens, Smolensko, and Election, not mentioning Whalebone and Phantom? or, as horses out of training, any superior to Master Henry, Centaur, Sultan, Gustavus, Moses, Augusta, Emilius, and Longwaist? regarding the latter of which it is affirmed, that had Lottery, in running against the latter, three more yards to run, the Gold Cup at Doncaster must have been given to the owner of Longwaist, instead of Mr. Whitaker. It is true, we cannot forget the superior blood of Sir Peter Teazle and Orville; but at the same time we must remember High Flyer and Waxy in the South. The North has not produced a Flying Childers nor an Eclipse. In fact, any one who will take the trouble to look into the Calendar, will find the majority wonderfully in favour of the South.

If, Mr. Editor, you think these observations, which are all founded on facts, worthy of insertion, I shall feel obliged.—Yours,

HANDICAPPER.

Newmarket, Nov. 30, 1835.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IN perusing several of your last Numbers, I have seen a comparison of the North country horses against the South; and, in spite of several glaring facts, a decided preference is given to the North. This I cannot tamely submit to, particularly as many of your correspondents have gone in too wide a field, and introduced observations which have little bearing on the point at issue, and which of themselves are erroneous. For the credit of my own dunghills—Newmarket, Ascot, and Epsom—I will set them right, and prove that two

or three of our South country studs are equal to those in the North. TYKE and B. B. maintain that no such horses as Barefoot, Tinker, and Abron, ever came out of a South country stud in the same year: in answer to which I can name several; and without going too far back, I shall refer them to the Calendars of 1806 and 1814: they will there find that Lord Grosvenor's Violante, Meteora, and Plantagenet came out; and in 1814, the Duke of Grafton's Partisan, Wire, and Vestal, which undoubtedly are equal, and some of them superior to those they have selected. But as an ounce of proof is worth a pound of bare assertions, I will accept the challenge, and state a few facts, so that your readers may be enabled to judge and decide which of the parties can satisfactorily claim the victory. Violante won the Otland Stakes three times, the Craven, and the Port Stakes, the Whip, and seventeen other prizes, in which she beat the following celebrated horses:—Lydia, Swinley, Hippomenes, Brainworm, Stavelly, Parasol, Selim, Harpocrates, Canopus, &c. Meteora won the Oaks, the Otlands, the Jockey Club Plate, and twenty-four other Stakes, during which she beat Dodona, Swinley, Sir Harry Dimsdale, Brainworm, Musician, Cerberus, Stavelly, Canopus, Grimaldi, Burleigh, Cardinal Beaufort, Currycomb, and ran a dead heat with Brighton, to whom she gave 16lb. Plantagenet ran second for the Derby, and won five other races: during his short career he beat Swinley, Lydia, Little Peter, Jerboa, Bassanio, and Goth. Partisan won eight times, and beat Medora, Scheherazade, Bourbon (twice), Osman, Belville, and

Blackamoor; but owing to the constitutional weakness of his legs he could not stand training, otherwise he was a most magnificent racer. Wire won the Craven, the Port Stakes, and fifteen other races, besides a dead heat with Osman. In the course of her running she beat Slender Billy, Blucher, Wanderer, Phosphor, Pointers, Medora, Petuaria, Friday, and Bravo, and could run well at all times and in all countries. Vestal ran second for the Oaks, and is brought forward merely to complete the trio. TYKE asks what horse did the Duke of Grafton breed equal to Sherwood? A simple question to put, or he must have forgotten that there existed such racers as Pope, Partisan, Woful, Vandyke, Moral, Whisker, and Rufus, &c. He next adds, what horse did Lord Egremont breed equal to Tinker? Election, Wanderer, Canopus, Skim, and Centaur speak for themselves, without further comment.

Having satisfactorily vindicated two or three favorite studs, my opinion always has been, that travelling, change of training ground, and trainers, fresh jockeys, water, and air, *will* and do *cause* this difference in running between the North and South country horses. It was so in the year 1778, when Dorimant, the best horse of his day in England, was beat at York by Sir H. Harpur's Pilot, who in comparison must retire into the second rank. Again in 1784, Dungannon, after beating the best horses in the kingdom, went to Doncaster, and was beat easy, with the odds of seven to four on him against the field. In 1787, Rockingham, after carrying every thing before him, and proving himself the best horse of his day, was beat

cleverly at York by a very inferior colt out of Otho's Sister. Lastly, in the St. Leger of 1807, Eaton came in third, although he was known to be half a stone better than any horse in the stake; and, if we may judge from his after-performances, he was able to give the first and second more than a stone, and beat them easy. Phenomenon, the best horse the Yorkshiremen ever bred, a second Eclipse, and able to beat any horse in England, *came in last* for the Derby. Traveller, after beating the best horses in the North, was sold to His present Majesty for a large sum, and was beat twice at Newmarket by middling racers. Rolla beat Champion at York, who won both the Derby and the St. Leger, and was the best three-years-old of his day; yet when Rolla was matched against Tag, a second-rater, he was beat in a common canter. The Duchess and Merlin, real flyers—the one, a winner of the St. Leger; the other in all probability would have been so, if he had not been amiss—were both beaten by Boniface, who was any thing but a good one. Filho da Puta, the very stalking-horse and kill-devil of the North, who was supposed capable of giving any horse in England half a stone, was beat cleverly by Sir Joshua; and the effect of the Newmarket training and travelling was ever after visible, as his speed forsook him, and he was afterwards beaten easy by Leopold and Torrelli.

These examples will, I trust, bear me out in what I have asserted, and in some measure account for the variations in the running between the North and South country horses.

Your constant reader,

A RACER.

NIMROD, IN CONTINUATION, ON THE GAME LAWS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR

THE world is not governed by principle; and so long as nature and society impose the obligation of repairing injuries, and the sufferer has a right to Legislative protection, so long must laws continue to be made and enforced, but they never will abolish crime: neither can the degree of punishment be always regulated by the offence. The essence of right and wrong does not indeed depend upon the clauses of a statute book, nor on the conclusions of lawyers; but upon reason and the nature of things antecedent to all laws: and when laws fail (pardon my presumption), we must again have recourse to reason and nature*. Altering laws, however, has always been regarded with a jealous eye; and I much admire the noble answer of those sturdy English Barons, when it was proposed to introduce some Roman laws into our British code—" *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*."—"We are unwilling to alter the laws of England," said they; which words should have been written in letters of gold.

Though laws are said to be a check on the unruly appetites of men (and this expression particularly applies to the Game Laws), yet those who would make or execute them require some check also; and they should never lose sight of the maxim, that nothing produces good but what may produce evil. Nevertheless, we must recollect that to devise laws sufficient to regulate all the circumstances of life—*many of which circumstances*

may be produced by causes that do not appear—is almost a hopeless task; but a task, if it could be accomplished, that might be said to produce the standard of human felicity. In law-making also, another thing is obvious: Legislators should divest themselves of abstract principles and private feelings, and look only to experience and results.

On the subject of altering laws History affords us some interesting particulars. In a city of Grecia Magnat, a man who proposed to alter a law went into the senate-house with a rope around his neck, when, if his motion was approved, all was well; but if left in the minority, he was instantly strangled by the majority. We also find another useful hint. When the Roman government was striving to recover itself from the capricious tyranny of one of its Emperors, if a new law was proposed, the Council was assisted by a number of able and experienced senators, whose opinions were separately given, and taken down in writing. Notwithstanding this—such was their love of innovation and change—the number and variety of their laws became still more intolerable than the vices of their Capitol; and, lastly, so voluminous, that few fortunes could purchase, and still fewer capacities digest them. Law itself is said to be one of the first signs of the corruption of man; but many laws are signs of the corruption of the State; and I conclude Milton was correct when he said, "so many laws argue so many sins."

When two parties are contending for the reasonableness of their

* "Neque opinione, sed naturâ constitutum esse jus."

† By the law of Charondas, a Magistrate. See Hist. Aug. l. vii. p. 208.

own sentiments, this fact must present itself—only one can be right, and it is possible both may be in the wrong. Since I have paid any attention to Parliamentary debates, I never recollect to have read opinions and assertions more at variance with each other, than those expressed in our Houses of Parliament on the subject of the Game Laws. "Very hard," says one Legislator, "that I cannot preserve the game that is on my own land, and which is as much my property as any thing else I possess;" and "very hard," says another, "that I cannot eat it when I like, though I have no land at all." "Legalize the sale of game," says one man, "and you will cut off the illicit practices of the poachers;" whilst another says—"legalise the sale of game—do away with the *onus probandi* and the non-right of possession, and there will be three poachers then for one now:" while others contend, that "poachers increase as the laws for their prevention multiply." One Member gets up and tells us the laws against poachers are already too severe; whilst others contend that they are not sufficiently severe. Many are of opinion (and perhaps rightly) that the Game Laws want revision; whilst others (and particularly one man) contend, that they had better remain as they are. In one thing, however, all parties are united—they are all at fault for a remedy for the evil complained of*.

Now this one man to whom I have particularly alluded is Sir John Shelley, the Member for Lewes, whose opinion is entitled to be heard, as coming from a practical

sportsman, a considerable game-preserver, a well-wisher to his country, and not one of those to whom (and many such there are who speak and write on the Game Laws), as *Sir Fopling Flutter* says, "all beyond Hyde Park Corner is a desert."

Some of Sir John Shelley's arguments come home. "If the Game Laws are oppressive," says he, "why have there not been petitions against them? If inefficient, whence this superabundance of game?" Mr. William Peel's manly speech on this subject also should not be overlooked. It made no small impression on the sporting world; and his health, and thanks to him for his support of fox-hunting, proposed by Lord Molyneux, was drunk with enthusiasm at Lichfield Spring races in March last. Mr. Peel's speech was prophetic. He first ridiculed the idea, that if there were no poachers there would be no criminals; and then predicted the destruction of the noble sport of fox-hunting if the sale of game was made legal. Why so? say they who wish to purchase it. The answer is obvious: for one game preserver now, there would be a score then, and the evil would not stop here. The game preserver now is generally a man of property, of liberal education and sentiment, and expected to act with the feelings of a gentleman, and not to kill foxes if his country is hunted: but the other, who only preserved it for the market, could not be expected to have these advantages; and it would be too much to hope from a man who reared game to sell, and who looked for, and had a right to

* Lord Bacon says, that King James the First used to say to his Lords of Council, when they had been engaged in debating upon any important matter, "Well, you have been sitting long enough, but what have you hatched?"

look for, his pennyworth for his penny, that he should not destroy an animal which, he might have reason to believe, might deprive him of even a small part of his profit. To this we may add, actions of trespass would be innumerable; and, as I before said, the whole country would be by the ears.

In a very ably-written pamphlet on the Game Laws, published by Ridgway, Piccadilly, 1825, there is the following passage:—"Give to every one who has the means the power of dealing in game in a lawful way. Do not encourage the agency of the poacher, and oblige the fair trader to have recourse to a clandestine method of supply—a method which generates a race of idle and disorderly persons throughout the kingdom, which promotes vice, and produces misery in every village. The present system is a flagrant and palpable injustice to our fellow-creatures. It is inconsistent with the institution of an enlightened nation. It is neither consonant to any rule of law or equity, nor reconcilable with any principle of natural justice. We acknowledge—we avow the utter impossibility of preventing poaching by the means which, in our ignorance, have been laid hold of—we encourage the offence at one moment, and punish the offender at the next. The very Judges who administer the laws—the Representatives who enact them, may be feasting during the Assize week on that game, for the unlawful sale of which a poulterer is liable to be fined, or a poacher imprisoned. We connive at a felony to-day; we sentence the criminal to transportation to-morrow. With one hand we hold out the bribe to his transgression—the price of his plunder; with the other we brandish the

warrant for his commitment. I sincerely hope for the credit of my country, for the credit of human nature, that such an anomalous, such an inconsistent, such an impolitic, and *actually inefficient* code of laws will be abrogated at once and forever; and I call upon those landholders, who have any regard to the peace of the country, nay more, to the absolute security of their property, to shake off the bigoted prejudices which bias their better judgment, remembering that the state of France, so feelingly alluded to by the Member for Cors Castle, was the result of protracted reformation. That poaching is the grand school of housebreakers and highwaymen, and that its practices are the rudiments of every kind of robbery, scepticism itself can hardly doubt. Convinced then, as I am, that the present system is productive of hostility between the rich and the poor, which hostility is alarmingly increased by the part society is driven to espouse; that *no moral turpitude will be attached to poaching* as long as we deter others from the enjoyment of a luxury which wealth always *will*, and always *ought*, to procure; that it is highly desirable to give it the character of *stealing*, which it does not now seem to possess; I cannot but be of opinion, that declaring game property, and legalising the sale, will produce the desired effect; and that, at all events, it is our duty, for the sake of the moral happiness and welfare of society, at least to make the experiment, unawed by the direful prognostications and fearful fancies of an infatuated Squirarchy."

Now this is strong language, but let us analyse it a little:—Our author here has one merit; he does not cant and whine about

sending a rogue to jail, but at once says—"Make game marketable property, and away with him to the next prison!" This is all very well; but his argument admits of two objections: first, have not the House of Commons and the law of the land already pronounced game to have been property since the days of Canute? Secondly, granting his position that if, like Apollo's wealth, game is at present that sort of property which any one may steal, there can be no harm in taking it; how then can the commission of such an act be called "the grand school for housebreakers and highwaymen?" We might as well say, that because I ride over my neighbour's grounds with hounds—which the law could restrain me from doing, but in which there is no moral turpitude—I should, by so doing, be so far demoralized as to turn housebreaker or highwayman? If I do not believe I am doing wrong, the act I commit can have no immoral effect. But let us go a little further: It is a maxim in law that every man should know the laws; for those which would excuse the ignorance of the people would confess their own imperfections. This, in some cases, may be hard, but so it is. Will any man, however, attempt to convince me, that when a poacher enters a gentleman's preserves, he is ignorant that he is transgressing the laws of his country or his God? If he had never been in a church in his life—if he had never heard the sacred mandate, "Thou shalt not steal," his nature would inform him better.

The next point to turn to in the passage I have quoted, is the right which the author attempts to give to wealth to purchase game. I have already touched upon this part of

my subject; but in reference to this and my Lord Suffield's pamphlet, I must go back to it again. Each of these advocates for legalizing the sale of game insists upon the right to make it an article of commerce, and then all their pity for the poacher is at an end. "Let society feel interested in the preservation of game," says the one, "public opinion would be on our side, and the plunderer would go unpitied for his offence. The wealthy citizen of Cheapside cannot now calculate on having a hare for his dinner, although his wealth may be five times that of some country squire, whose larder is loaded with game;" and this he thinks extremely hard. I again assert, there is no hardship at all in the case. Every man has a right to do what he pleases with what is his own, and no law should prevent his doing so. If the "wealthy citizen of Cheapside" cannot dine without game, let him purchase land to breed it on, and then he can always have it for his dinner. but we have the authority of Mr. Locke for saying, that "men in trade seldom think of laying out money upon land, till their profit has brought them in more than their trade can well employ." Although bred up in an Aristocratic county, and a stickler for the proper distinctions of the community, yet I am ready to admit that no man in society ought to have any privilege above the rest, unless he give society some equivalent for such privilege; and this equivalent is fully given in the advantages derived from the residence of country gentlemen on their estates—to which the sports of the field so mainly contribute. There ought, perhaps, to be no inequality in society, but for the

sake of society; but if we look back into History we shall find, that the distinction of ranks and persons has been the firmest support of all governments; and though, in the decline of the Roman Empire, the proud distinctions of the Republic were gradually abolished, yet it was not in the power of an Emperor, with the crafty Justinian at his elbow, to eradicate the popular reverence which is always attached to the possession of hereditary wealth, or the memory of renowned ancestors. "If, then," continues the author of the pamphlet, "gentlemen will not be tempted to sell their game, they must be content to be robbed; but why should they be more tenacious of selling their game than their potatoes?" To this I reply, Let them be robbed; but don't let them lower themselves in the eyes of the people, by selling what they have always been accustomed to give*. Rather let them say with "Hudibras"—

"With some the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat."

And as for their potatoes, country gentlemen who have preserves of game, seldom deal in such a commodity. They seldom attend so much to "the miserable minutiae of the buttery and the larder!"

Let us look a little how matters stand as to other robberies and thefts committed in the country. It appears to me quite farcical to suppose that when a man makes his mind up to thieving, the moral turpitude of the offence ever comes into his head. No; his only spe-

culatation is, how he may most easily get possession of the unlawful prize, and what punishment awaits him if found out. Thus, no doubt, he simply asks himself the question, "Shall I go and get a bag full of Mr. So-and-so's pheasants, or shall I rob his house or hen-roost?" I know it is wrong to speak of oneself, and only excusable in illustration of argument; but I hope I may be allowed to mention the state of affairs in my own immediate neighbourhood—one purely agricultural. My house is surrounded by a wide and deep moat, within which my turkeys and other fowls roost, and but for this wide and deep moat *I should not keep one of them*. My next neighbour, on one hand, was obliged to give up keeping poultry for many years, and my next neighbour, on the other, had a flock of turkeys taken out of a tree two years ago within ten yards of his bed room, where he slept with a loaded gun. Gardens and barns are perpetually robbed; only three nights ago the most daring felony† was committed within two miles of where I now sit; but though this is a pheasant country, I only know of two men being taken up in the neighbourhood for poaching in the last four years. Now surely, if the moral turpitude of the affair was *any consideration*, the rascals who committed those robberies—some of them of a very aggravated nature, such as stripping poor people's gardens of every thing in one night—would have preferred (what some wish to make it appear) the *harmless* act of

* The manner of dispensing favours is often worth more than the favour; and more good feeling is kept up in this country, by presents of game, than many people may imagine. I heard a man (and by no means a rich man) say, a short time since, that in his small way he would not take 50l. per annum for the pleasure he derived from giving game to his friends.

† A yearling heifer, the property of a small farmer, was killed in the field, and the carcass, all but the head, carried off.

helping themselves to a little of the Squire's game, to which they might consider themselves entitled, and to which, as I say, *they have so often been told they are entitled.*

With every consideration for human frailty, a state cannot exist by rewarding evil actions with good; and therefore, in spite of all the hypocritical cant which we read and hear of, on the unmerited punishment of the poacher, the law which he violates must take its course with him, as well as with any other of its offenders; and if it do not, justice will not prevail. —The following anecdote, however—which I have permission to make public—will enforce this part of my argument more strongly than any thing which I can offer in its behalf:—A few years ago, the Judges Grose and Bailey, when on their circuit, paid a visit to an intimate friend of mine—a great game preserver. The weather being inviting, and my friend's place a beautiful one, they sent their carriages forward, and walked through the grounds to the house. Their host, seeing their approach, went out to greet them, when the following remark from one of them immediately succeeded the usual salutation:—"We have been admiring your pheasants; and you appear to have plenty of *them*. Now you are a Magistrate for more than one county; and my brother Judge and myself most earnestly entreat that you never will, at the entreaty either of man or woman, relax in your duty as far as regards poaching. It is a crime which we are determined to put down by all the authority in our power; and we confidently rely upon the exertions of all country Magistrates in assisting us."

The author of the anonymous pamphlet I have been alluding to apprehends no danger in removing the non-right of possession, on which the *onus probandi* at present chiefly rests: but in my humble opinion, from the impossibility of identifying game, he is wrong. My Lord Suffield unwillingly admits, that, were the sale of game legalized, and *the price could not be kept very low*, poaching would be increased, as the consumption would be great. To keep it low, he depends partly upon a supply from the Continent, which might, perhaps, be trusting to a broken reed; and I think it would be a difficult matter for his Lordship or any other man to fix the *minimum* to the London poulterers. Both his Lordship and the author of the other pamphlet alluded to draw a comparison between the poulterer who would (the sale being legalized) buy game, and the man who buys goods from the smuggler; and in support of the analogy, they say—give a tradesman the power of applying to an honest quarter for his game, and he would not go to the poacher; for who, they maintain, would purchase game from an unlawful quarter, when they can get it, by paying a little more for it, from a lawful one? Who, says one of them, would purchase stolen goods from a smuggler? I answer, honest people might do neither the one nor the other; but stolen game would find plenty of customers in London; and who ever thought of asking a smuggler how he came by his goods? He must be a more than ordinary flat who wasted his breath on such a question. When on the subject of *supposing*, who would suppose there was so much roguery as we

have had lately brought to light in the shops of London? Salt and sand sold for sugar; ash-leaves for tea; ground bones for flour; linseed for pepper; copper seals for gold*; to say nothing of false weights and measures, for which one hundred and twenty shopkeepers were fined in one district alone within the last six weeks! Would any of these shopkeepers, who might want a brace of pheasants for their dinner, (and who can so well afford to purchase them?) have any scruples about buying these pheasants on any terms? Lord Suffield cannot for a moment suppose they would. I believe it is the author of Tremaine who says, that he thinks the upper and lower classes of our countrymen are about the same as they have ever been in their general dealings with mankind; but, he adds, "I am by no means so sure of the middling class." Justice to all parties, however, compels me here to observe, that, on the subject of the Game Laws, conscience seems not to exert its utmost powers; as my Lord Suffield makes it appear, that noblemen, gentlemen, game-keepers, poachers, and poulterers, are all rogues together—and the only difference is, some of the party steal what the others only sell.

I have never, it is true, resided in any of those counties where game is so extravagantly preserved as in some I have lately heard of; but until I read my Lord Suffield's pamphlet, I did not believe that it was thus extravagantly preserved for the mean purposes which he has brought to

light; and I have only to add, that these huckstering game dealers, of which he speaks, may be Dukes, Lords, Baronets, country Magistrates, or Esquires; but they must excuse me for saying, they must drop the ancient and honorable title of gentlemen.

The monster Caligula wished that his subjects had but one neck; and I once heard a parody on the dreadful anathema. "I wish," said a master of fox-hounds, "there was but one pheasant in the world, and I had the carving of him at dinner." I dislike selfishness; but if this is to be the end for which they are to be bred, the sooner the fatal knife was applied the better.

I was happy to find the anonymous author of the pamphlet on the Game Laws declare as to the absurdities of some of the clauses of the lately proposed Game Bills—in several of which, not only anomaly, but injustice, is conspicuous. Lord Suffield also, in alluding to the clause in Mr. Stuart Wortley's Bill, which vests the game in the owner, and not the occupier, thus manfully expresses himself in his pamphlet: "If game be property by natural right and by law, how can we justly, during an existing lease, assume that a man has not hired the game—a part of the produce of the land—with the land itself, and with other produce not specified? The object of the Bill (i.e. Mr. Wortley's) being much recommended to the public by the expectation that a less oppressive and more just scheme of Game Laws would be introduced; it is, as it appears to me, almost

* The following fact must be fresh in the recollection of my readers. A sailor, perhaps, with more money than wit on board, saw a bunch of "gold seals," (for thus were they ticketed,) in the window of a jeweller's shop in the City of London. He purchased them, and when they came to be assayed, they were found to contain one pennyweight gold to a pound of copper!!

inconceivable that such a clause as this could have found its way into a Bill originated and patronized as this Bill was." This almost equals in absurdity, but distances in injustice, the memorable clause which obliged a man to swear to his qualification before the Clerk of the Peace, previously to obtaining his certificate to kill game.

Now having heard my Lord Suffolk's sentiments on the injustice of the tenants' clause, permit me to offer my own. One great act of injustice has escaped his Lordship's observation.—We will suppose that I myself had occupied a large farm in Norfolk for the last twenty years, without any restriction from my landlord as to game, and having a qualification in another county, I had been in the habit of shooting the game that fed on my Norfolk farm. Let us suppose Mr. Wortley's Bill to pass, what might be the consequences to me? Why, my landlord might come to me and say—"You are now at liberty to sell your game, and therefore you shall pay me fifty pounds a-year for it."—Let us then suppose that I were to say to my landlord, that I could not afford to give that sum for the game, what might happen then? Why he might turn round and say, "Then you shall not touch a feather of it."—Who, then, may I ask, is to touch it—who to sell it? Mr. Wortley's Bill says, (Oh! monstrous! the *Morning Chronicle* would say,) "the landlord." So then, the landlord is to send to market the game which feeds on the produce of my farm! Now I think every liberal man, and every true sportsman, would agree with me in thinking, that the occupier

would be justified, under such circumstances as these, in putting his foot into every pheasant or partridge's nest he could find on his land. Here I think I may recollect to my reader's recollection the words of the Earl of Westmoreland (quoted in my last), when deprecating Lord Dacre's Game Bill:—"Its tendency," said his Lordship, "was to benefit men of large landed property, and to deprive all other classes of every species of rural amusement."

It is strongly urged by those who require a change in these laws, that the quantity and cheapness of game are direct proofs of their inefficiency. This I do not admit, and I have before stated my reason; but may I ask, are not all laws more or less inefficient? Is not hanging inefficient? Is the corpse of one man (and here we must admit the utmost rigour of all law is enforced), who has been executed for some horrid crime, cold, before that crime is committed by others—and perhaps by some who have just witnessed his execution? The Secretary of State says, "It is useless to keep laws (alluding to the Game Laws) on our Statute Book, that are practically evaded and violated every day." May I ask the Right Honorable Gentleman whether the laws against smuggling are not daily and hourly evaded? Was it not openly avowed in one of our leading Newspapers*, only a few days ago, that half the better sorts of people who walk the streets of London have Bandana handkerchiefs in their pockets; half the ladies in carriages are adorned with smuggled silk or lace?" and to this I may add, that half the spirits drunk in some parts of His Ma-

* *Morning Herald.*

jesty's dominions are smuggled also.

The author of the anonymous pamphlet has had recourse to ridicule, and has been facetious at the expense of the Member for Oxford, who styled the privilege of a qualified person, his "vested rights," and inducements to the acquisition of learning and honours, and the stations by which they are conferred. That the Honorable Member's words are to be so literally construed as to suppose he meant that the labours of a man's life were to end in the acquirement of a farm of one hundred pounds a year, to enable him to kill game, we cannot admit; but that it is the object of every man of taste and gentlemanlike feeling to retire from the vulgar crowd, and spend the evening of his life in the country, no one, I think, will deny. The pleasures of a country life have been celebrated, almost to a proverb, by the poets of every age; and the finest images which embellish even the Sacred History are drawn from such scenes. The prospect of enjoying them has been the ultimate object of the greater part of those who enter into the world, and the greatest difficulties are encountered to come at them. As Cowley says,

— "Here health itself doth live—
That salt of life which does to all a relish give."

The writer I have been alluding to, who says he is a country gentleman and a sportsman, tells us that the following are some of the points on which the advocates for the present Game Laws principally found their objections to any alterations in them:—viz. That the gentleman would not be able to undersell the poacher; that if the supply be now sufficient for the de-

mand, it is because the purchasers are few in number to what they would be, if the dangers of detection were removed; and secondly, that the poacher would be subjected to a less chance of discovery, and that consequently the number of his associates, and the amount of his profits would be increased. All this I believe to be the real state of the case; but in the same page, he affirms, on the authority of the poulterers, that game is sold cheaper than poultry! Lord Deerhurst, however, a pretty good judge of these matters, told us a very different story in the House of Commons in the year 1817. "The history of the sale of game, at present," said his Lordship, "is this; a person buys pheasants of the poacher at seven shillings the brace, and sells them to the poulterer in London for fifteen shillings, and he sells them to the consumer for two guineas! If sale were legalized," added his Lordship, "a door would be opened to gamekeepers and others to poach and sell without fear of detection." Now we may fairly argue, that if the poacher's first price be only seven shillings a brace for pheasants, the Gentleman never can compete with him here, and therefore he will never be without his market; and if the poulterer would not go to it, there would be plenty of other customers.

One other remark on this part of the subject, and I have done. Supposing the sale legalized, how would it be possible, when a poulterer went to market, that he should be able to know whether the game offered to him was honestly gotten possession of, or not? Business, in such a place as London, could never be carried on under such restrictions and alarms, with-

out endless difficulty and mistrust.

The "Country Gentleman and Sportsman" concludes his pamphlet by an allusion to France, where the sale of game is legalized. Begging his pardon, the two countries will not admit of a comparison on the subject of this inquiry. In the first place, the French, generally speaking, know or care very little about sporting; their country is very open, and property much scattered, consequently very unfavorable to preserves of game, and their tact does not lie that way. On the other hand, Englishmen would not submit to Martial Law when enjoying the sports of the field. It may be all very well for a Frenchman to have the *garde-chasse*, *garde-bois*, *garde-champêtre*, and the *généralmerie* to encounter, when taking his morning amusement; he is familiar to such unreasonable interruptions; but I hope we shall none of us live to see the day, when in this country a Life-guardsmen is to be employed upon this service. All this, however, will not answer the purpose in France; for the author of this pamphlet informs us, that "in the last season (1824), although the first of September was the day for commencing the shooting, the partridges were to be bought in abundance, both in Paris and in the Norman towns, *many days before that time*." So much for a legal sale of game: but this makes good Mr. Goulburn's remark in the House of Commons, in 1817, when discussing Colonel Wood's notable Bill. "As France is referred to," said the Right Hon. Gentleman, "I can tell the House that I know a country where the relaxation of the Game Laws occasioned the *total destruction of the game*."

The "Country Gentleman and Sportsman," the writer I have been quoting, alludes to the historian Smollett. I have his work now before me, and the contrast he draws between the English yeoman and the French farmer has never been effaced from my memory since I read it twenty years ago. His own quotation will apply well here—

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."

Although never in France myself, I am enabled to relate a few particulars on the subject of the French Game Laws:—A friend of mind, who has been living two years in France, spent three days with me last summer on his road to Cheltenham races. "You have been shooting in France, of course?" I said. "Shooting!" replied he, "I was not allowed to jump over the hedge out of the road." Again, a short time afterward, I was dining with another friend in London, when the subject was the French Game Laws. He told us—though he and his family had been settled in that country these last five years—that one of his sons happened to beat a field belonging to an old lady without knowing that he was out of his liberty, when a *garde-chasse* came up to him, and told him he was trespassing. The young gentleman expressed his regret, and said he would immediately call on the proprietor, and apologize. The old lady received him with the greatest politeness, gave him cake and wine, wished him good morning, and in half an hour a *proces-verbal* was out against him. The best anecdote on this head, however, is, that which your entertaining Correspondent VAGUS has favored us with, where the poor fellow, whose

horse slipped into the ditch when hunting, was seized and carried before the police! In my opinion that writer deserved praise who told us we should, if we could, be *always at peace with France as a nation, but always at war with her manners.*"

NIMROD.

P. S. Since I wrote my last paper on this subject, I am happy to find the number of prisoners last year the offences against the Game Laws was reduced to five hundred and twenty.

COURSING MEETINGS.

ILSLEY.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

FOR the Cup and Goblet.—Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Modesty beat Mr. Evans' Event; Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Goldenlocks beat Mr. Wroughton's Risk; Mr. B. Moreland's (Large's) Elegy beat Mr. Tull's Tigress; Mr. Graham's fawn d. Guelph beat Mr. Shippery's yel. d. Sailor; Mr. Phillips's Ruby beat Mr. C. Simmonds's Silverlocks; Mr. Neate's Gallipot beat Mr. Morland's Emma; Mr. C. Long's blk. d. Lancaster beat Mr. Arundell's Adam; Mr. Large's blk. b. Lioness beat Mr. Ensworth's Edwin.

First Ties.—Goldenlocks beat Modesty—Ruby beat Gallipot.—Guelph beat Elegy (two hares)—Lancaster beat Lioness.

Farnborough Stakes.—Mr. Phillips's Rosa beat Dr. Meyrick's Moth; Mr. Goodlake's 'Graceful' beat Mr. Large's Lady.

Main Farnborough Stakes.—Mr. Goodlake's 'Graceful' beat Mr. Phillips's Rosa.

Isley Stakes.—Mr. Graham's Giant beat Mr. Large's Lightning;

Mr. Arundel's Anthony beat Mr. Ensworth's Ebony.

Main of Isley Stakes.—Mr. Graham's Giant beat Mr. Arundel's Anthony.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

The Cup.—Guelph beat Goldenlocks—Lancaster beat Ruby.

Main for the Cup.—Guelph beat Lancaster, and won the Cup; Lancaster the Goblet.

Matches.—Mr. Ensworth's Emma beat Mr. Graham's Gallipt; Mr. Goodlake's Graceful beat Mr. Large's Lady; Mr. Large's Lane beat Mr. Goodlake's Buxom; Mr. Goodlake's Graceful beat Mr. Large's Ladybird; Mr. Ensworth's Edwin beat Mr. Graham's Giant.

Guelph, the winner of the Cup, was bred by Mr. Goodlake, got by his dog Glowworm (son of the celebrated dog Platoff) out of a blue and white bitch of Mr. Biggs's.—Lancaster was out of Mr. Long's Lynx by the renowned dog Champion.

BOWMERS, LITCOMB DOWNS, BERKSHIRE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

For the Cup, Goblet, and Gravy Spoons.—Mr. Graham's blk. b. Grace beat Captain Freeman's blk. b. Fig; Mr. Myers's blk. b. Musta beat Mr. Cuming's blk. d. Comet; Mr. Williams's (of Isley) white b. Wing beat Mr. Hain's blk. b. Hebe; Mr. Ensworth's blk. b. Gipsy beat Mr. J. Palmer's brin. d. Pilot; Mr. William Spicer's yel. and white dog Sampson beat Mr. Brown's blk. d. Bluebeard; Mr. Shippery's blk. b. Sloe beat Mr. Gering's yel. b. Goldfinch; Mr. Tuckey's fawn b. Trip beat Mr. W. Palmer's blk. b. Pigeon; Mr. D. Trinder's yel. b. Tygress beat Mr. Bush's blk. b. Butterfly; Mr. Ormond's yel. b. Oh-go beat

M. Large's blk. b. Lioness; *Mr. J. Williams's* yel. d. Wellington beat *Dr. Mayrick's* blk. b. Modesty; *Mr. Thompson's* blk. and white h. Emma beat *Mr. Bennett's* blk. b. Barbara; *Mr. Ensworth's* blk. d. Edwin beat *Mr. Warman's* white b. Witch.

First Ties.—Grace beat Muta—Gipsy beat King—Sampson beat Sloe—Tygress beat Trip—Oh-go beat Wellington—Emma beat Edwin.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

Second Ties.—Gipsy against Grace, Gipsy drawn—Sampson beat Tygress—Oh-go beat Emma.

Winners Reduced to Three.—Sampson won the Cup; Oh-go (*Mr. Shipperry's*) the Goblet; and Grace (*Large's*) had the Gravy Spoon.

Sampson is *Own Brother* to *Mr. Alcock's* of Waterford, Ireland, famous dog Magnus Troil, who was out of Bounty by Champion—out of Lineage by Comet. Oh-go was got by Sovereign (*own Brother* to the celebrated bitch Goldenlocks), out of Spinaway by Champion—out of *Mr. Cripps's* Cora by Contest (*sire* of the celebrated dog Platoff), out of Rynon Jones's famous bitch Jilt.

The Champion blood still shews its superiority in winning Cups, &c. particularly so in the present year.

ALT CAR CLUB, LANCASHIRE.

The First Meeting of this Society took place November 29th, and although the weather had for some weeks previous been so extremely wet, as to prevent the hares sitting on the best ground, yet the day upon the whole was favorable. The members assembled at the Hill House, when every

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arrangement was made preparatory to taking the field. The stud of dogs produced by *Mr. E. Lloyd* displayed the highest condition, as also did those of *Lord Molyneux*. Some of the matches were rendered peculiarly interesting from the circumstance of two brace of the dogs having been procured from the kennel of *Lord Rivers*; and it is only to be regretted that the trials between Mountain and Rosetta were such as to render decision impossible. Considering the immense number of spectators, the field was very well kept, and the judges, it affords pleasure to remark, gave universal satisfaction.

Yours ever,

RAM

MEMBERS.—*Lord Molyneux*, *Sir T. Stanley*, *Mr. E. Alcock*, *Mr. L. Blackburn*, *Mr. C. Blundell*, *Mr. H. Formby*, *Mr. Grenfell*, *Mr. T. Hesketh*, *Mr. H. B. Hoghton*, *Mr. E. G. Hornby*, *Mr. C. Legh*, *Mr. E. Lloyd*, *Mr. H. Mainwaring*, *Mr. H. Molyneux*, *Col. Rawsthorne*, *Mr. Rigby*, *Mr. Seel*, *Mr. H. Sudell*, *Mr. Unsworth*, *Mr. R. Willis*.

HONORARY MEMBERS.—*Lord Sefton*, *Mr. Creevey*, *Mr. Heywood*, *Mr. Hopwood*.

Matches.—*Lord Molyneux's* Mettle beat *Sir Thomas Stanley's* Swallow; *Sir Thomas Stanley's* Doctor beat *Mr. Willis's* Virgin; *Mr. Lloyd's* Lena beat *Mr. Seel's* Shrew; *Mr. Hesketh's* Dusty beat *Mr. Hornby's* Hotspur; *Mr. Willis's* Jock beat *Mr. Blackburne's* Bergami; *Mr. Hesketh's* Driver beat *Mr. Seel's* Spring; *Mr. Seel's* Sawney beat *Mr. Hesketh's* Duke; *Lord Molyneux's* Mountain, agst *Mr. Hoghton's* Rosetta—undecided; *Sir Thomas Stanley's* Speed beat *Mr. Lloyd's* Lapwing; *Mr.*

U

Unsworth's Udolph, agst Mr. Hornby's Hebe—undecided; Mr. Seel's Stretch, agst Mr. Lloyd's Lottery—undecided; Mr. Lloyd's Lucius beat Lord Molyneux's Merryman—a very long course; Mr. Blackburne's Miss, agst Mr. Hornby's Frolic—undecided; Mr. Lloyd's Lilliputian beat Mr. Suddell's Swan; Mr. Lloyd's Long-waist beat Mr. Hoghton's Ringouzel; Mr. Lloyd's Lupino, agst Mr. Grenfell's Gazelle—undecided; Mr. Unsworth's Umpire beat Mr. Alison's Mouse; Sir Thomas Stanley's General beat Lord Molyneux's Magic; Mr. Hornby's Helen, agst Mr. Seel's Scud—undecided; Lord Molyneux's Medlar beat Mr. Hoghton's Tartar; Mr. Willis's Jock beat Mr. Lloyd's Larkspur; Mr. Hornby's Helen beat Mr. Seel's Scud; Lord Molyneux's Mountain, agst Mr. Hoghton's Rosetta—undecided, from darkness.

NEWMARKET.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

First Chippenham Field—For the Gold Cup.—Mr. Rust's r. d. Baron beat Mr. Syer's Emily; Adm. Wilson's Undaunted beat Marquis Huntly's Vintner; Mr. Hoskins's Sir Hildebrand beat Mr. Wright's Waxy; Mr. Denn's Dreadnought beat Mr. Redhead's Leo; Mr. Grant's blk. d. Sterling beat Mr. De Burgh's bl. d. Quay; Mr. Edwards's bl. and w. b. Zephyr beat Mr. Buckworth's King; Mr. Wilkinson's bl. d. Change beat Mr. Osborne's w. d. X. Roy; Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Ivy beat Mr. S. Tharp's Quicksilver.

The Chippenham Stake for Old Dogs.—Mr. Scott Stonehewer's r. d. Idle beat Mr. Edwards's Zaida; Mr. Hoskins's bl. b. Hermions beat Adm. Wilson's Uxbridge.

The Chippenham Stake for Puppies.—Mr. Hoskins's Herdsman beat Mr. Syer's Ermine; Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Index beat Marquis Huntly's Viscount.

Nine matches.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

First Cheveley Field—For the Gold Cup.—Mr. Stonehewer's Ivy beat Mr. Wilkinson's Chance; Mr. Denn's Dreadnought beat Admiral Wilson's Undaunted; Mr. Rust's Baron beat Mr. Edwards's Zephyr; Mr. Hoskins's Sir Hildebrand beat Mr. Gent's Sterling.

Sixteen matches.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1.

Allington Hill—The Gold Cup.—Mr. Denn's Dreadnought beat Mr. Rust's Baron; Mr. Hoskins's Sir Hildebrand beat Mr. Stonehewer's Ivy.

Tie for the Chippenham Stakes of 5gs. each for old Dogs.—Mr. Hoskins's Hermione beat Mr. Stonehewer's Idler.

Fourteen Matches.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2.

Second Chippenham Field—For the Gold Cup.—Mr. Denn's Dreadnought beat Mr. Hoskins's Sir Hildebrand, and won the Cup.

Fourteen Matches closed the sport.

The match between Dreadnought and Baron for the Cup was obliged to be decided, according to the rules of the Society, in favour of the former, in consequence of a dog belonging to Mr. Rust slipping his collar and running in the course. Had that circumstance not happened, Baron would have had it, Dreadnought not having the least chance in any part of the course. We hear Mr. Rust refused 100l. for Baron.

KILFANE, IRELAND.

NOVEMBER 29 AND DECEMBER 6.

First Class.—Mr. C. Bayly's Archer beat Mr. Alcock's Lilaç,

purchased from Mr. Liddiard; Mr. C. Bayly's Sailor beat Mr. Baker's Cowslip, purchased in England; Colonel Bruen's Kite beat Mr. Baker's Tulip, ditto; Mr. Penrose's Wolf beat Mr. C. Bayly's Cinder; Mr. Power, jun.'s Spider beat Mr. W. Bayly's Rolla, purchased at Lord Rivers's sale; Major Keating's Fly beat Mr. Alcock's Javelin; Colonel Bruen's Rufus beat Mr. Alcock's Jupiter; Major Keating's Venus beat Colonel Bruen's Roy's Wife, purchased at Lord Rivers's sale.

Second Class.—Spider beat Wolf—Sailor beat Rufus, purchased at Lord Rivers's sale—Fly beat Archer—Kite beat Venus.

Third Class.—Spider beat Sailor—Fly beat Kite.

For the Stakes.—Fly beat Spider, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Baker's Cowslip beat Mr. Henricksen's b. d.; Major Keating's Tippoo beat Colonel Bruen's Vestal; Mr. Butler's English dog Schemer beat Mr. C. Bayly's Cinder; Mr. C. Bayly's Sailor beat Mr. Baker's Tulip.

The Meeting was capitally attended. The assemblage, though immense, from being stationed on the hill, did not interfere with the running. The ground is scarcely inferior to the Curragh, and the hares, if possible, stouter. Altogether the sport was excellent, and it is needless to say the company felt warmly indebted to Mr. J. Power, jun. the master of the field, as well for the gratification afforded them, as for having established, for the last three years, regular Coursing Meetings, which cannot be excelled in any country.

FRAMPTON HILL.

The Annual Silver Cup and Cover

afforded some fine running, as follows:—Captain Swaine's Fan beat Mr. Haworth's June; Mr. Vicary's Gerrards-cross tan dog beat Major Meredith's Wanton; Mr. Jasper's Union beat Mr. Tom's wh. b.; Major Clayton's Romp beat Mr. Owen's Grimace; Mr. Farquharson's Tramp beat Mr. Goodchild's Gift; Mr. Rawlinson's Agnes beat Mr. Forth's gr. d.; Mr. Larkins's Chance beat Mr. Rhodes's bl. b.; Mr. Hudson's Glow-worm beat Mr. Howell's Fairy.

In running the ties Fan beat the tan dog—Union beat Romp—Agnes beat Tramp—and Chance beat Glow-worm. The Cup was at length won by Agnes.

Matches for ten sovs. each.—Major Brown's Faulty beat the Kingstong b.; Mr. Houldsworth's Pranks beat Mr. Anson's Roger; Mr. Hansard's r. b. beat Mr. Goodison's Frolic.

Matches for five sovs. each.—Mr. Harrison's Emily beat Captain Goater's Tempest; Major Horn's Cowslip beat Mr. Harley's Ghost.

Many other private matches were run for different stakes.

AMESWORTH PARK.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

Silver Cup and Cover.—Mr. Gooderid's Rattler beat Mr. Owen's Dart; Major Mead's br. b. Moggy beat Mr. Leader's Forester; Mr. Metcalf's Fly beat Mr. May's Tyke; Captain Howar's Fan beat Mr. Jones's Frolic; Mr. Underwood's gr. b. beat Mr. Payne's Flush; Mr. Jones's Union beat Mr. Cave's Emily.

The Second Course.—Rattler beat Union—Moggy beat Fly—and Fan beat the gr. b.—It was agreed to start the three winning

dogs together, and the Cup was won by *Rattler*. The winner was bred by the Duke of Clarence's Steward in Bushy Park.

Matches for ten sovs. each.—Mr. Heron's Rose beat Mr. Goodison's Traveller; Mr. Roden's Sally beat Mr. Metcalf's red d.; Mr. Calcraft's Rosette beat Mr. Giles's Overreach.—Rose and Rosette ran a match for five sovs. and Rose won it. The hares were very strong on their legs.

CHATSWORTH.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

Puppy Stakes under eighteen months old.—Mr. Nixon's Swallow beat Mr. Hope's Hector; Mr. Scott's Blucher beat Mr. Farmer's Dart; Mr. Milnes's Claret beat Mr. Hunter's Sappho; Mr. Kelham's Spot beat Mr. Hunloke's Spring.

Stakes for Dogs two and a half years old.—Mr. Goodwin's Hamlet beat Mr. Leacroft's Harper; Mr. Hope's Hie beat Mr. Jessop's Driver; Mr. Nixon's Fidelle beat Mr. Rowland's Snowball; Mr. Kelham's Marcus beat Mr. Hope's Hop.

Sweepstakes for aged Dogs.—Mr. Jessop's Fly beat Mr. Farmer's Fly; Mr. Hunter's Roderic beat Mr. Nixon's Luck's-All; Mr. Hope's Squib beat Mr. Leacroft's Fly; Mr. Hope's Harlequin beat Mr. Rowland's Venus.

Matches.—Col. Halton's Harriet beat Mr. Farmer's Pilot; Mr. Hunloke's Driver beat Mr. Rowland's Messenger; Colonel Halton's Hero beat Mr. Jessop's Spanker; Colonel Halton's Harper beat Mr. Hope's Hostess; Colonel Halton's High-over beat Mr. Hope's Hotspur; Colonel Halton's Rose beat Mr. Rowland's Miss

Undid; Mr. Hunter's Driver beat Mr. Goodwin's Hector.—There were several other matches.

WOBURN DOWNS.

Four couple of Dogs made a good course for the *Silver Cup*, as follows:—Mr. Hudson's Leviathan beat Mr. Rogers's Juno; Mr. Gilchrist's Flirt beat Mr. Arnold's Skim; Mr. Owen's Rose beat Mr. Hunt's Safety; Captain Gough's Tulip beat Mr. Vyse's Grimaldi.—In running off the ties, *Leviathan* won the Cup.

Matches.—Mr. Leon's Juno beat Mr. Radcliff's bl. b.; Mr. Goodison's Pike beat Mr. Gee's br. d.; Mr. Davison's Agnes beat Mr. Cross's Philip; Mr. Wentworth's Prodigal beat Mr. Gyp's Fate; Mr. Rodon's Virgin beat Mr. Moreton's Flip.

There were several trial matches, which concluded the sports of the meeting.

PETERSHAM HILL.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9.

For the Cup.—Mr. Houldsworth's Patriot beat Mr. Jones's Peg; Captain Meredith's Wanton beat Mr. Gee's bl. b.; Mr. Wyatt's Dancer beat Mr. Farnshaw's Wizard; Mr. Grove's Agnes beat Mr. Luther's Proserpine; Mr. Dickenson's Laurel beat Mr. Woodcock's Ruth; Mr. Arnold's Jesse beat Mr. Uday's Fly.—In running off the tie Wanton, Agnes, and Laurel beat the other dogs. Second tie, *Wanton* beat the two dogs, and won the Cup.

Matches.—Mr. Forsyth's Groveller beat Major Arden's Fly; Mr. Stone's Benedict beat Mr. Robinson's Juno; Major Hudson's



GREEN SANDPIPER.

Published by Chapman & Co. 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Philip beat Mr. Cathcart's Rump; Mr. Beeson's Speedy beat Mr. Moorhouse's Flora; Mr. Radcliffe's Nymph beat Mr. Mornington's De-
fiance.

WENSLEYDALE (late LEYBURN).

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

The above annual meeting took place on the grounds of the Right Hon. Lord Bolton, which was attended by most of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and an immense assemblage of persons to witness the day's sport, which was most excellent.—At five o'clock, the subscribers and their friends sat down to a most sumptuous dinner, provided by Mr. Coultman, of the King's Head Inn, Leyburn. Venison, with every delicacy of the season, was served up, followed by a neat dessert and the best wines. The dogs were capital and in high condition, twelve of the ties killing their hares.

For the Cup.—First Class.—Mr. Chapman's Patch beat Mr. Simpson's Fly; Mr. Fisher's Minx beat Mr. Thompson's Comus; Mr. Wray's Fly beat Mr. Scroope's Spring; Mr. Wm. Fisher's Minx beat Mr. Ware's Swiss; Mr. Hogg's Dent beat Mr. Willis's Myrtle; Mr. Lister's Spanker beat Mr. Maclellan's Snowden; Mr. Prest's Doctor beat Mr. T. Lister's Flora; Mr. R. Thompson's Trinket beat Mr. R. Willis's Mirth.

Second Class.—Mr. Chapman's Patch beat Mr. Fisher's Minx; Mr. Wm. Fisher's Minx beat Mr. Wray's Fly; Mr. Lister's Spanker beat Mr. Hogg's Dent; Mr. R. Thompson's Trinket beat Mr. Prest's Doctor.

Third Class.—Mr. Chapman's Patch beat Mr. W. Fisher's Minx; Mr. Lister's Spanker beat Mr. R. Thompson's Trinket.

Fourth Class.—Mr. Lister's Spanker beat Mr. Chapman's Patch.—The Cup won cleverly by Spanker.

DEPTFORD.

The correct details of the Deptford Coursing Meeting have not reached us; but we learn that it was numerously attended, and the sport excellent. The hares on each day proved themselves decidedly superior to the dogs in running. Mr. Biggs's Bijou won the Cup; Mr. Heathcote's Hecate and Mr. Phelps' Ruth divided the Bitch Puppy Stakes; Mr. Biggs's Brother to Match'em won the Dog Puppy Stakes; and Mr. Goodlake's Gohanna won the Tilshead Stakes.

GREEN SANDPIPER.

With a Plate, engraved by Mr. RADDOX, from a Drawing by A. COOPER, Esq. R.A.

THIS scarce bird (the *Tringa Ochropus* of Linnaeus, and *Green Sandpiper* of Bewick) was shot at Finchley on the twenty-third of August last.

"This bird," says Bewick, "is not any where numerous, and is of a solitary disposition, seldom more than a pair being seen together, and that chiefly in the breeding season. It is a scarce bird in England, but is said to be more common on the Northern parts of the globe, even as far as Iceland. It is reported that they never frequent the sea shores, but their places of abode are commonly on the margins of the lakes in the interior and mountainous parts of the country."

The specimen here represented was extremely wild, and flew very swift, somewhat like a snipe, but

straighter and faster, and looking much larger on the wing than when in hand, owing to the large proportion its wings bear to the

size of the body; it is about the weight of a whole snipe. Its plumage is very faithfully described by Bewick.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I beg leave to send you a journal of a few days' Fox-hunting in this part of the country, mostly with the Duke of Beaufort's fine pack.

I remain, your obedient servant,

A FOX-HUNTER.

Chipping Norton, Dec. 23, 1824.

Dec. 5.—The Duke of Beaufort's hounds met at Bradwell Grove, near Burford, Oxon; instantly found a gallant fox, which went away with a side wind over a fine open country; came to a check, of half a minute, among some sheep, when, hitting it off, they went a racing pace for fifty-five minutes. Reynard made direct for Farmington, Gloucestershire, where, the main earth being open, he saved his life. A few only of those "who can do it" were well placed; and some of the "old ones" said it was the quickest thing for twenty years. A heavy rain with sleet, and a bitter wind from the N.E. during the whole run—scent breast high—distance ten miles.

Dec. 7.—Met at Eyford Gorse, Gloucestershire—a fox stole away—ten minutes before the hounds were thrown in—they were laid on him—after ten minutes' slow hunting with a bad scent they lost. Went to Ghorcum—found, and ran a dodging fox for two hours—killed him at dusk.

Dec. 8.—Met the *Warwickshire* hounds at Wickford—found—ran for two hours—lost. Crossed over to Woolford Wood at two o'clock—found a fox that ran in covert half an hour—at last broke for Addlestrop, Oxon—a fine burst for twenty minutes at the best pace—came to a check at Selsford. Mr. Hay seemed determined to kill his fox, but the day

was too far gone, and obliged to whip off—twenty miles from kennel. Mr. H. seems a straight forward rider, and a promising sportsman.

Dec. 9.—Met the Duke of Beaufort's hounds at Heythrop (the kennel)—found in the Park coverts, and ran towards Tew, and lost. Returned to Heythrop—found in Oak Lease—ran him some miles.—Reynard doubled back, and was killed at Heythrop. On returning to Heythrop, a fine promising young hound, named *Whirlind* was kicked by a baker's hack, and had his leg and thigh broken—was killed the same evening.—The mighty "*NIMROD*" was in the field the early part of the day, on a fine grey horse.

Dec. 10.—Met the same hounds at Ditchley—found, and ran the fox to a drain. Went to Kiddington—found in a Spinney—had a fine burst for twenty-five minutes, and killed in a small covert. Returned to Ditchley—found—ran till dark—whipped off—a severe day.

Dec. 12.—Met the same hounds at Brewthern Abbey—found—ran in covert an hour—broke covert with a bad scent, and lost. Went to Tangley—found an old bob-tail fox—ran him some time in covert, when he broke for Brewthern—killed him there. He had only *one eye*, and scarcely a tooth in his head—was so tough, that the hounds were a long time in despatching him.

Dec. 16.—Met the same hounds at Spilsbury—drew the small coverts—did not find. Went to Saargrove—found—ran a good pace to Rennel Wood—back to Saargrove, when he hung in covert a long time—at half past three broke, and had a fine burst to Heythrop, where he saved himself in a drain.

Dec. 17.—Met at Lees Rest (a woodland)—found a fox—after some severe tunning he went to drain. Found another fox—ran him till dark. A most severe woodland day.

Dec. 19.—Met at the village of Stonesfield—found at Wootton Wood (near Blenheim). This gallant fox, despising all covert, took the open country for Enstone, crossed the London road, and made direct for Tew Park, the hounds very close to him going the best pace—came to a check for seven minutes at the Park of Tew—recovered the scent, and, after a most brilliant chase, these fine hounds ran into him in open field between Bloxham and Banbury, a distance of fifteen miles from point to point. Whole run, one hour and thirty-five minutes, a killing pace.

Dec. 21.—Met at Farmington Grove—found—broke, and came back again—broke, and ran by Cold Aston to Winneatts Brake near Naunton Inn, about fifty minutes, at a moderate pace. Hounds much *overridden* this day—lost the fox—drew in the way home but no find.

Chipping Norton and the neighbourhood is full of sporting characters; among those who are here for the pleasures of the chase are, Sir John Fagg, Major Gilberts, Captain Newman, Captain Anstice, Messrs. Lewis, Bray, Willan, Worrall, R. and J. Bailey, S. Teast, St. John, Williams, Miller, Harvey, Hill, &c. &c. —All seem convinced of the superior condition and good blood of his Grace's hounds—no day seems too long for them. They have killed eighteen brace of foxes since the 28th October, not including cubs.—They leave the kennel of Heythrop in about fourteen days for Badminton, where they hunt till the end of February.

From a second Correspondent we have been favored with the following account of the run with his Grace's hounds on the 19th Dec.:—"The Duke's hounds met at Stonesfield Village. They found their fox at ten minutes to one o'clock in Wootton Wood, at the outside of Blenheim Park, and went away with a

brilliant scent through King's Wood; skirted Dytchley Park; crossed the Birmingham road over Enstone Field to Great Tew (a thirty-five minutes terribly severe). Here they came to a check, hit it off over the grass enclosures to Grove Ash, and across the country to Bloxham Town, where the hounds ran from scent to view, and killed their fox in open ground, after a run of one hour and thirty minutes, perfectly straight, and over a very fine country—fifteen miles from point to point."

The Earl of Derby's stag-hounds commenced their season on the 6th inst.; a fine stag was turned out on Walton Heath—but he did not make running—the scent was bad, and the day's amusement altogether a disappointment to the gentlemen of Surrey. Friday the 9th was their second day, and Jonathan, to make some amends for the previous disappointment, selected a deer famed for shewing sport. Coulsden Common was the place of meeting, but the deer was turned out on Catterham, and taken on Hawley Common, after a most severe run of an hour and twenty minutes without a stop or check. It was a decided good day, and all who were fortunate enough to get to the end returned home fully satisfied.—On the 13th the meet was Sanderstead, and the stag taken the further side of Westerham Common: this was a good day, but not to be compared with the previous Friday. On the 16th Epsom Downs was the fixture: the stag went away for the Brighton Road, which he crossed, and was taken near the Blue Anchor, five miles below Godstone; it was a most severe day, but not brilliant—some horses are reported dead, and many more would have shared the same fate, but for the humanity and discretion of their owners, who pulled up, and prudently returned home. These hounds again met on the 20th at Addington, and the deer was taken below Botley Hill: he went over the very worst country in Surrey. The day's sport was far from gratifying to the *decided* sportsmen; but the Mac-

admirer pronounced it a good day. The Noble Earl has not yet arrived at the Oaks, and is not now expected till the new year; but the hounds will continue to hunt twice a week (on Tuesday and Friday) till his arrival.

The Hambledon Hounds have commenced the season with good sport, and have had some severe work for horses. On Friday, the 2d of December, they met at Westend Telegraph, near Southampton, and found immediately in the plantation at Bittern—went away close to this fox nearly to Allington; thence, to the Paper Mill at Dursley-blow, where it was necessary to ford the river, led by Messrs. Greenwood and Butler, who got safe over; some others, who next followed, were not so fortunate, and with difficulty got their horses out—thence to Carbridge Common, leaving Waltham on the left, to Waltham Chase. Thirteen miles, straight across their deepest country, was done in less than an hour; only five or six out of a large field kept with them; when, owing to the chase being nearly under water, it now became cold hunting, although close to their fox, which they eventually killed in the Chase, near Holywell, in one hour and thirty-five minutes. During the succeeding fortnight they also had some good runs, killing four foxes, and running the other two days to ground:—since which, when running hard, there has been more brook work, and one gentleman had a narrow escape from drowning near Wickham; his horse, in plunging in the water, fell, and gave his rider a severe blow on the side, but was got out with the assistance of others, and we are happy to hear is now ready for another day.

We are sorry to learn that Colonel Jolliffe intends relinquishing his crack pack of fox-hounds, unless the county comes forward to support them; in which case his nephew, the Baronet, will take the management.

The hounds of Sir Thomas Mostyn ran a fox, on Saturday, December 17, into the middle of the village of Brill. Reynard, to save himself, took shelter in the cottage of a poor old

woman there, closely pursued by the dogs. The old lady was sadly alarmed at having so many unwelcome guests, who broke the tables and chairs and crockery without mercy; but the liberality of the gentry of the hunt made her ample amends. It should be added that the huntsman arrived in time to turn the fox out of his corner and give another chance for his life, when he started in fine style and was killed about a mile from the village.

Stag Hunt Extraordinary.—Thursday, December 8, a stag that had escaped from Lord De-la-Zouche's Park, at Parham, Sussex, was hunted by two hounds only, and, after a gallant chase of seven hours, driven into the Shoreham River near Henfield, and therein killed.

Shrewsbury, Dec. 9.—A deer of extraordinary size, and of a species not common in this country, was discovered on Tuesday, by a tenant of Richard Bickerton, Esq. of Newton-or-the-Hill, grazing upon Northwood Farm, near Wem. Three greyhounds were set on, which offered excellent sport. He soon disabled one of the dogs; the other two continued the chase for two miles. The deer at last took refuge in a deep open drain, where he kept the dogs at bay for three quarters of an hour; and was at last secured by ropes, and taken in a cart to Mr. Wilkinson's, of Pinfold. He is a remarkably fine animal, his head stands five feet high, and he is supposed to weigh about 55lb. the quarter. It is conjectured that probably he may have strayed either from Wynnstay Park, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. M.P. or from Sir Thos. Hanmer's, Bart. of Bettisfield Park. The spectacle of deer hunting being unknown in the vicinity, a peasant who saw the chase at a distance spread a report that he had seen "two greyhounds pursuing a pony."

Dec. 16, Mr. Shard turned out a hind at Quarley Hill, Hants, before the stag hounds, of such perfect game as to afford the lovers of the chase (whose attendance was fortunately very numerous) the highest gratifica-

tion. The first start was direct to Cholderton, leaving the cottage, formerly Mr. Talbot's, on the right, and keeping that line till within about a mile and a half of Salisbury; then taking a turn, and passing through Winterbourne, she made play over the plain to Amesbury, where the hounds first caught a view, which they held for nearly eight miles, keeping the horses at top speed, when they ran in to her, and she was taken perfectly unhurt, in the presence of only a few that could do the trick well.

On Monday, December 5, the Wiltshire fox-hounds threw off on Breton Hill; and, although the vale country lay beneath the sportsmen as they ascended, yet so completely was the high land enveloped, not merely in mist and snow, but in clouds, that nothing thereon, even of the surrounding hedge-rows, could be seen at the distance of five yards. The hounds found almost immediately on entering the covert—and went away in excellent style; but, after a sharp run of upwards of an hour, reynard escaped under favour of the snow flakes—which fell so densely, that, combined with the impervious obscurity of the vapour, not one of the horsemen ever saw the hounds during the chase, but followed them by the echo of “the tongue.” Several Gentlemen who rode from Cheltenham to enjoy the day's sport were unable, in “the darkness visible,” to find the hunters they had sent on before them to the covert, and were obliged to return on their jaded backs.

The Pembrokeshire fox-hounds met on Thursday, Dec. 22, at Picton Castle, attended by a numerous field, when a gallant fox broke away with sixteen couple of the hounds close at his brush; and after a severe chase of an hour and a half without a check, on a difficult country of more than fifteen miles, he was run in to, attended by Tom Reynolds, the whipper-in, only; the rest of the Nimrods were here, there, every where, no where!

The East Sussex fox hounds, which met at Clayton Holt, had some sport

on Thursday, Dec. 22. They unkenelled in a gorse field, called the Hassocks, and reynard thence took for Clayton Holt, on for Clayton Mill, and, hearing to the left, passed through the Lodge Farm to the Weald, and reached Warren Gower Wood. From the latter, he sprang for Combe Place; but, being headed, went direct northward, for Blackbrook covert, which he threaded, and bounded for the north side of Ditchelling Common—doubled it, and took for the Hundred Acre Wood, the property of Mr. Lane; but where, the scent becoming cold, the hounds were called off, after a chase of an hour and forty-five minutes.

Sly Reynard having made great havoc among the poultry in the neighbourhood of Pyeworthy, near Tetcott, in this county, several farmers requested Hugh Cann, Esq. of Holsworthy, to bring his harriers (eight couple) to disturb or drive the foxes away—Mr. Templar's crack hounds having found but not killed a few days before: accordingly on Monday morning last, at eight o'clock, though stormy and unfavorable, the hounds left the kennel, when a hare immediately ran in among them, as if to prevent the looked-for sport, which, after a sharp run of above an hour was killed, four miles from the appointed and supposed fox covert in Pyeworthy. At eleven o'clock the hounds proceeded to try the coverts, but without success. It was then suggested that there was a likely covert in the parish of Clawton, where they soon unkenelled, a fox leaving covert in view of the majority of the little pack; after a run of upwards of two hours, beating the woods in Clawton, Tamerton, and adjoining parishes in Cornwall, the fox went to earth in a sort of honeycomb of badger-holes in Affland Wood, Clawton, in sight of Mr. Cann; the hounds lay to the holt most anxiously, directing by their sagacity about twenty men, who had been put to work, in their process of digging—which, in the course of an hour, was crowned with complete success—two foxes having bolted in face of the pack, one of which was

killed on the spot by part of the hounds, the remainder following the more successful one, in which the whole pack soon joined. It was sharp work, principally in the woods and low grounds, the fox having repeatedly had recourse to the same earths or hiding places; but being prevented taking refuge by persons stationed for the purpose, this small but effective pack ran in to her in gallant style within an hour. The foxes were both vixens, one of them of the greyhound breed, the largest that any person present ever saw. The hounds with difficulty reached their kennel at six o'clock, thus ending a day's sport, which had afforded to all present (especially breeders of poultry) more pleasure than can be described. Mr. Cann has kept harriers nearly thirty years, and never found or hunted a fox before, nor ever joined any other pack in that pursuit.—*Exeter Flying Post.*

At a meeting of the Royal Caledonian Hunt, held at Edinburgh last month, the following were elected for the ensuing year:—Sir David Moncrieffe, Bart. Preses; James Dundas, Esq. Treasurer; Earl of Kinnoull, Lord Strathaven, and John Warrender, Esq. Councillors. And they fixed their autumn meeting to be held at Perth, to commence on the same day of October as the Perth Hunt; and voted £101. to be given in plates at the meeting. They then admitted the Earl of Kinnoull to be a member of the Hunt.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

As Mr. Thomas Wilburn, of Durham, and some others, were, on the 7th of December, out greyhound-coursing on an estate about two miles east of the above city, the dogs started a large dog-fox, which they soon came up with, and reynard finding himself done out for speed made a bold stand, shewed his enemies his teeth, and kept them at bay. He at last made away again, when two of the dogs, being young ones, and apparently never having before met with a customer in the field that offered combat, gave up the chase, but the other, a strong veteran, pursued the crafty animal, and seizing him by the back,

turned him once over. Reynard, notwithstanding this act of incivility, made towards a hedge, but attempting to get through a gap which was too strait for him, he became entangled within it, and a person of the name of Myers being near the place, seized him by the tail and neck, when Mr. Wilburn and his party coming up, he was muzzled and taken home alive. He is considered by judges to be the largest and handsomest fox that they have seen in their time.

Lord Belgrave is building extensive dog kennels in the park, near Belgrave Lodge, Cheshire, preparatory to the establishment of a regular pack of hounds.

The Turf.

We understand that the fourth day's racing at Epsom, established last year with so much effect and gratification to the Sporting World, is to be continued for the future. Consequently these races will now commence on the Tuesday, and the same stakes—viz.: the Surrey Stakes being a Handicap, the 25ga. Sweepstakes, the Shirley, and a 50ga. Stakes for horses not in the Derby, are now opened, and will close as on the last occasion.

The Marquis of Exeter has matched his ch. h. Zealot, by Partisan, agst Mr. Theobald's ches. h. Cydnus, by Quiz, to run at the next Ascot Heath races—the weights and distance to be the same as for His Majesty's Plate at that place, and the sum 500 each, h. ft.

Mr. R. Wilson has sold his stallion Smolensko to Mr. Theobald for one thousand guineas.

The Marquis of Sligo has sold the celebrated stallion Oiseau to Mr. Greenwood, of Beverley, for a considerable sum of money.

At the Worcester Autumn Meeting the Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, with twenty-five added, for horses not thorough-bred—Gentlemen riders—won by Mr. Williams's b. g. by Young Pavilion—has been awarded to Mr. Deakin's Cock Robin, in consequence of the following circumstance:—The fourth heat, Pavilion

came in first, Man Friday second, and Cock Robin third; the rider of the latter took the lead, and at the top of the course went inside one of the posts, the other two following him; he afterwards dropped behind, took the regular course, and was consequently adjudged the winner.

The revival of annual races at Gloucester is in the fairest possible way of being realised upon a very liberal, extensive, and creditable scale. The subscription now exceeds £301. and the plan has received the sanction of some of the first sporting characters in the county. Colonel Berkeley has subscribed twenty-five guineas; and Colonel Webb, Mr. Canning, and other leading characters, are amongst the contributors.

At the Beadnall October Meeting, which took place on Tuesday the 18th, a Hunters' Stakes of 50l.—three-mile heats—was won by Mr. Hudson's ch. g. 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. (owner), beating Mr. Arthur's ch. m. by Sir Paul, aged, 12st., and Mr. Forster's br. g. The Ghost, 6 yrs old, 12st. The first heat was won by The Ghost by a nose; the other two easy.

Courseing.

The Highclere Courseing Meeting for a Cup and Currant Jelly Boat took place December 20 and 21, 1825.

On the first day, Captain Dunn's (Mr. Shipperry's) bl. d. Snail beat Lord Carnarvon's (Mr. Etwall's) blk. d. Enterprize; Mr. Briscall's yel. b. Brenda beat Mr. Arbuthnot's f. b. Myrtle; Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Express beat Mr. Long's blk. and w. b. Leda; Colonel Burslem's (Mr. Goodlake's) blk. b. Venus beat Mr. Evans's blk. b. Elphin Queen; Mr. Graham's (Colonel Burslem's) blk. d. Banker beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Glycera; Mr. Meyrick's yel. b. Goshawk beat Mr. Shipperry's f. b. Snipe; Sir H. Vivian's yel. and w. b. Votive beat Mr. Geo. Evans's blk. and w. b. Ella; Sir James Fellowes's (Sir Hussey Vivian's) bl. b. Victrix beat Mr. Bull's (Mr. Charles Long's) blk. and w. d. Leop.

Winners reduced to four brace.—

Snail beat Brenda; Venus beat Express; Goshawk beat Banker; Votive beat Victrix.

On the second day—*Winners reduced to two brace*—Snail beat Venus; Goshawk beat Votive.

Winners reduced to one brace.—Snail beat Goshawk.

At an auction, held at Stocklinch, by Mr. Baker, auctioneer, of Ilminster, Somerset, for the sale of the stock of Mr. Charles Hext, a greyhound bitch was sold for 120 guineas.

DOG BISCUITS.

We find that Mr. Smith, who has introduced his biscuits on our Magazine Cover, has met with that encouragement and patronage which we trust will ever follow the endeavours of all who study to promote the pleasures and conveniences of the Sporting World. We have seen a letter from our valuable correspondent NIMMON, who states—"I approve of them very much, and shall not fail to recommend them to my sporting friends;"—also, from E. Cripps, Esq. whose black bitch Emerald won the Ashdown Cup, stating, "I must say it is the best food for greyhounds I have ever tried."

Shooting.

Lord Uxbridge and a party of gentlemen bagged at Plas-Newydd, Wales, on Monday, the 14th November, 32½ brace of woodcocks, 48 brace of pheasants, 11 hares, and 64 rabbits—altogether 138 head of game; which, considering the mildness of the season, may be reckoned unprecedented good sport, particularly in regard to the woodcocks.

The Hon. Captain Percy, and his brother the Hon. Algernon Percy, killed on Saturday, December 3, at Teddersley, 23 hares, 3 pheasants, 3 partridges, 3 rabbits, 4 snipes, 1 teal, 1 black cock, 1 bittern, 2 water rails, 4 water hens, and several coots.

The shooting party at Up Park, Hants, have had fine sport. They killed, in five days, nearly 1000 head of game, with only five guns. The Marquis of Anglesea killed, in one day, 40 cock pheasants, besides hares

and rabbits, 1 woodcock, and a wild duck: he was noticed to kill pheasants at fifty yards. Sir C. Paget made great slaughter among the hares. Mr. Dehne only missed one shot the whole of the day. Sir H. Featherstonhaugh killed a great many birds, but he always gives his friends preference of the shot. Game of all sorts never was more plentiful. Lady Featherstonhaugh came on horseback to see the sport.

The following sporting events presented rather a singular coincidence, and occasioned some mirth amongst the electors of this town in the different interests:—A few days ago, as Sir John Shelley, one of our Borough Representatives, and his eldest son, were out shooting, Sir John, intent upon the object of his pursuit, by some accident, got within the range of the shot from the young gentleman's gun, and on their discharge at a bird he received two in his face; not more than half an inch below the right eye, and many in his jacket, but their perforations did not reach the skin, and the worthy Baronet fortunately was not hurt. On the very same day, the neck of A. Donovan, Esq. the active candidate for the representation of this borough at the next election, was placed in danger, by an ugly fall he received in leaping his horse over a hedge after the fox-hounds, and that too on the land of Sir George Shiffner, our brother Representative. Sir John Shelley and Mr. Donovan the next day casually met, and congratulated each other on their respective escapes.—*Sussex Advertiser.*

Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, sent the other day a cart load of hares, 104 in number, as a present to a friend.

On Saturday, December 24, at Shiplace, near Reading, at the house of Lewis Simeon, Esq. a sporting party of gentlemen were on a visit enjoying field sports, when the hilarity of the company met a sudden check by the following accident:—Captain Methuen, and a gentleman of the name of Hartington, were beating a turnip field for game, when a hare got up, and Captain Methuen

discharged his gun, the contents of which entered the head of Mr. Hartington, who was covered between two hedges. The wounded gentleman fell, and he was conveyed back to Shiplace, with no hopes of recovery.

POACHING.

On the 29th of November, a party of poachers were seen by two men on "the look out" in Scabba Wood, between Melton and Sprotbro', on the estate of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart. Information was speedily conveyed to the keeper, who with six assistants proceeded to the spot. The gang of poachers amounted to twenty, and a desperate encounter ensued, in which the keepers were overpowered. Phillips, the keeper, was severely beaten about the head, and had two of his ribs broken; one of the assistants was also much hurt: the other five, though disabled, were not severely injured. Eleven of the predators have since been apprehended, and one fully committed for trial—the others were remanded for further examination.

On the same day six poachers were discovered in one of the coverts of Dr. Kilderbee in Great Glenham, Suffolk; when the keeper and one assistant boldly attacked them; a severe scuffle ensued, in which three guns were broken. They succeeded however, in securing Edward Allum, of Brandeston; and having given information, the other five were taken in custody the next day, and gave bail for their appearance to take their trial at the next Quarter Sessions at Woodbridge. It is a curious fact, that Eagle, one of the delinquents, was discovered sitting very comfortably over a pint of beer in the kitchen at the Crown Inn, where the Magistrates were holding their sitting, and into which he had ventured as a guest, evidently with the view of learning what might come out against the party upon their examination.

On the 13th of December, about two A.M. James Drake, gamekeeper to Lord Nelson, was called up by an assistant-keeper, who stated that guns were firing on his Lordship's manor at Standynach, near Salisbury, in

Ben's Croft Wood. Drake got assistance; and on his road to the scene of action, many reports of guns were heard. In the encounter which ensued, William Bailey (one of the poachers) had his head so dreadfully fractured that he survived only to the following Thursday morning, the 15th; his brother too was severely beaten, and Drake (the keeper) was much bruised.—An inquest was held on the body of William Bailey on the 17th December; and a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide" was returned.—It is necessary only to add, that every possible assistance was rendered to the unfortunate man who died, as well as to those who suffered in the conflict.

On Monday, Dec. 19, about eleven o'clock at night, four men, who were on the look out for poachers near the Duke of Buckingham's preserves, heard a hare cry at some distance from them. They immediately made for the spot, and found eight poachers, whom they encountered, but were overpowered by numbers, and one of the keepers was beaten most dreadfully about the head. The poachers left a number of nets in the field where they had commenced their operations.

CONVICTION UNDER GAME LAWS.

Mr. John Elliott, of Newton Farm, in the parish of Sturminster Marshall, Dorset, an extensive and highly-respectable farmer, was riding over his farm lately, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog, which he suddenly missed, but very shortly after saw him coming towards him with a hare in his mouth, having only three legs; Mr. Elliott took the hare from the dog and left it in one of his barns, where it was seen by Oxford, the informer, upon whose evidence Mr. Elliott was convicted in the penalty of 13l. 13s. 6d.

ANGLING.

Perhaps an almost unprecedented circumstance occurred lately to Mr. T. Newman, of Newgate-street. He was trolling for pike at Marlow, with a roach bait, and had a run. After waiting the proper time, he struck, and drew a good-sized fish to the side

of the punt, when the gentleman slipped the hook and escaped. On looking to the bait, the roach was alive, and unhurt; but to his astonishment he found a gudgeon on the hook, nearly macerated, which he had struck in the pouch of the pike, and which of course prevented the securing his game.

EQUESTRIANISM.

Mr. Leeson, the dealer, at Enfield, undertook on Wednesday, Dec. 7, for a stake of 200l. to ride four horses from Turner's Hill to Wandsworth Bridge, Northamptonshire, sixty-seven miles, in three hours and forty minutes. Much money was pending upon the match, particularly down the road. It was rather more than eighteen miles an hour; and the roads being bad, six to four was betted upon time. The equestrian rode the first and best horse twenty-one miles in a few minutes over the hour: he performed nineteen miles within the hour upon the second horse; and seventeen in fifty-five minutes upon the third horse, having then to perform the remaining ten miles in about forty minutes. This the horse did with much ease, but the rider was too much exhausted to have gone ten miles farther.

SINGLESTICK.

At the annual Basseldon Reval on Christmas eve the following prizes, the bequest of Mr. Stevens, the celebrated Hampshire singlestick player, were awarded as follows:—To John Flowers, a Wiltshire man, 4l. as the best singlestick player, who broke three heads. To John Witton, from Newbury, Berks, 4l. as the best wrestler, who threw Todd of Somersetshire, Owen of Herefordshire, Fox of Berkshire, and Williams of Wiltshire—four men considered equal to any in England. The ground was thronged with all the amateurs within many miles of the Reval, and it was altogether a scientific day's play to the admirers of rustic sports.

WRESTLING.

A match has been talked of between the champions of Devon and Cornwall, to contest for the honour of Champion of England. Abraham

Cann, of Devon, has written to Polkinghorn, an innkeeper at St. Columb, Cornwall, that he has deposited 100 sovs. in the Exeter Bank as his stake, to be wrestled for under articles similar to those adopted at the last grand wrestling matches at Devonport. Polkinghorn makes some trifling demur to the articles—he objects to Cann's wearing a loose jacket, of which, he says, there is no getting a fair hold; neither does he approve of holding the collar. Many letters have passed between them, but nothing is finally arranged. The articles adopted at Devonport, which Cann refers to, were as follow:—1. Each to play in fair jacket, shoe, and stocking.—2. Each to take one fair hold by the collar at the commencement of the turn, and also at the resumption of the play after a fall.—3. No hold to be taken but by the jacket.—4. The person who throws the first three back falls to be declared the winner.—5. Not more than ten minutes' time to be allowed between each turn; and in case either should fail to come forward at the expiration of that time, the fall to be given to the person appearing at the scratch.

PEDESTRIANISM.

On Dec. 8, Townsend the pedestrian, undertook to run from Brighton to Lewes and back in two hours; he performed the first eight miles two minutes within the hour, but ultimately lost the match by one minute and seven seconds. This failure brought him a challenge, that a person would be found to run him fifty miles. The challenge was accepted, and Bigmore, the Suffolk hero, was named to take the field against the Sussex champion. The first wager was, that neither man did it in nine hours and a half; next, that neither nine hours and a quarter. They started from Brighton on Monday the 10th, at eight. Bigmore, who had previously evinced signs of distress on completing the twenty-fifth mile, gave up the task quite exhausted, leaving his more fortunate opponent to pursue his undertaking alone, which he accomplished in about nine

hours and thirteen minutes, including stoppages, &c.

NATURAL HISTORY.

On the 10th December, a mastiff bitch, the property of Robt. J. J. Norreys, Esq. of Davy Hulme Hall, Lancashire, pupped (being her first litter); the extraordinary number of sixteen whelps, fourteen of which were alive.

A hare was shot on Wednesday, November 23, on the estate of H. P. Stanley, Esq. of Paxton Hall, Hunts, nearly milk white, which weighed about ten pounds, and measured a yard and two inches in length.

On Tuesday, December 6, a rat-catcher, employed on the farming premises of Mr. James Luccock, of Diss, among other rats, killed a large one perfectly milk white.

Three white pheasants and an auk have been sent to Mr. Edwards, of Amesbury, to be preserved by a gentleman in Hampshire. The auk inhabits Spitzbergen, Greenland, and Iceland, and is seldom seen so far south as the British shores.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

Information was received at one of the Subscription Houses in St. James's-street, on Sunday the 4th December, of the death of Mr. R. Welwyn, a sporting character, well known at the *Rouge et Noir* tables—having lost his life in a duel with Captain Legasse, a French officer, six miles from Calais, on the preceding Thursday. The dispute originated in an English gaming-house at Boulogne.

On Monday, Dec. 5, in Chester House of Industry, being in his 94th year, John Singleton, who rode for the Leger Lord Rockingham's brown bay filly, by Sampson, in 1776, being the first year that popular race was run, and which he won. Old John was of the Catholic persuasion. He was born at Kendal on the 24th of June 1732; his father was a horse-dealer; John became a jockey at the age of sixteen, and rode first at Kirby Lonsdale. During his sporting career, when about twenty, he rode a match between Sir W. Strickland and Sir — Frompton, on which occa-

don a song was published intitled the Yorkshire Knights. He also, as before stated, rode the first winner of the St. Leger; he was the rider of Cyclops, and jockeyed Eclipse in all the great races which that astonishing horse ran. Singleton's last riding was at Chester in 1784. He at one time had raised sufficient money to purchase a horse, which broke its leg in running at Burnswood. Leaving the turf, he set up as a horse dealer; afterwards was a horse breaker and farrier. His wife having been indisposed for two years, he became reduced, and first received a weekly allowance of 3s. from the parish board of Chester, on the 30th July 1818, which he continued to do until the 24th May 1821, when he was admitted into the house and remained there until his death. The old jockey used, with great glee, to recount his various and successful exploits on the turf, and preserved his health and faculties almost unimpaired to within a few days of his demise.

Death of Walton.—The celebrated racer and stallion Walton died on Thursday, Dec. 1, 1825, at Underly, near Kirby Lonsdale, of an inflammation in the bowels, caused by stricture in the gut. Walton was own brother to the celebrated racer and stallion Williamson's Ditto, was got by Sir Peter Teazle, his dam Arethusa (dam of Lancaster, Pan, Echo, Whitburn, &c.) by Dungannon, grandam (St. George and Fancy's dam) by Prophet, great grandam Virago, by Snap—Regulus—sister to Black-and-all-Black, by Crab—Miss Slamerkin, by Young True Blue—Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian—D'Arcy Black-legged Royal Mare, &c. Walton was twenty-six years old, and won during his racing career eighteen prizes; he was put to the stud in the year 1807, and since that time he has proved a valuable acquisition to the Turf, having been the sire of upwards of 80 winners. We gave an excellent portrait of Walton in our 45th volume.

Died on Tuesday evening last (December 6), Daniel Dogherty, of the London Ring. He was a pugilist of the first celebrity, and fought more

battles in the ring than any boxer of the present day: they amounted to thirty. He was considered by the Fancy to possess science of the first order, united with a courage that never allowed him to surrender while capable of motion. He beat Power (the conqueror of Carter), Silverthorne, Tom Cribb's brother three times, Ben Burn in twelve minutes, and a number of the first-rate men on the list—he fought Belcher twice, Tom Reynolds once, and never sustained defeat, except with Belcher and Reynolds. At one time, in Dublin, previous to his last battle with Belcher, he kept his hunter, and sported a livery servant; but, alas! a fondness for "mountain dew" was his ruin, and he died extremely poor, at the age of 39.—*Dublin Morning Post.*

CURIOUS WAGER.

A gentleman lately took a bet that he would cause all the bells of a well-frequented tavern in town to ring at the same period without touching one of them, or even leaving the room. This he accomplished by turning the stop-cock of the main gas pipe, and involving the whole inmates in instant darkness. In a short period the clangour of bells rang from every room and box in the house, which gained him his bet amidst the general laughter and applause even of the losers.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

Pugilism.

Notwithstanding the late dearth in the P. R. a match was knocked up between Young Gas and Maurice Pope, the Wiltshire Champion, on Tuesday the 20th December, at St. Mary Bourne, a village near Andover, for 25l. a-side. Pope attracted some notice by having beaten Santy Parsons, of Bristol, in the same ring in which Spring and Neate fought. Gas being on a professional tour, in conjunction with Tom Oliver and Gaynor, was seconded by them, and Maurice's brother, aided by Mr. Charles King, performed the same office for him. When the combatants were stripped, appearances were

greatly in favour of Pope, who was taller, longer in the reach, and two stone heavier than Gas; but still the known game and bustle of Gas placed him high in the confidence of his backers, and the odds against him were freely taken. The battle lasted about fourteen minutes, during which as many desperate rounds were fought. Pope, after being floored several times, in the last round received a blow on the ear, which stupefied him, and he was consequently obliged to yield the palm of victory to his more experienced opponent, who, however, did not escape without some punishment. It is calculated that there were five thousand spectators present, among whom were some of the provincial *cognoscenti*, who pro-

nounced it a fair and manly exhibition of pugilistic prowess.

Church, the celebrated boxer, distinguished for his hardihood in the London Ring, was engaged in a most sanguinary battle on Saturday, Dec. 24, for £1. with R. Flowers, son of the Warminster fighting smith, at Hilton, near Marlow. The combat lasted more than an hour, and there were many changes, but Church had most decidedly the best of it, and drew three of his adversary's front teeth in the last round but one. Flowers was carried off the ground in a senseless state.

Jem Ward has accepted Brown's challenge; and if any demur should arise, he is open to all England for 500*l.* aside.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

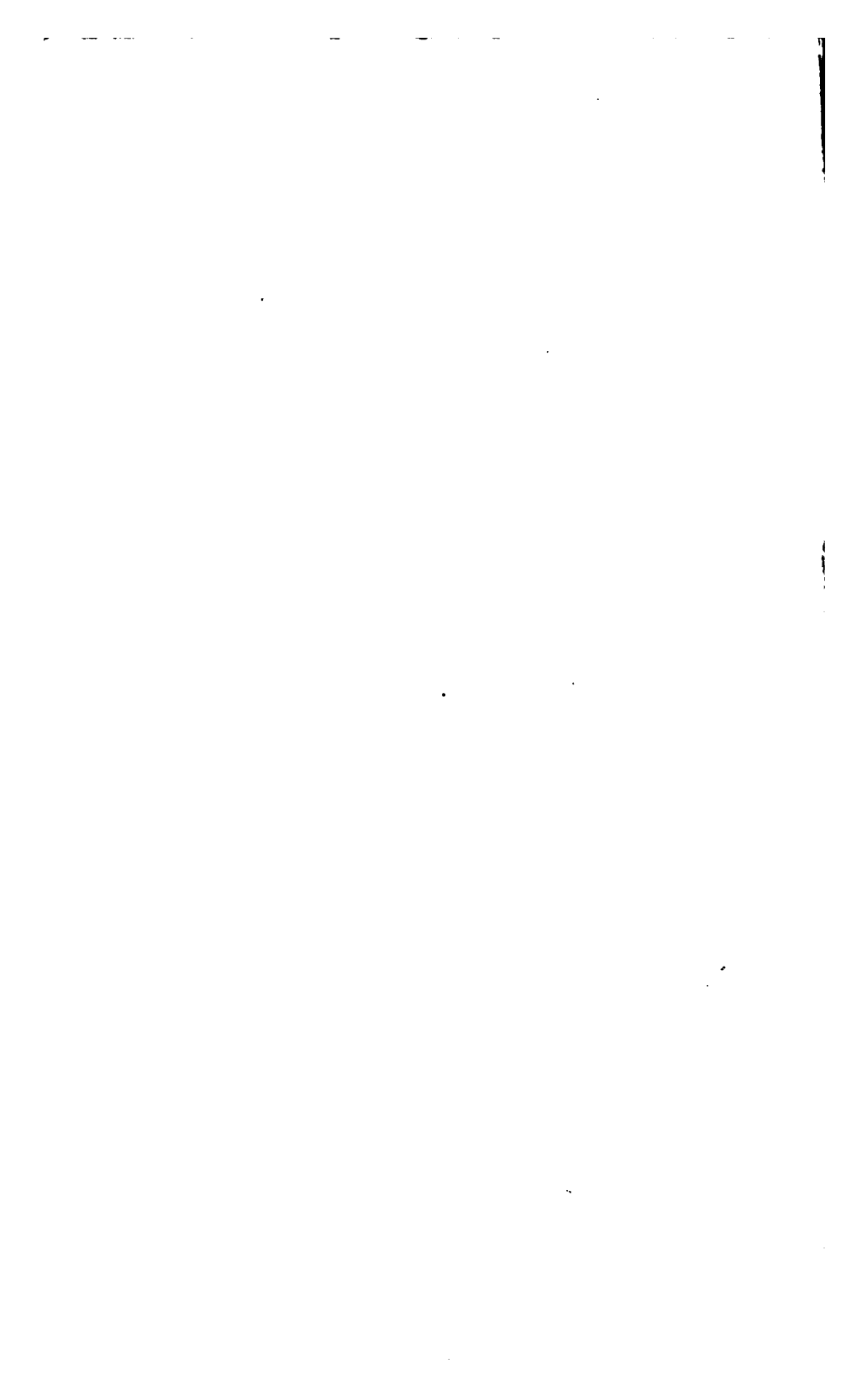
WE cannot suffer this Number to issue from the press, without offering our most grateful acknowledgments to the numerous Correspondents who honour the *SPORTING MAGAZINE* with their valuable communications. To those spontaneous acts of kindness, and particularly to the aid we have received from the elegant pen of NIMROD, rather than to any exertions of our own—(for the information those communications convey is not to be purchased)—do we attribute the popular favour this Magazine now enjoys both at home and abroad. It is most gratifying to us to perceive that we can count this month, among our Contributors, two Foreign Gentlemen; who, from congeniality of feeling to their brother Sportsmen in England, have favored us with some valuable intelligence on sporting matters in their Country. We invite a continuation of their favours, assuring them that such communications are read with interest by all English Sportsmen.

As we announced in our last, a *SUPPLEMENT* is published with the present Number; and, from a perusal of its Contents, our readers will at once perceive that we had no alternative but to adopt that course, or exclude matter of the very highest interest.—The following are the Contents of the Supplement:—

Pedigree and Performances of Memnon, Winner of the last Leger, with a Portrait from a Painting, by Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham. Remarks on Rifle Practice, Fowling Pieces, the Percussion Lock, and Fire Arms in general, by E. Baker. Dray Horses (with a Plate). Phaeton Diabolobietos—a marvellous History of Dick Neck-or-Nought, Driver of the Telegraph Cochea. An Account of Dobberan Races, and a Description of some of the Noblemen's Studs in Mecklenbourg. Cambridgeshire Hunting—Training for the Turf. Serpents—Anecdotes of a Stout and Rabbit—Recipe for the Bite of a Viper—Extraordinary Chase—West Country Riders, &c. &c. On the CONDITION of HUNTERS—by Nimrod. State of the Ring—Anecdote of Jem Ward. Rusticus on Ornithology (continued). The Poacher, No. II. Odds and Ends, by Mr. J. Lawrence. A few Lines on the Article of Tim Bobbin in Defence of Stage Coachmen. Second Letter on the present State of the Turf; and Review of the Sport afforded in the Chief Racing Districts in Great Britain, by The Old Forester. COURSING MEETINGS:—Ashdown Park; Louth; Amesbury; Swaffham; Dangle Hundred, Essex. Lines addressed to Miss * * *, on hearing her sing "Home, Sweet Home!" FEAST OF WIT—WINNERS for 1835.

Should it be necessary to continue publishing an extra Number with each Volume—and from the increasing interest with which Sporting of all kinds is now viewed, and the details necessarily occupying greater space, we apprehend such a measure will be indispensable—we may probably put it forth in the form of a *DOUBLE NUMBER*, under one cover, instead of a Supplement. This will avoid all necessity of giving extra orders, and also prevent any inconvenience in completing the Sets of the Work.

Several favours stand over.—A letter for the *OLD FORESTER* lies at the Publisher's.





SUPPLEMENT TO THE SPORTING MAGAZINE

FOR
JANUARY, 1826.

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Embellished with,

I. *Portrait of MEMNON, Winner of the St. Leger Stakes 1825, from a Painting
by CLIFTON TOMSON, of Nottingham.*

II. DRAY HORSES.

PEDIGREE and PERFORMANCES of MEMNON.

MEMNON, a bay horse, foaled
in 1822 (bred by and the
property of Richard Watt, Esq. of
Bishop Burton, Yorkshire), was
got by Whisker, out of *Manuella*,
by Dick Andrews; grandam *Man-
dane*, by Pot8o's; great grandam
Young Camilla (the dam of Penny
Trumpet, Adagio, afterwards En-
chanter, and Allegretta), by Wood-
pecker; great great grandam *Ca-
milla* (the dam of Ragged Jack,
Colibri, Condor, Catherine, Sophia,
Crazy Poetess, Humming Bird,
and Jerboa), by Trentham; great

great great grandam *Coquette*
(Glider, Driver, Darter, &c.'s
dam), by the Compton Barb; great
great great great grandam *Sister*
to Regulus (the dam of Juggler,
Trap, Sharper, Filch, Tartuffe,
Folly, Musselman, &c.) by the
Godolphin Arabian, &c. &c.

PERFORMANCES.

At Doncaster Meeting, on Sa-
turday, September 18, 1824,
Memnon won the Champagne
Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for two-
year-olds; colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.
Red House in (12 subscribers),
beating Lord Queensberry's *The*
Alderman, Lord Orford's *Back-*
gammon, and Lord Kelburne's *ch*

c. by Viscount, out of Blue Stocking:—5 to 4 agst Memnon, and 8 to 2 agst The Alderman. A good race.—On the Thursday following, at the same place, he won a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for two-year-olds; colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st. Red House In (20 subscribers), beating Lord Queensberry's The Alderman, Mr. Croft's Purity, Mr. Wright's Octavus, Mr. Crompton's Zirza, Mr. Lumley's Salame, Mr. Houldsworth's Maid of Mansfield, Mr. Ridsdale's Cock Robin, Mr. Fox's Linguist, Lord Kelburne's bay colt by Ardrossan, dam by Delpini, Lord Kelburne's ches. colt, by Viscount, out of Blue Stocking, and Lord Fitzwilliam's Trinculo:—5 to 2 agst Trinculo, 3 to 1 agst Salame, 5 to 1 agst Memnon, 5 to 1 agst The Alderman, and 6 to 1 agst Octavus. Won cleverly.

At York Spring Meeting, Monday, May 9, 1825, MEMNON won the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st. Last mile and three-quarters (9 subscribers), beating Lord Kelburne's Dare Devil, Duke of Leeds's Crowcatcher, and Mr. Lumley's Falcon:—6 to 4 on Memnon, and 7 to 4 agst Dare Devil. Won easy.

—At Doncaster, on Tuesday, September 20, he won the Great St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st. St. Leger Course (88 subscribers), beating Mr. Russell's The Alderman, Lord Kelburne's Actæon, Mr. Lumley's Falcon, Mr. Wyndham's Brother to Addy, Lord Kennedy's Homer, Lord Exeter's Redgauntlet, Sir J. Byng's Trinculo, Mr. Crompton's Zirza, Mr. F. Craven's Pastime, Mr. Riddell's Brigand, Lord Kelburne's Dare Devil, Mr. Houlds-

worth's Androgeus, Mr. Houldsworth's His Grace, Mr. Lambton's Count Porro, Major O. Gore's Rapid, Mr. Humphries's bay colt by Ebor, out of Ashton's dam, Sir M. W. Ridley's Fleur de Lis, Mr. Richardson's Brownlock, Mr. Uday's bay colt by Muley, out of a Sister to Petworth, Mr. Holyoake's Dauntless, Mr. Uppleby's Cameline, Colonel King's Ultima, Mr. Wright's Bob Logic, Duke of Leeds's Crowcatcher, Mr. Wright's Octavus, Sir W. Milnes's Hylda, Mr. Butler's Spinaway, Mr. Heathcote's Oberon, and Mr. Baird's Cleveland:—5 to 2 agst Memnon, 5 to 1 agst Redgauntlet, 7 to 1 agst Homer, 9 to 1 agst The Alderman, 14 to 1 agst Brother to Addy, 20 to 1 agst Cleveland, 25 to 1 agst Pastime, 25 to 1 agst Trinculo, and high odds agst any other. Won easy by three lengths.

—On Wednesday, in the same Meeting, he walked over for the Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each, 80 ft. for three-year-olds, St. Leger Course (9 subscribers). He was sold, shortly, after winning the St. Leger Stakes, to the Earl of Darlington, for 3500gs. in whose possession he now is. The above are the whole of his performances, consequently he was never beaten.

MANUELLA (the dam of Memnon), a bay mare, was foaled in 1809, bred by N. W. Hewett, Esq.—At Epsom, May 15, 1812, MANUELLA won the Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. each, Last mile and a half (40 subscribers), beating Duke of Rutland's Elizabeth, Lord Egremont's Sister to Castanea, Mr. Vansittart's ches. filly by Johnny, out of Momentilla's dam, General Gower's Joan of Arc, Mr. Farrell's Lady of the Lake, Mr. Dundas's Anaconda, Mr. Crock-

ford's Pandora, Captain Vyse's Helen, Mr. Batson's Banks, and General Grosvener's Guadina:—11 to 10 on Elizabeth, 9 to 2 agst Sister to Castanea, and 100 to 5 agst Manuella. Won cleverly by nearly a length.—At Doncaster, September 24, she won the Filly Stakes of 20gs. each, with 20 added, for fillies, 8st. 3lb. each, St. Leger Course (13 subscribers), beating Mr. Watt's Mother Bunch, Sir G. Armytage's Pope Joan, Mr. Garforth's Marciana, Lord Fitzwilliam's Wryneck, Mr. Barrett's Larissa, Mr. Duncombe's bay, by Stamford, out of Jemima, and Mr. Crompton's Portia:—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Manuella.—At Richmond, October 6, she walked over for a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb. each (five subscribers), once round the course. She started several times afterwards, but was unsuccessful. In 1814 she was sold to Lord Sackville; afterwards to Sir J. Shelley, who sold her to Mr. Watt, and in whose stud she is now. She is also the dam of

Foaled in	
Mr. Watt's ches. colt <i>The Abbot</i> , by Cerberus	1817
Mr. Watt's bay colt (died young) by Cerberus	1818
Mr. Watt's ches. filly, by Cerberus...	1819
Mr. Watt's ches. colt, by Cerberus,	1820
Mr. Watt's br. filly, by Blacklock...	1821
Mr. Watt's br. colt Belsoni, by Blacklock	1823
Mr. Watt's br. f. by Magistrate.....	1824
Mr. Watt's bay filly, by Whisker...	1825

THE ABBOT was sold, at three years old, to Mr. R. Denham; and at Buxton, July 25, 1821, at 8st. 3lb. he won 50gs. for maiden horses, &c. two-mile heats, beating Mr. Arden's Charlotte, aged, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Wilson's Amelia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.; Mr. Frost's

Primrose, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.; and Mr. Hall's Fair Helen, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.

MANDANE (the dam of MANUELLA, and grandam of MEMNON) was bred by Mr. T. PANTON, foaled in 1800.—At Newmarket Second October Meeting, 1802, MANDANE received 25gs. ft. from Mr. Neale's Reptile, 8st. 11lb. each, Ab. M. 100gs. h. ft.—At Brixthelmstone, August 9, 1803, MANDANE, 8st. 7lb. beat Lord Egremont's Lampedosa, 2 yrs old, 8st. last half mile, 50gs.:—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Mandane. Won easy. Next race, at 6st. 6lb. she was beat by only half a neck, by Lord Egremont's Trinidad, 4 yrs old, 10st. three-quarters of a mile, 50gs. She started three times besides the above, in which races she was unsuccessful. She was then put to the stud, and was also the dam of

Foaled in	
Mr. Panton's filly, by Whiskey.....	1804
Mr. Panton's bay colt <i>Earnest</i> , by Buzzard	1805
Sir C. Turner's bay colt <i>Flyp</i> , by Whiskey	1807
Mr. Watt's ches. filly (died a foal), by Trumpator.....	1808
Mr. Watt's ches. filly <i>Altisidora</i> , by Dick Andrews.....	1810
Mr. Watt's bay filly <i>Petuaris</i> (sold into Ireland), by Orville	1811
Mr. Watt's bay colt <i>Captain Can-did</i> , by Cerberus.....	1813
Mr. Watt's ch. colt <i>Pococurante</i> , by Langton	1816
Mr. Watt's bay filly <i>Muta</i> , by Tramp	1819
Mr. Watt's bay colt <i>Tucker</i> , now <i>Lottery</i> , by Tramp	1820
Mr. Watt's br. colt <i>Brutandorf</i> , by Blacklock.....	1821
Mr. Watt's bay filly, by Whisker...	1822

In 1812 missed to Orville; 1814 to Cerberus; 1815 to Dick Andrews; 1817 cast her foal by Tramp; 1818, missed to Tramp.

BAKER'S REMARKS ON RIFLE-PRACTICE, FOWLING PIECES, THE PERCUSSION LOCK, AND FIRE-ARMS IN GENERAL—THE NINTH EDITION.

THE progress of knowledge has, not unaptly, been compared to a river, which, rising from a small source, is gradually swelled by tributary streams, until it fills a capacious channel, and flows along broad, deep, and powerful. This simile applies generally to Englishmen—they are slow of invention, most successful in improvement. If the French invent a ruffle, an Englishman puts a shirt to it: and if our countrymen cannot boast of so many inventions as our neighbours, the correctness of their judgment, their indefatigable perseverance and industry, are sure in the end of realising perfection—at least as much so as is given to finite mortals to attain. We have a strong instance of this fact in the volume before us. Mr. Baker has devoted a long life in furtherance of improvements in fire-arms; and as these improvements have been sanctioned by the approbation of the highest rank, he has been induced to submit them to public approbation, not, as he says, for his own benefit, but for the safety and protection of his countrymen.

The commencement of the volume relates to Rifles; and indeed, on its first publication, his "Remarks" were confined to that practice. As, however, his improvements have borne the test of experience, and have been generally adopted in the Service, as well as by the East India Company—all rifles being now made upon his principle—it is unnecessary to go minutely into their various merits—

in which, among others most interesting to sportsmen, are—the easily separating the jaws of the cock which may have become tight from rust or other causes—a new method of fixing the flint tight—cautions to sportsmen on falling with guns in their hands—a safety bolt to the locks to prevent the numerous casualties which occur from the accidental discharge of a gun—the best wad-ding, &c. &c.

A general analysis of the work is printed at the end, commencing with his Rifle-Practice, loading, and portion of powder; presenting and taking aim; judging distances—followed by general observations on these points, embracing all his practical instructions. We then come to "Specific Remarks on Fowling Pieces." He does not profess to give an elaborate dissertation on shooting, nor to refute the absurd doctrines which have been propagated, or rather the ridiculous minutiae with which many works on that subject are interlarded—neither does he consider marvellous anecdotes of extraordinary performances at all necessary to elucidate the art—he leaves the *practical* test to the gamekeeper, or to those who take pleasure in

"Teaching the young idea how to shoot:"

confining himself to a view of fowling-pieces in general. After describing what he considers the proper length, weight, &c. of fowling pieces, "to do as much execution as may be reasonably required," Mr. Baker proceeds to point out the frequent accidents that occur with double-barrelled guns—and goes on:—

"As I am anxious to put every one on his guard, I will endeavour to point out in what manner they happen, and how to prevent them.

It is a common occurrence, that gentlemen usually fire the right-hand barrel at a single bird; and if another do not rise to discharge his left-hand barrel, he will continue to fire the same barrel for many hours. In this case, the charge in the other barrel will become loose:—and the same will occur with the right, if the left be fired first. When the shot by this practice becomes loose, the air will find its way between the powder and shot, and there is then great danger of the barrel bursting; more particularly in percussion guns. To prevent such a catastrophe, when you charge the barrel which has been fired, put your ramrod down the other or loaded barrel; by which means, both charges become solid, and no danger can accrue. By this method, however, I have known much trouble arise from carelessness. For example: having reloaded with powder the barrel fired off—many gentlemen, who are aware of the necessity of ramming down the charge in the other barrel, leave the rammer in the one while they put the shot into the other—and it sometimes happens, from hurry or some other cause, that a few shots will fall into that barrel where the ramrod remains quiet, and thus fix it so tight that it is not easy to remove it. In this case, the piece must be turned upside down, and the ramrod gently moved; when the shot, so fallen in, will come out. Of course the charge of shot in the other barrel will fall out too, as there is no wadding to prevent it. I mention this last trifling loss of shot, as even that may be saved by turning the gun over into your hand.—I have also known barrels burst from the sportsman falling, or from getting dirt or snow in the muzzle—in either of which cases, the gun should never be fired until it has been carefully inspected for the former, and perfectly cleaned from the latter.”

On a ramrod sticking fast in the barrel, while loading, Mr. Baker remarks—

“ I have frequently experienced this untoward circumstance, and have no doubt that thousands have done

the same. Indeed I have known many gentlemen shoot away the ramrod, because they could not get it out of the barrel, which has hindered their sport for a day or two before they could get another.”—“ Pour a little water down the barrel, and by working the ramrod gently up and down, the filth which appertains to the barrel will become loosened, and the ramrod be drawn with ease. As water may not always be had, a little urine will have the same effect.”

We shall not preserve the exact order of his analysis, and shall therefore proceed with the important subject, which has caused such a variety of opinions—we mean, the PERCUSSION LOCK. Colonel Hawker admits that it has been greatly over-rated, and he quotes our author's opinion in corroboration of his own. Mr. Baker does not condemn them—except in so far that few of them undergo that proof which he considers the only test of safety. He enters fully into the subject, shewing its advantages and disadvantages, and evidently and satisfactorily proves that the former are very slight when put in competition with the latter. Its principal claim to favour over the flint lock arises from the *instantaneous* ignition of the powder, and that it will act in rain and snow more correctly. But he feels satisfied that more execution will be done at an equal distance with the charge from the flint. His objections to the percussion principle are, that the barrels are not made of sufficient power to support the extra force naturally arising from the quickness of the ignition, more particularly in double-barrels, and that the recoil to the shoulder is more powerful. He then goes on to say,

“ If, however, gentlemen, after this, *for its advantages*, prefer the percussion to the common flint lock, I would strongly recommend to them

the following important consideration:—To be very cautious in the choice of fowling pieces; to *PROVE* the barrel by the percussion principle, particularly in double-barrels; as, in both, the suddenness of the ignition being confined in a narrow compass, naturally strains the barrel, and causes it to burst—thus ascertaining if the breech be made of sufficient strength of metal to meet its power."

Mr. Baker then details the result of various experiments, tried upon barrels which had undergone the proof at the Company of Gun-makers' proof-house, both in their single and double state; yet, when proved upon what he terms *its own principle*—that is, with powder equal to the weight of the ball—the barrels bulged and were much shivered. We cannot follow him through all his various experiments: but we must quote a passage respecting two, which, he says,

"Stood every proof which is usually considered safe; and yet, from the suddenness with which the powder is ignited by the detonating principle, *all the barrels failed*. Consequently, the result of these experiments convinces me, beyond any theoretical views entertained by others, that the proof of double barrels with the percussion locks *can only be satisfactorily proved by the detonating principle*. Every other proof, however it may appear to pass the ordeal of safety, is not a sufficient guarantee: and I can only add to my former injunctions, that no gentleman should venture to use the double-barrel with the percussion lock, without having it first proved by its own strength and power."

He then goes on to say—

"Requisite proof is all that I urge to ensure safety; and I cannot too often repeat the caution, to submit every fowling-piece to that proof, and to the inspection of competent judges.

"This, and this alone, I am satisfied, will prevent many of the accidents which so frequently occur from

the bursting of barrels by the percussion, and indeed every other lock; and although, as I have before remarked, it is impossible to ascertain precisely whether the greater number, either of loss of eyes, of fingers, or hands, or even death itself, arise from the one description of lock or the other; yet the hope of benefiting my fellow-countrymen has induced me to submit my opinion, and the result of my experiments, to their consideration, by earnestly calling their attention to a subject of such essential importance: and I shall feel the highest gratification, if, by these observations, I should be the humble means of entirely averting or lessening so much of human misery."

"For percussion double-barreled guns, each pair of barrels should be stouter at the breech, for fourteen inches up the barrels, by at least six ounces, in order to withstand the extra force. In a single barrel there is not so much danger."

Mr. Baker gives some important directions respecting the purchasing of fire-arms, pointing out in strong terms the dangers that must accrue from damaged barrels; and though he does not mean to throw "the slightest reflection on those respectable pawnbrokers who dispose of fire-arms second hand," he recommends "purchasers to apply to established makers, whose credit and respectability depend on selling genuine articles;" as to the former, they sell "*what they have*, many of which are known to be manufactured for sale, on spurious articles refused by gun-makers; and whoever ventures to risk his money and his safety on such fire-arms does so without the slightest warranty."

Our author, with that benevolent anxiety which pervades the volume—to prevent the accidents which are of daily occurrence from the unpardonable practice of pointing fire-arms towards another,

whether in joke, or for the purpose of frightening them, recommends a new system of education with a view to attain that object.

"It would perhaps," he says, "be a new system in education, but I am convinced it would be a most admirable one, if parents and guardians, masters, tutors, and every person engaged in the instruction of children, were early to impress upon them the dangers arising from pointing or presenting fire-arms at any one. I always shudder whenever I witness it: and, I repeat, if cautioned in their infancy, a practice so fraught with ruin might be prevented, and many valuable lives be thereby preserved. In the nursery, at school, in short every opportunity should be embraced to enforce obedience to so necessary an injunction, and to impress upon them the wretchedness they may entail on perhaps their dearest and best friends by so wanton and unnecessary a practice."

These are the principal features in the volume before us. But in an ADDENDA, he gives some valuable directions for casting balls; and a description of a new bullet-mould and clipper, which at one action removes the castable or neck of the ball, and renders it perfectly round. To this is added a letter to the Society of Arts, describing a further invention in gun-locks, consisting of a screw-pin, by which to regulate the mainsprings of locks of every description of fire-arms, when they lose their strength, either from wear or from climate. The method adopted appears to us to be as efficacious as it is simple; and may be applied with equal effect to the locks of doors and spring bolts.

For this last improvement Mr. Baker received a THIRD silver medal from the Society of Arts; the second being for the Bullet-mould and Clipper, and the first "for a

method of rendering fire-arms more safe to the bearer, and more effectual in use." The approbation of such a Society is the best test of the value set upon the exertions of our author.

In Addenda, letter D, we find a description of a machine for taking true sight, &c. by which any gentleman may give the most minute directions as to the stocking of his gun, so as the most perfect accuracy may be attained. This machine, or measure, is really ingenious, varying the stock in all directions, by means of screws, and appears to have been made in consequence of His Majesty having remarked that his fowling-pieces were not exactly correct to his sight. This stimulated the exertions of our author, who, when he had completed the machine, submitted it to the King, and had the distinguished honour of receiving His Majesty's commands to form the stock of his fowling pieces, where practicable, according to his own fixing; and acknowledged it to be the best model he had ever seen for the stocking guns to perfect accuracy.

The volume concludes with a description of fire-arms, embracing all his improvements deposited in the Royal Arsenal of Woolwich; so that if any doubt could possibly exist as to Mr. Baker's motives, they are by this proceeding sufficiently obvious:—

"My principal object," he says, "in doing so, is that of serving my country; as, if any necessity should ever occur of calling into action our utmost means for its defence, or that our brave troops should be called to other parts of the world for the protection of the honour of Old England, these improvements in fire-arms may be registered for the benefit of my native land—and that an humble in-

individual may derive a conscious gratification in being the instrument of advancing the arts and sciences under a Sovereign whose feelings are so alive to the welfare of his people, and whose judgment so correctly appreciates the value of scientific works."

There is a short article on "Refutation of Errors," in which the author combats the inaccuracies which have been put forth; and at the same time that he refutes the points attempted to be substantiated, gives sufficient reasons for calling them in question. They will be read with interest: as indeed will the whole volume, of which we have only given a brief sketch. Every sportsman should have it on his table; as it contains, in addition to what we have abstracted, many valuable documents, founded on practical experience and sound judgment.

Mr. Baker seems to have labored hard in his vocation; and however his opinions may differ from others, we have here the result of fifty years experience—and we thank him most sincerely for his devotion to so good a cause. Whether his endeavours to avert calamity are crowned with success, or not, he will have the consolation of feeling that he has endeavored "to do his duty." He had entered warmly, strenuously; and with his whole heart and soul into the cause he has espoused. An eminent writer says, "Heroes and politicians may astonish the age that produces them, and witnesses their exploits—but doubts may arise as to the ultimate utility resulting to mankind from their achievements, and regrets may mingle with the most brilliant recollections of History." And again, "When statues, erected by Vanity or Pride, moulder at the touch of Time, the names of the professors of arts and sciences shall

live, even until organized Nature forget her motions, or Tradition its powers of utterance."

If Mr. Baker's improvements are not of sufficient importance to be handed down to posterity with the name of WATT, we at least, who may benefit by his discoveries and improvements, are bound to consider him as the benefactor of the present generation.

His concluding axiom should be indelibly impressed on every one's mind; and we trust that every one will act upon Mr. Baker's principle, and in following his example, adopt that best of all injunctions, which he so repeatedly urges, that
PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

DRAY HORSES.

OUR Artist has presented us with a natural and correct representation of the DRAY HORSES of the Metropolis, with their costume of harness. The number of these fine elephantic beasts, kept by the Brewers and Distillers, evinces the magnitude and extent of those imposing and golden concerns. The keep of these horses, which is generally of the highest order, absorbs a vast annual sum. They are generally of Belgic origin; for as this country has originally been indebted to Barbary and Arabia for her race horses, so she has procured her large draught cattle from Flanders. Among the amateurs of the draught horse, the Messrs. Booth, distillers at Brentford, have, during many years, stood first. Their cattle generally shew much foreign blood, are in the highest condition, gently treated by their drivers, and their set-out with respect to trappings is in the best and most respectable style.

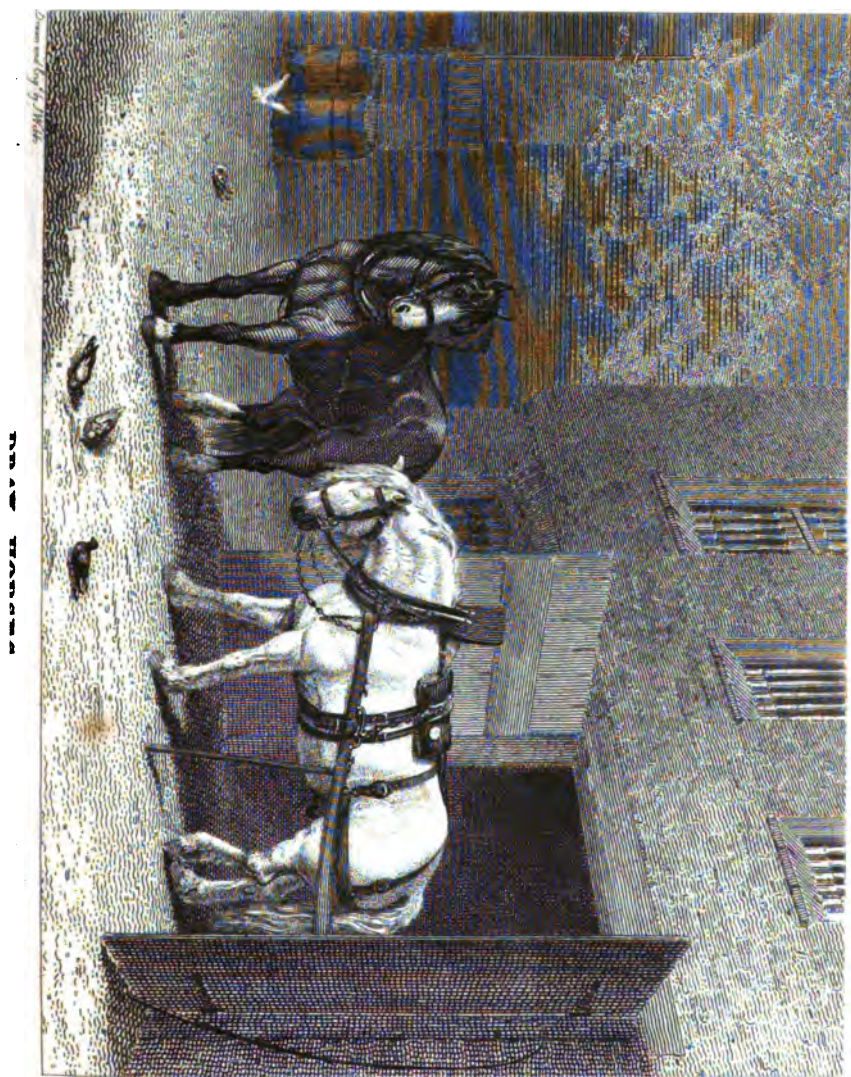
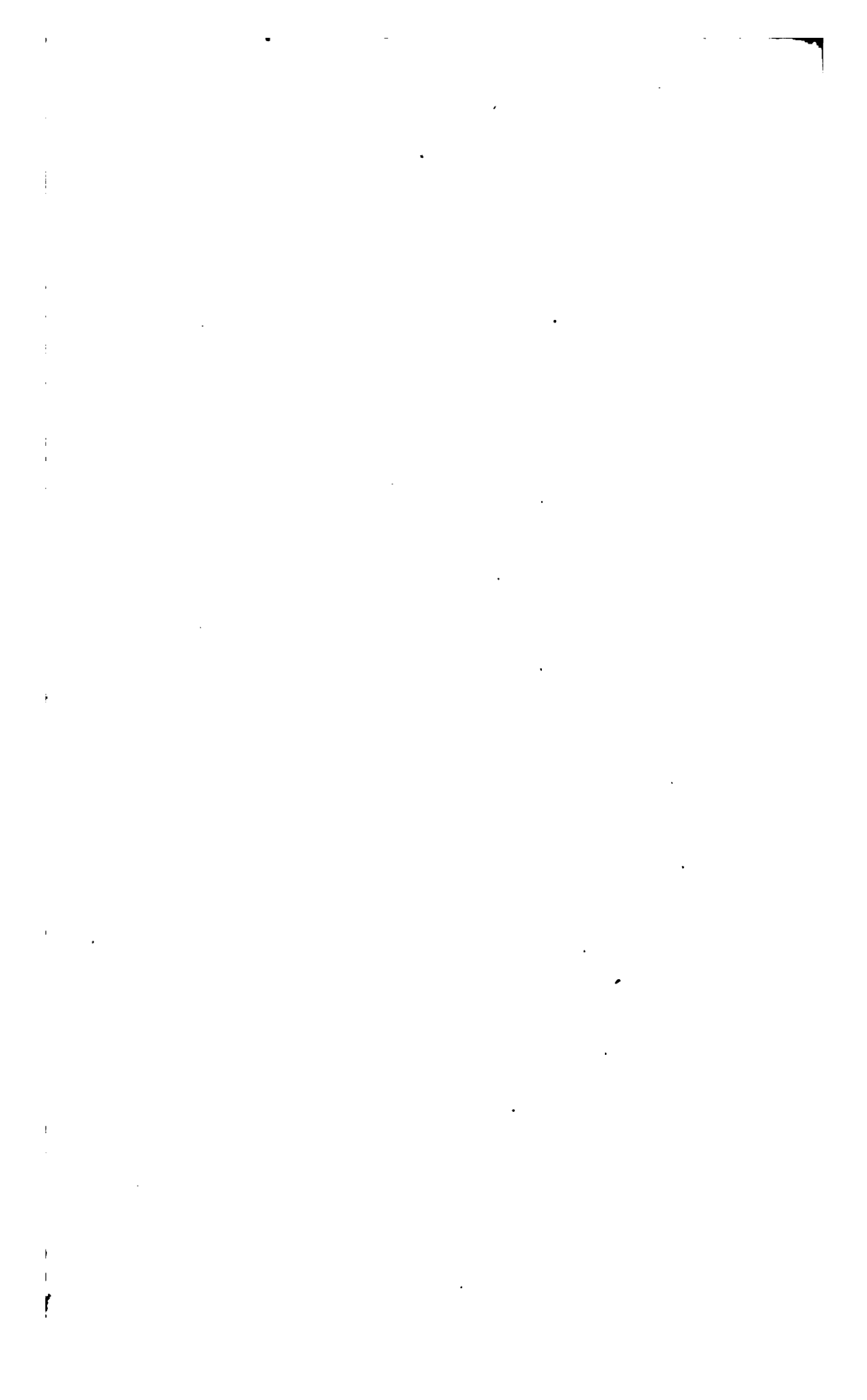


Illustration by J. H. M. H.

THE END OF THE WORLD



PHAËTON DIABOLOBLETOS.

A metatranslation of Dick Neck-or-nought, Driver of the
Telegraphic Coach.

DICK Neck-or-nought sat in the White Horse tap*,
And a mournful man was he,
That he was prevented by woful hap
From driving his good Télé.

For Vice-Chancellour brave, Heads of Houses grave,
Did so in their wisdom ordain,
That no coach should go down† on a Sunday to town,
Or on Sunday come back again.

O then spake out Dick Neck-or-nought stout,
And a terrible oath sware he—

“ Now if next Sunday I fail to drive
By the Kirke of Sayncte Marie,

At the hour of three, my good Télé,
Then never again may I drive;
But ev’n let Old Nick mount the coach-box of Dick,
As sarten as I’m alive!”

O blythely arose the Sunday morn;
And blythe rose the Neck-or-nought gay,
And gaily, I wot, did himself adorn,
To Cambridge to drive that day.

With his hosen so tight, and his castor so white,
And his caxon in tippy curl;
His dingee coat was a varmint stout,
Y’button’d with mother of pearl.

And merrily up to the box he sprang,
As Saynct Dunstan’s clock struck nine;
“ Ya hip, my hearties!” he cheerly sang,
“ In Cambridge I mean to dine.

But never a passenger, out nor in,
Could jolly Dick Neck-or-nought find,
Save a sallow-faced gentleman, tall and thin,
Who rode in the dicky behind.

And fast did they fly merry Iseldon by,
And by Tottenham flew they fast,
And by Edmonton gay, and by Waltham Abbey,
And that auncient rood they past.

But never a word spake that passenger brown,
But a long pipe smoked he,
Which lasted him even to Ware from town,
Smelling right sulphurouslie.

* In Fetter Lane, London.

† The dignity of Alma Mater requires that all other places should be considered below her, even the Gogmagogs. From Cambridge to London, therefore, is κατάβασις.

But when as they got to Ware, well I wot,
And stopped awhile at the Inn,
Then that passenger brown laid his long pipe down,
And call'd for a glass of gin.

O then might ye see a wonderful sight!
For, as he was drinking his gin,
All over the glass play'd a flame so bright,
Without his mouth and within.

But small heed gave the Neck-or-nought brave,
As he sprang to the box with glee,
And the dash of the heels and the clash of the wheels
Told far of his good Telé.

And fast did they fly merry Wadesmill by,
And by Puckeridge fast they flew,
Nor rest did they until merry Barkway
They speedily came unto.

And when as they came to merry Barkway,
There an heap of stones appear'd;
But into the heap went the Neck-or-nought gay,
Nor aught for his Telé he fear'd.

O wight too rash! for an horrible crash,
As over the stones went he,
Gave thundering token that something was broken:
Alas! 'twas an axle-tree!

But soon at Barkway did a conynge wheelwright
Find a gay new axle-tree;
Yet a good half hour had sped its flight
Ere off went the good Telé.

(And all the while did that gentleman smile
Who rode in the dicky behind;
Yet why he should grin at the coach breaking in,
Could never Dick Neck-or-nought find.)

But a crack of the whip made the leaders to skip,
And fast they went clattering on,
Till soon in view of the towre they drew
Of auncient Trumpington.

O then in what stowre Dick look'd at that towre!
O what can the Neck-or-nought see?
The moon?—or a cloud?—or a coffin?—or a shroud?—
Or a fiend?—or a party at tea*?

'Tis none of these that Neck-or-nought sees,
On Trumpington's auncient towre;
But the clock's minute hand doth at sixty stand,
And at three is the hand of the hour.

And four for the quarters, and three for the hour,
Rang out over wood and plain;
Then loudly 'gan rave the Neck-or-nought brave,
And flogged his horses amain.

* This sublime passage has been borrowed, without acknowledgment, by Mr. Wordsworth, in his *Peter Bell*, who, concerning the said tea-party, employs an *hendiadys*, implying a very coarse superlative of "silent."

Then first spake up from the dicky behind
 That gentleman tall and thin ;
 " Sir Neck-or-nought, if ye be so inclin'd,
 I myself will drive ye in."

Then a glad man, I wot, was that bold Neck-or-nought;
 " Ye may drive and be welcome," said he ;
 " I reck not a bit, Sir, what comes o'the tits, Sir,
 Now I cannot be in by three."

And that gentleman grim of the whip hath ta'en hold,
 And tight hath he grasp'd the rein ;
 Saynct Fyakers* speed thee, thou Neck-or-nought bold,
 Thou never shalt drive again !

Like a serpent's trail shew'd his coat's long tail,
 His eyen like bonfires burn'd,
 And his Wellington boot to an horny foot,
 Wish a cleft in the middle, was turn'd.

His red nose blaz'd on his black physz rais'd,
 From his mouth came a flame all red,
 As thus to the Neck-or-nought, sorely amas'd,
 He thunder'd in words of dread :

" Well hast thou vow'd, thou Neck-or-nought proud !
 And as thou hast vow'd it shall be !
 So since thou hast failed this day to drive
 By the Kirke of Sayncte Marie,

At the hour of three, thy good Télé,
 Now never again shalt thou drive ;
 For now is old Nick on the coach box of Dick,
 As sarten as thou'rt alive !"

And fast into air then vanish'd the pair,
 And vanish'd the Télé, I ween,
 And never again were that ghastly twain,
 And that wondrous Télé seen :

Yet still on the road of Trumpington bread,
 Though nought may the traveller see ;
 The daashing of heels and the clashing of wheels
 Tell far of that good Télé.

Full oft on that read bath the Freshman stood,
 That wondrous noise to hear,
 And deem'd that the Lynn, on the Fly coming in,
 Rang rattling on his ear.

And oft hath he gone to the one-mile stone,
 At night when Proctoures range,
 And left the page of Euclide sage,
 To list to that rattling strange.

And still must resound that wonderful sound,
 While Trumpington road survives ;
 For, by proverb of old, whilome it was told—
~~Sounds must upon the Devil drive.~~

* Patron Saint of the Parisian Hackney-coachmen.

AN ACCOUNT OF DOBBERAN RACES, AND A DESCRIPTION OF SOME OF THE NOBLEMEN'S STUDS IN MECKLENBOURG.

For the Sporting Magazine.

RACES have been established at the celebrated Baths of Dobberan since the year 1822; and sums to a large amount are annually subscribed by the noblemen and gentlemen of this part of Germany, for the encouragement of the breed of thorough-bred horses, and for the improvement of the breed of the country horses.

DOBBERAN MEETING.

August 15, 1825.

First Subscription Prize—**Frederick Francis' Course**—won by Count Plessen's horse *Cæsario*, by *Herodotus*, out of *Hesperia*, by *Cæsario*, dam by John Bull.

Second Subscription Prize, won by Count Plessen's chestnut colt *Rubello*, by Young Dick Andrews, out of a Waxy mare, her dam Darling.

Third Subscription Prize, won by Count Plessen's dark chestnut horse *Tancred*, by *Herodotus*, dam by *Camillus*, her dam by *Walnut*, &c. &c.

Fourth Subscription Prize for three-year-old colts and fillies, won by Mr. Poggi Brunsdorf's bay colt by *Sebastian*, who was got by *Selim* out of a *Javelin* mare.

Gold Cup, given by the Hereditary Grand Duchess for horses of every country, won by Count Plessen's horse *Typhon*.

Silver Cup, given by the Hereditary Grand Duchess, won by Mr. Detmering's chestnut mare *Elvira*, by the *Knave of Diamonds*.

These races were attended by upwards of 20,000 people and 300

carriages. The course is an English mile in length, and the races were run in 1 min. 56 sec. to 2 min. 3 sec. Produce Stakes and Matches are made to the year 1830.

Count Plessen (the father of the Prussian Ambassador in London) won most of the prizes, having many thorough-bred horses. He has the largest private stud in civilized Europe, possessing 130 brood mares. His famous stallion *Herodotus*, got by *Morwick Ball*, out of *Herodias*, by *King Herod*, was taken to Paris at the invasion in 1806, and was restored at the treaty of Paris; he now covers at Ivenach. This stud merits the attention of all travellers visiting Mecklenbourg. A pack of hounds has been kept by this nobleman upwards of fifty years.

The studs of Barons de Biel, of Zierow and Weitendorf, the promoters and institutors of these races, promise in a few years to rival some of the best in England. These noblemen have been at a considerable expense in procuring the best thorough-bred mares and stallions: their stables, paddocks, sheds, boxes for brood mares and foals, paddocks for their young stock, are in every respect perfect: every thing relative to the care and attention of these superior animals is most strictly attended to. An excellent private training ground has been made this year at Zierow. Their valuable flock of 5000 Saxon sheep, under the management and care of Mr. Bippen, a very intelligent man from Mr. Fellenberg's Institution at Hoffwyl, in Switzerland; their superior breed of horned cattle, pigs, &c. &c. are worthy the notice of all travellers visiting this part of Germany.

STALLIONS TO COVER AT WEITENDORF, 1826.

Robin Hood, by Muley, out of Miss Witch, by Sorcerer; her dam Rosette, by Young Woodpecker.

Little John, by Juniper, out of Romance, by Gouty, &c. &c.

Young Tiresias, by Tiresias, out of a mare by Partisan.

Young Pericles, by Pericles, dam by Selim, her dam Pipylina, &c. &c. was sold to the Duke of Cambridge, when he visited this establishment in 1824, and now covers at His Majesty's stud in Hanover.

BROOD MARES AT WEITENDORF.

Streamlet, by Rubens; her dam Sister to Champion.

Pamina, by Orville, out of the Maid of Orleans. This mare winner of two Gold Cups at Dobberan Meetings in 1822, 1823. Her expected produce sold for 35 Louis.

A mare, by Partisan, out of the Oscar mare; her dam Dairy Maid, by Diomed. She came over with a colt foal at her foot, by Tiresias.

A mare, by Granicus, out of the Young Whiskey mare; her dam Aladdin's dam, by Walnut. The fillics of this mare are of great promise, and are reserved for brood mares.

A mare, by Timekeeper. The produce of this mare, a chesnut colt, got by Little John, engaged in Stakes at the Dobberan Meeting, 1828.

A mare, got by Overseer, out of Erina, by Giant—winner of a Steeple Chase of nine English miles, rode by the owner at Berlin, 1824.

A stallion and four thoroughbred mares are expected from England this year.

The stud of the Grand Duke of

Mecklenbourg Schwerin, at Redo-fin, is a very magnificent establishment, and cost upwards of 300,000 dollars. There are a hundred stallions kept for the service of this duchy, and are sent in the Spring to the different districts, where they cover gratis—there are several fine mares, and two thoroughbred English stallions: viz.

Oracle, by Sorcerer, out of Emily, by Worthy; bought of Baron Biel, of Zierow.

Wildfire, by Waxy, out of Penelope, by Trumpator.

Count Bassewitz, of Preberede, has lately fitted up his stables, made paddocks, sheds, and boxes, for the reception of thoroughbred mares, &c. &c., at a great expense, and intends breeding for the turf. He possesses a brown colt, by Robin Hood, out of Streamlet, by Rubens, of great promise. His brother lately purchased two Yorkshire mares for 1500 dollars. Count Bernstorff, of Wedendorf, and Mr. Lerezow, of Moskow, have considerable studs. Most of the Noblemen and Gentlemen in this country reside on their estates a great part of the year, and have turned their attention to the improvement of their breed of horses, and their flocks, in consequence of the low price of corn, and the high import duties in England. Four thousand horses were sold in Mecklenbourg last year.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE HUNTING—TRAINING FOR THE TURF.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IF the following letter on a visit to Cambridge, &c. be worthy a place in your very amusing Magazine, you will oblige by its insertion an old Subscriber.

Having a young relative graduating at Cambridge, who had given me many pressing invitations to spend a few days in that land of learning, I availed myself of a short residence in town to revisit this scene of youthful delights and follies. Accordingly at 3 p. m. I placed myself by the side of honest Joe Walkey, leaving the dingy atmosphere of the metropolis for a purer air, and (to me) more pleasing scene—the country.

To those who, like myself, had ever the happiness of fingering the ribbons with this jolly son of whipcord (for Joe was wont to be good-natured), this journey must have afforded very great pleasure. Coachee was in prime health, facetious as usual, and whiled away the time by repeating the pleasing anecdotes and tales of bye-gone days. I know no coach better horsed, or safer, than the 'Cambridge Times.' I shall be told, perhaps, Mr. Walker's *Bognor* is the "ne plus ultra;" and freely do I confess its superior appearance out of town; but I would back the former coach with Joe Walkey's hand for a hundred.

Every part of the road reminded me of days of yore; and *Chesterford*, the winning post for a lark across the country, was still pleasant to my eyes, not forgetting Mrs.——'s cherry bounce, and her good-humoured smile.

I had not visited the University since I took my degree; and, as I drove through the town, the Colleges, St. Mary's, with the passing cap and gown, all recalled to mind the happy days of my youth; but "*if n'y a nulle plaisir sans peine*," and my joy was checked on perceiving, that, among all the merry faces by which I was surrounded, few were known to me;

and I reflected, with melancholy feelings, that the many youthful candidates for fame and honour with whom *my* race had been run, were now plodding through the world, seeking "that bubble reputation:" some, perhaps, feeling the iron hand of adversity; whilst others, who had set out with prospects gay and blooming as my own, and who equally hoped for length of days and happiness, had sunk by pale disease, or the common chances of nature, into the silent and gloomy mansions of the grave. To such, Peace to their manes! I cannot avoid thus digressing. Fain would I keep such remarks from your Magazine, but a cloud *will* gather in spite of the sun.

My relative and a Gownsmen, a son of Devonian, were waiting my arrival, when I adjourned to their rooms, which were out of College, in the vicinity of "naughty Barnwell;" but *that* place, like all others in this day of learning and refinement, is much improved. We spent the day in that hilarity and mirth which no creature enjoys with so high a zest as a Collegian—from the mere fact, I suppose, of such pleasures being in some measure stolen. It was agreed that I should on the following day hunt with the Gransden, and Potton Wood was their fixture, where I arrived with several others at ten o'clock. The Gransden are a pack of fairly-bred fox-hounds, possessing abundance of bone, but not that fineness of blood one wishes to see; nor did they stoop, as in my opinion they exactly should, to their fox, or pack well together. This, probably, is no fault of theirs; but being kept chiefly by several gentlemen farmers, although a huntsman is appointed, they seem

to be at every Member's halloo, verifying the old adage, "too many cooks spoil the broth." To do the pack justice, however, I have no doubt that with care and a little trouble in hunting them, (judging from the runs I had,) much improvement would be the consequence: at present, little attention seems paid to their respective sizes and speed. We killed a brace of foxes after very excellent running, though the day was heavy, and the country a tremendous one: death, notwithstanding, closed the career of these wily animals.

Cambridge sportsmen are by no means degenerated, nor are there many more *promising* young *workmen* across any country than some of the present University men. One *Johnion*, on a *grey galloway*, particularly took my attention: he and his horse were the admiration of all: at timber I never saw a higher or better fencer, and his speed kept pace with his other good qualities. Though a young head was on him, it was self-evident the hand of a superior workman guided. Another gentleman (whose sister is married to one of our first sporting Baronets) convinced me he had taken a few lessons from his worthy relative; and certain am I, should health crown the days of this son of the chase, his teacher will have no occasion to blush for him: if he fails in making a right *good-un* I am deceived. There were others who did the *thing* well; but with so large a field as a fixture near a University gives, it is hard to distinguish all. My relative placed me on a Cambridge hack, and told me, if I summoned up resolution, and did as I was formerly wont, I should not be lost; so I determined to "screw my courage to the sticking place,"

and do as the Romans did—ride *like the devil*. Seldom have I been better carried, and, without boasting, I was by no means badly placed at the runs in.

The country over which the Gransden hunt is not good for foxes: their largest and best coverts are badly situated, being low and wet; and those on the high grounds are small, and have not sufficient underwood to allow a fox remaining long in them. There is a pretty pack of harriers kept close to Cambridge, by some of the gentlemen of the town, and hunted by an old huntsman of Sir Rose Price's, who has made this little pack, I was informed, a delightful one to follow, and their country affords hares in plenty.

I had a great desire to have looked at the Oakley hunt, but time would not permit. One day I spent in visiting Newmarket, in order to have a peep at the horses then in training. Unfortunately none of the principals were at home; but Mr. Pettit, who behaved in the most handsome manner, disclosed to my longing eyes the treasures of his stables; which consisted of *Bravura*, then training and looking remarkably well, and I was fully convinced she would be no joke to shake off over a short course. *Verbina* was also in fine condition; but I always thought her stride too short to become any thing like a first-rate; Hyde Park seems more her sphere. Notwithstanding her performances this year, and beating the *quondam* mighty Bizarre, my opinion is not altered. *Retreat* seemed a promising colt, and shewed the handy work of his groom in his appearance, bidding fair to realize his owner's most sanguine wishes. Poor *Nicola* was down in one of his fore legs

from a strain, or other hurt, and was I understood for sale. Here was another convincing proof, added to the many I heretofore had, in seeing one of the best-bred horses in the kingdom, his son as a racer completely set, when, according to my judgment, it should just have risen:—I mean, by the present mode of bringing horses at so tender an age to the post. It is utterly impossible that such a large and lengthy colt, for instance, as *Nicolo* was, could have arrived at any thing like his natural strength at *three years* old; and it must be evident that no horse can reach sixteen or seventeen hands in height at that age, without being much forced; and if so, how in the name of common sense can such a hot-house plant possess those powers, the natural growth of five years must give—at which period the frame is stiffened by age, and the sinews expanded and brought well into play? The very weight of an overgrown colt with hard work is sufficient to make him *amiss*, barring any extras. I never saw many colts shew more good racing capabilities than *Nicolo* did, and I little doubt, had he not been trained until five years old, a most brilliant racer would have rewarded his possessor's forbearance. From what I have seen of *Cleveland*, I incline to think he would well bear out my theory; and age to him, with rest, would much benefit, if not preserve him. I feel well assured, from the little experience I myself have had in breeding, that nine colts out of ten are brought into hard work too soon; and instead of a racer lasting several years as in olden times, a season or two is the utmost. How much more would a breeder be remunerated by lengthened running, and superior

racers, if the above plan was adopted! I should like to see the experiment tried in the stable of a Watt or a Houldsworth. Mr. Pettit's stables are most roomy and healthy, and his method of training very excellent. To those who want to purchase a thorough good hack, my advice is, 'go to Cambridge,' and if they are judges, they cannot fail of bringing away some *rare* ones. I looked over all the stables ere I left, and saw some of the finest shape, having lots of *blood* and *bone*. Newmarket being so near, and many good horse fairs held in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, the dealers have a predominancy of choice over most towns.

The University of Cambridge is of late years much improved by the several additions to some of the Colleges, which have been executed regardless of expense, and precisely after the models of beautiful architecture handed down by the founders of this noble Institution. I understand there are nearly four thousand names on the *Boards* of the University, and between two and three thousand Members actual residents: this is by far the greatest number ever known, and affords a convincing proof that in this, the *real* golden age, literature flourishes a plant of beauteous growth.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A Member of the Burton Hunt.

November 7, 1825.

SERPENTS.—ANECDOTE OF A
STOAT AND RABBIT.—RECIPE
FOR THE BITE OF A VIPER—
EXTRAORDINARY CHASE.—
WEST-COUNTRY RIDERS, &c.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IN your October Number (see p. 367) I read an amusing account

of a chase and subsequent capture of a Frog by a Viper, or, as it is in some districts called, an Adder; in which, an attentive observer may distinctly recognise, in miniature, the mode of attack and destruction of that terrific animal the Boa Constrictor, and others of that irresistible tribe, with the manner in which they circumscribe their prey, and reduce it to a matter capable of being swallowed by them.

The large Serpents of the East, we are told, fearlessly attack animals the most formidable in nature: the buffalo and the bison fall an easy prey to their horrid embrace; nor are the fangs of the tiger, very often, a sufficient protection. The art of man itself, if we can believe the accounts handed down to us by the historians of old, has been insufficient to contend with that wily reptile—witness the dragon or serpent that defended the pass near Carthage, and so long paralysed the efforts of the Roman arms.

It was not, however, to give you a dissertation upon this branch of Natural History, that I sat down to write; but having read a little amusing story, I wished to repay in some measure the gratification I received from the perusal, by sending you the following, which may be considered its sequel:

Walking in the fields in the afternoon of one of those bright sunny days of which the last summer afforded so many, my attention was excited by the shrill cries of a rabbit, who scudded past me and ran up the hedge-row. It was evident from its distress the poor animal was pursued by some mortal enemy, and in an instant it again made its appearance from the bushes, and halted across the field.

The cause of its alarm now became

apparent: a large stoat, following exactly in its track, bounded along at a tremendous rate. I do not know whether those destructive little animals actually hunt by scent or not, but this one certainly had every appearance of doing so; and latterly I concluded he caught a view, for at his nearer approach to his victim, he leaped at least six feet to every bound. The poor rabbit in the meantime appeared to be paralysed, and to undergo that sort of stupefaction incident to animals on their near approximation to the rattle snake—it stopped short in the middle of the field, and appeared incapable of farther exertion, but still uttering most piteous cries. In this state it was overtaken by its remorseless pursuer, who had scarcely leapt on its back, and fastened on the neck of the rabbit (the most vulnerable part it would appear), when I had reached the spot, in time, I thought, to enter a *caveat* to further proceedings; but in this I was mistaken. So intent was the rascal stoat on destruction, that he suffered me to get quite close to him; and when making off I struck him with a stick and jumped upon him, but all to no effect—the hardy little animal seemed to roll from under me, and bounded back to his retreat. The rabbit remained motionless, though, on raising her by the ears, she appeared perfectly strong and uninjured. I then placed her under my hat, and returned to the house for some terriers to hunt the stoat; in recovering which, I did not succeed, and on returning to the hat I found my poor prisoner dead. On skinning the rabbit not the slightest wound of any kind was perceptible.

The following recipe for the cure of a dog bitten by a viper is in itself so very simple, that pro-

A A

happy most sportsmen are in possession of it. As, however, specifics that tend to the well-being of animals, on which rest very often our fondest hopes and pleasures, cannot be too generally diffused, I shall take the liberty of embodying it with a little anecdote, which, as far as I am concerned, led to its discovery. My brother and myself were trying a plantation near my house for partridges: a young pointer, whose first year of hunting it was, made a staunch point, and appeared extremely nervous; as we approached him he made a convulsive spring of at least four feet high, and something appeared suspended at his throat, which on approaching proved to be a very large viper. We instantly despatched the reptile; and having secured the dog, drenched him well with sweet oil, and fomented his head and neck frequently with the same. The parts swelled immensely, and the same treatment was continued for a considerable time. The dog was ill for several days, but eventually recovered. I attributed his doing well to the application being made on the instant, and imagine, from the state he was in, that any delay must have been fatal.

I shall now, Sir, thank you to allow me to ask a question through your *Sporting Miscellany*. Can any of your readers give me an account of an extraordinary hunt which took place at Dartmoor Forest about twenty years ago? There is a traditionary history to be met with among some of the old "Ven-ville men,"—(but oral accounts are not always the most authentic)—of that neighbourhood being infested with a most formidable enemy—a devil incarnate—in the shape of

what I suppose to be a greyhound fox, but the report I have heard describes him to be "half-greyhound—half-fox." Be this as it may, the said animal became in a very short time the terror of the country, and is asserted to have destroyed frequently not less than forty sheep in one night; and so daintily did he feed at last, that having killed a sheep he contented himself with sucking the blood and some portion of the fat. To extirpate so destructive a freebooter, every pack of hounds of every description (I believe no fox-hounds were at that time kept in Devonshire) was brought into requisition, but all to no avail—he baffled them all one after the other, affording sometimes most tremendous runs over the Moor. At last a general muster was held. The hounds of Col. Kelly, Mr. Carey, and another pack, assembled at Moreton Hampated, determined on the destruction of this gallant fox. The first pack brought into action found him, and hunted him as long as they could, but he beat them and their attendants to a stand still.—Wistman's Wood*, or some such cover, afforded a favorable opportunity to lay on another pack, and so they continued until night, when poor reynard was obliged to yield to the combined force brought against him—but not without a penalty to his indefatigable pursuers, as several horses are said to have died in the chase.—Any further particulars of this run will be thankfully received.

I rejoice to see a straight forward fellow, signing himself A FOXHUNTER ROUGH AND READY, has taken up the cudgels against that "croaker on Brenton," and

* Wistman's Wood consists of very aged oak trees curiously situated in growth, and forms one of the lions of the forest.

given him as good a dressing as he richly deserves. One thing, however, I wish to hint to him—assertions are insufficient, unsupported by facts. A DEVONIAN has particularized his men; but FOXHUNTER only says there are such and such people, but does not name any. All hunts have their crack riders; and for my own part I never read the names of Tom Smith, Mayer,

Goodricke, Plymouth, Mytton, Lindow, Osbaldestone, Holyake, or the like, but with sentiments of veneration. It is much to be wished the *Rough and Ready* gentleman would give us a list of the West-country riders he alludes to; distinguishing the light from the Welter weights.

SNAPPLE.

November 20, 1835.

ON THE CONDITION OF HUNTERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine

SIR,
"REWARD sweetens labour." This is a proverb almost as old as Time, and it speaks the language of Truth. I have received, both personally and through the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, so many flattering testimonies to the benefits derived from my system of summering the hunter, that I sit down again to the task with renewed vigour. One of your correspondents, in the last Number but one, (perhaps of that description of persons who would not believe though one rose from the dead,) says, he cannot afford to summer his hunters in the house. I flattered myself I had succeeded in making it appear, that, in the end, it were by far the cheaper way of keeping them; for, independently of the fact, that four horses so summered will do the work of five summered in the fields, should it be a man's object (as the term is) to keep his money together in his stable, the fascinating power of high and blooming condition, with firm flesh and prominent muscle, will alone effect it—for that will always command customers. For my own part, I can safely assert, that almost all the good luck I have had

with my horses has been the result of a perseverance in keeping them upon hard meat, and secure from the mischievous effects of the unrestrained use of their legs, and the sudden, and consequently dangerous, changes of this variable climate—setting accidents quite out of the question.

I have hitherto carefully avoided asserting anything on my present subject but what has been the result of experience in my own, or in some other man's, stables; and it is my intention strictly to adhere to this prudent plan. I shall therefore (having tried it) proceed to give my opinion of clipping the hunter, which will only occupy a few lines.

Were I to give a good price for a promising young horse for the purpose of making him a hunter, and keeping him for my own use, and a man were to come into my stable and tell me he would give me one third of his value if I would have him clipped, I would refuse his offer. I look upon clipping as nothing but a bad substitute for good grooming, and an operation attended with several disadvantages. In the first place, when once performed it must always be repeated; and in the second, it is

a constant eye-sore to a person who is fond of seeing his horses looking well—as it effectually destroys that bloom on the skin which is not only so beautiful, but also so confirmatory of the sound health of the animal; and lastly, by depriving him of the protection which a short, thick coat, lying close to the body, affords him against the scratching of thorns and briars, it very frequently causes a horse to refuse rough places in a fence, which he would not have refused before. It is a remedy to be sure, or at least a palliative; but I had rather a horse of mine should endure the disease it is intended to relieve, until I could bring a better medicine to his aid; and were I to become possessed of a hunter which required clipping, I would put up with his long coat and evening sweats, until, by strengthening his general system, I got rid of the latter, to which the former is by no means a certain contributor. It is quite possible—and I have an instance at this moment in my own stable—for a horse to have a long coat*, (and some horses, at certain periods, will not wear a short coat,) but still to look very blooming to the eye, *and dry immediately after a sweat*, as is the case with the horse I speak of. I am not weak enough to suppose that clipping will not continue to be practised because one individual disapproves of it; but I may be allowed to say, I will never, after this year, practise it again. The horse I had clipped last winter must now, I fear, be clipped again, for I abhor the sight of him in his present state—his coat somewhat

resembling a poodle dog; but his evening sweats are got rid of by the method I pursued with him in the summer, which I shall presently detail. Clipping may be all very well for those who cannot, or will not, get their horses into condition by other means; and to such only do I recommend it.

It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to many of your sporting readers to have an exact detail of the way in which I treated my hunters this last summer, which I now present to them—taken from minutes made in each succeeding week. They were six in number, and their treatment is severally described.

From the regular course of alterative medicine which my horses go through in the course of the hunting season, it often happens that at the conclusion of it there is no immediate call for physic, and such was the case with them last spring. They ceased from their labours on the 20th of April, and (with the exception of one that was fired) continued their usual food, with very gentle exercise, till the seventh of May, when they had their shoes taken off, and some grass given them in the day time, but racked up at night with hay; and so treated till the nineteenth of the same month, when they were put entirely upon hay again. On the eleventh of June, they were soiled again in the day time, till the twentieth of that month, when they were prepared for physic, which they had on the twenty-second. From that time four of them never tasted grass again; but the other two had a few

* Two or three of my brother sportsmen have told me that keeping their horses up in the summer has not shortened their coats so much as they expected; but they all said they dried immediately after coming into their stables, and were not subject to evening sweats, after hunting—a most material point gained. I am happy to say, I have not met with one man who has had reason to repent having followed my advice.

vetches (say about an arm-full) mixed with their hay every other day, till the sixth of July, when they were all shod, and began gentle exercise. From the seventh of May to the sixth of July—a period of eight weeks and four days—these horses were without shoes, their feet having been closely pared down—and they were thus treated. Nos. 1 and 2 were in a building, sixteen yards long by six wide—well littered down, and with an out-let into a small green yard, in which there was a running stream. No. 3 was in a covered building, twelve yards long by six wide—one half littered down, and the other half a well-paved brick floor, but no other out-let. No. 4 in a box, eighteen feet by eighteen—kept quite dark to keep out the flies, which terrified him to an uncommon degree. This horse was turned out into a small paddock forty yards square, about six times in the course of the summer, after the sun was set, but no fence we could make would confine him there. No. 5 was shod, and stood in a stall all day, but put into the paddock in the cool of the evening, and very early in the morning. No. 6 was kept in an airy box, but, being vicious,

was not out in the paddock so often as I wished her to be. Each horse had three quarters of oats per day; and three of them had a single handful of beans in each feed. Each horse also stood two hours every day in a clay-box. The clay-box is a covered building, sixteen feet by twelve, on the floor of which a wagon load of clay was spread, and about every third morning two or three buckets of water were thrown over it. I consider this a most essential benefit to horses' feet; increased, no doubt, by their walking a certain distance every day barefoot, with their hoofs thinly pared; and their frogs well let down on the ground. On the eighteenth of July they each had one other mild dose of physic; and in the month of August each horse ate half a pound of antimony*—an ounce a day, for eight successive days. This is all the physic my horses have had since the last hunting season, nor do I expect they will require any more till after Christmas; but they have partaken freely of alterative medicine—some of them, whose nature is gross, having had one alterative ball every week†.

Now then let us make a little calculation as to the expense of

* A very sporting character in the North of England wrote to me last year, to ask me whether I did not think the quantity of antimony here used excessive? I answered his letter by assuring him, that I had always found the best effects from it. It corrects the acrimony of the blood, promotes the secretion, and I might almost say ensures future condition. As a proof of this, it is, in some shape or other, the leading article in all alterative medicines for man or horse. A Clergyman in Devonshire wrote to me some time since, referring me to an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, containing a curious account of a highly-beneficial experiment on feeding pigs, by the help of this drug, but cannot at present put my hand upon his letter.

† Alterative medicines are necessary in the summer months with horses that eat corn. They keep off inflammatory attacks, and improve their general health. I was very sorry to hear of a neighbour of mine having lost a valuable horse in the course of this summer, which he was making up for sale. He lived on green meat and corn; but was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and died. On my asking him yesterday whether he had any alterative medicine given him in the course of the summer, he replied, he had not. I had seen this horse run in the spring, looking very lusty in his work, and just the sort of horse to be affected by the treatment he received. Had he lived on hay and corn, instead of green meat and corn, it is my opinion he might not have been attacked as he was.

summering these horses in the way I have been describing, and compare it with what they would have cost at grass. We will call the period nine weeks, for the sake of avoiding fractions. When in work, six horses in my stable eat exactly three hundred weight of hay per week; but in these large loose places, allowing for waste and better appetites, we will give them nearly double the quantity, and say, six horses shall eat five hundred weight per week.

Two tons five cwt. of hay, at 4l.	
per ton	£ 9 0
Seventy-one bushels of oats, at 4s.	
per bushel	14 4
Beans	1 10
	24 14
Six horses at grass, nine weeks, at 4s. per week	10 10
Difference	13 18

Thus it appears that the difference in the expense of six horses summered in the house, and six horses summered in the fields, only amounts, after all, to 13l. 18s.—three pounds of which would at least be repaid in manure made in the time. As to the sum of 13l. 18s. at least twice that amount would be realized in the value of *any one of the horses*, if he were exposed to sale at the commencement of the following hunting season.

“You are a great man for proof,” said a friend to me, a short time since; “why do you not offer the following bet to the *Sporting World*, and I will go your halves?—Let two hunters be tried to within half a pound of each other, on the twentieth of April, when hunting generally is at an end—and let one be turned out to grass on the first of May, and taken up on the first of August; and let the other be summered, on

your plan, in the house. Give the horse summered in the fields a stone; and ran him two miles for two hundred guineas on the first of November.” My answer to this was, that, in the first place, the sum proposed was unnecessarily large for the object of deciding the question; and, in the next place, 14lb. was great weight to give; but as far as one hundred guineas for the match, and 10lbs. as the weight given, I was open to any man who would accept the challenge; and think it but fair to say I have no doubt of the result.

I perfectly agree with my friend in thinking, that, on matters of this nature, proof is every thing; and by way of proving the *value* of condition, I am willing to expose the history of my own stable, which will shew, that the value of the animal does not consist in the prime cost, but in the effect produced by condition. I have five horses now in my stable, which cost *only one hundred and ninety-four guineas, and one which cost seventy*. For the last-mentioned horse I have been twice offered 200gs. and once offered 150gs. For two of the others, I was, last season, offered my own price. One of the five I purchased for fifteen pounds. She was twice sent to Tattersall's, and was also at half the Commission Stables in London, but, although got by Walton out of Highland Lass, no one would offer 5l. for her, and no wonder. She was a weakly-looking animal, with a hollow back, a dejected countenance, and a pot-belly, and said to be half blind. She has now been nearly three years in my stable; and I will shew her (I hate boasting) for symmetry, power, and action, against any thing of

her size; and I have no hesitation in saying, *she is equal to as much weight again as she was when I purchased her.*

When discussing the subject of summering hunters last week with a friend of mine, who is an advocate for the grazing system, he made use of the following expression:—"I dare say it may be all very well to keep them in the house in the summer, but then they have not the benefit of the *rest* which they get when at grass." I could not help smiling at this strange perversion of facts; and ventured to ask him, whether, if he were to be examined in Natural Philosophy, and asked, *what is rest*—he would answer, *motion*? and that would not be a whit less absurd. If rest be desirable for a hunter's legs, after the labours of a winter, surely he must obtain it more effectually in a small confined place, than when suffered to run over a large track of land—stamping the ground with his feet, for sixteen of twenty-four hours of the day and night. I also put the following question to him:—"Suppose I were to say to you, I am going to send one of my hunters as far as York, will you let my servant lead yours in his hand—would you not think I were mad?" He answered in the affirmative; and I believe he thought I really were so, when I told him, I had rather a hunter of mine were led to Edinburgh and back, than that he should be turned out to grass, (I mean merely as far as regards his legs and feet,) and for this reason:—When travelling on turnpike roads, as they are now formed, a horse has a flat and even surface for his foot to bear upon, and he might travel at a slow rate; but when turned out on hard and

uneven ground, abounding with holes, cart-ruts, &c. with the privilege of choosing his own pace—injury is frequently done to the cartilages of the foot, which is never afterwards removed. My experience has led me to believe, that in most hunters of a certain age, that have been ridden hard over a country, there is more or less of ossification of the cartilages of the fore feet, (as well as the large flexor tendon which passes over the navicular bone,) owing to the violent inflammation the laminae have been subjected to, in the excess of action, in leaping, &c. to which these parts have been exposed. Should this not be the case, the fetlock joints of hunters are all apt to be injured, and the ligaments surrounding them become inflamed and rigid, which accounts for their so often going "*feelingly*" (as is called), though not absolutely lame, for the first hundred yards from their stable door. Stepping on sloping, uneven ground immediately detects this injury; and what I have said on this subject leads me to the following conclusion, which perhaps may be new to some, and rather sceptically received by others. It is my firm opinion, however, that if horses had to travel at a moderate rate—say nine or ten miles an hour—over a road faced with iron, *but presenting a perfectly level surface*, we should have very few horses lame in the feet. It is a well-known fact, that though they go much faster now than they did before Mr. MacAdam taught us how to make our roads, there are not half the post horses foundered in their feet at the present time, that were so when ruts and quarters abounded in all roads, and the animals scarcely knew what it was

to step upon a level surface, and have an even bearing for their feet. Exclusively of the fact of my having seen many horses which would trot quite sound on a level, hard road, but would be invariably lame on that which was sloping and uneven, my mind was made up on the subject by ocular demonstration in one of my own hacks, the particulars of which I will give. Some years since I was in the habit of frequently visiting a friend who resided twenty miles from his county town, but who generally rode over to it in the summer months, on the market day, being sure to meet some sporting friends; and when I was at his house, I never failed to accompany him. By way—as he erroneously supposed—of favouring our horses, we went about twelve miles of the twenty through green lanes and fields, or, what is commonly called, “a bridle road;” and we always rode fast. In those days I had a very good hack, which I was in the habit of riding long distances on hard turnpike roads, without ever perceiving any injury to his fetlock joints or feet; but it was not so after these twenty-four miles, at a quick pace, through these green lanes (in a deep country, always harder in the summer), where the foot scarcely ever was indulged with an even bearing, and the joints always on the twist. When I went into the stable in the morning, I always found his fetlock joints full and sore, and he invariably went stiff and feeling

upon them, when first taken out. My friend, however, (one of the old fashioned sort,) would never believe that the hard turnpike road was much less injurious than his green lanes, and for the reason I have already given—for which reason I again assert, that I had rather a hunter of mine were led five hundred miles on a good turnpike road, than that he should be turned out for a summer’s run—and here I confine myself entirely to the legs and feet. As far as the great panacea, *rest*, is concerned, as also his general bodily health and condition, the journey to Edinburgh would be much in his favour.

I must now return to one part of my subject, on which I have been (I think I shall prove) unfairly dealt with by one or two of the Old School, who have advocated summering hunters in the fields; and I am more anxious to do so, inasmuch as it relates to a charge of cruelty towards my favorite animal, which I should very unwillingly remain under. “How cruel,” they say, “to keep a horse in a prison, on a fine summer’s day, and not allow him to snuff the breeze—to make his bed on his native earth—and partake of the common enjoyment of nature!” Now, reader, mark what I have to say.

For what reason flies* were sent into the world is not for us to inquire, but here they are; and one would almost imagine that a curse, like our own, was entailed upon

* It is no harm, I trust, to moralize a little, even on so humble a theme as mine:—It is the idea of immortality which apologists for human sorrows, and renders our present condition in the smallest degree intelligible; but the suffering of animals is quite beyond our ken. To this, with a very considerable proportion of them, the various kinds of flies most essentially contribute. Sterne, in his “Tristram Shandy,” with his usual taste, introduces a poor negro girl in the sausage shop, with a bunch of white feathers in her hand, flapping away the flies, but not killing them. “‘Tis a pretty picture!” said my Uncle Toby; “she had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy.” This comes well from a Sentimental Traveller; but, for my own part, I wish the tyrant Domitian had annihilated the race of these with his bodkin.

the animals they persecute. Certain, however, it is, that their harassing properties are a considerable alloy to the common enjoyment even of those animals (cows, sheep, &c.) which are every day exposed to the noon-day sun—and this for at least fourteen of the twenty-four hours in the summer season. But how greatly must this annoyance be increased to thin-skinned, well-bred hunters! and what will they not do to get away from it? I will state a case or two that came under my own observation in the course of the last summer.

One of my horses, No. 4, I have already said, is more than usually terrified by flies. My helper came to me one day, and said he could not go into the box to him. Knowing him to be a fine-tempered horse, I became alarmed when I saw him rearing and kicking to a violent degree, and thought he was seized with the staggers. At length, however, I espied a fly in a certain part of his hinder quarters, which was with much difficulty removed, and he then was quiet as before. I endeavored several times to turn this horse into a paddock early in the morning and late at night, but nothing but a brick wall seven feet high would have confined him in it; and I should like to shew many of my sporting friends one fence which he came over to make his way to his stable door. All through the warm months of August and September, this horse was obliged to go to his exercise, *covered with clothing*, and all attempts to ride him with harriers in October were useless, as he would kick to such a degree, the moment a fly settled upon him, that it was dangerous to go near him.

Now, reader, let me ask you what

would have become of this animal (No. 4) had he been turned out into some gentleman's park for the summer? Perhaps you will say, he would have become used to the flies in time. We do not see that thick-hided bullocks and cows become reconciled to them, nor do I think it would have been the case with my horse; but, allowing the fact, this circumstance would not have come to his relief until he had most materially injured his legs and feet by galloping and stamping; and as to his body, I am satisfied that it would have been reduced to a skeleton. No. 6, also, the only one besides the two I have mentioned, which was turned into the paddock, came four times over the gate—though bushed up with thorns—to get back to her stable. So much then for the cruelty of keeping hunters in the house in the summer! and I think I may be allowed to say, a prison—if a stable can be called one—must lose its horrors, when its inmates make such desperate efforts to return to even its solitary cells.

Our late beautiful summer (for which we cannot be too thankful, as doubtless a great benefit will arise from it to our corn land—saturated and soured as it has been by wet, in two frostless winters) has been a very bad one for getting hunters on in their work. The grass land has been very hard and bad for legs; and in the county in which I reside, the fallows have been so rigid and lumpy that it was dangerous to gallop, or even trot horses in them; and the consequence is, that my horses are at least a month backward in their work than they were last year; as it was the 30th of August before I could give either of them a sweat.

B b

but this is better than knocking their legs to pieces, which does not suit a short stud like mine. In the very hot weather, however, I made a few observations which are not irrelevant to my present purpose—particularly as to the charge of cruelty in keeping hunters in the house in the summer. On the 24th of July—one of our hottest days, and I fix upon it as being sixteen days after my horses were stalled for the winter—the thermometer was one degree higher, at two o'clock at noon, in my two four-stall stables—in each of which three horses had stood and slept for those sixteen days and nights—than it was in the entrance-hall of my house, which is twenty-three feet high, and contains three large windows, and six doors, and the aspect due East. Now, will any one tell me that the most tender animal—even a delicate hysterical young lady—could be injured by breathing such an atmosphere as this? But this is not all. I removed the thermometer on the same day, and at the same hour, into the shade—giving it the advantage of being close to a piece of water—and there it was *four degrees higher than in my two four-stall stables!!* Here then that wise objection of one of your “old fogey” correspondents, as MERTON calls him, to horses standing “sweating in the stables, in the summer time,” returns to its native insignificance.

It may be asked whether I took any pains to keep my stables cool? I answer, none, but those which are within every man's reach. I opened the air-valves over the horses' heads; took the casements out of the windows, and darkened the stables as much as I could, by placing old horse-cloths against the windows, which latter method very

much contributes to keep flies from entering, as we know they will not play in the dark. Against another summer, however, I mean to be provided with straw mats, to fit the open parts of the windows, which, if made thin enough, will sufficiently admit external air, and, by being dipped three or four times a day in water, will, by evaporation, greatly cool the internal air, as well as completely defeat the flies.

Owing to the multiplicity of stables which my horses are likely to inhabit in the course of this winter, my object has been to keep them as cool as I could; consequently I did not put the casements into my stable windows until the fifth of September, when the thermometer suddenly dropped to 52 in the shade; and I kept them naked till the nineteenth of that month; and they now only lie in a single rug, with three panes of glass out of each window in their stables. The thermometer in the stables, this day (November 18th), is only at 56: three or four degrees below what I should wish it to be, if my horses were to be stationary. This cool treatment, however, turns to account; for they are just returned from a week's residence in a wretched stable, but no ill consequences have ensued; and this is a bad time of the year for such experiments.

When in Leicestershire, last season, Sir Harry Goodricke asked me my opinion of firing the hunter. Now, although I intend to treat upon this part of our stable-discipline, as I proceed with my subject, I told Sir Harry, that I scarcely felt myself justified in giving a decided opinion on the effect of firing, as I did not think I had had a dozen horses fired in the

course of my life. I certainly have had wonderful luck with the legs of my hunters; and I attribute it to causes which I must not now stop to describe, or my letter will exceed the limits allowed for it in the present Number: but among the chief are, the frequent use I make of alteratives—keeping away general as well as local inflammation (the principal causes of almost all disease); also never hurrying my horses in their work, when first getting into condition;—(the late Sam Chiffney was of opinion that there was as much art in training horses' legs to stand work, as in training their bodies to run);—the frequent use of bandages, and a loose place after work; and, lastly, the absolute rest* I give them in the early part of the summer, which enables the limbs to regain their almost primitive tone and vigour. There are cases which I shall hereafter speak of, in which firing, however skilfully performed, is of no avail; but in justice to the operation, or rather to the necessity for it—for it is a sharp one—I have no scruple in saying, that, *when properly executed* (but the task is frequently difficult), it succeeds much oftener than it fails. It so happens that I have two horses in my possession now that I have fired since I have possessed them; one, because the sinews were about to give way, and the other because the legs always filled after a hard day, with occasional symptoms of lameness—all of which symptoms have since disappeared; and in the other case, the operation completely

succeeded. Nevertheless, when it can be avoided, it should never be had recourse to; and the present system of mercurial charges, applied in the summer time to horses' legs, greatly diminishes the necessity for it. Mr. Field, of Oxford-street, makes these charges in a strong adhesive form—pitch and other things being applied; but, by Mr. Kueny's (of Nottingham) direction, I applied the common mercurial† plaster of the shops to the fore legs of one of my horses, to which some attention of this sort was necessary, and the result was quite satisfactory. In all recent cases of enlarged joints, or tendons a little out of their place, nothing can be better than this application—mercury, we know, being the most powerful absorbent we have. The plaster is made up according to the London Pharmacopœia, and to be had at all druggists' shops at five shillings per pound. One pound makes a charge for two legs, and it is applied in the following manner: the ointment is melted and put on warm—some deer's hair being stuck on it, as in the case of common charges. Each leg is then pretty tightly bound with a linen bandage, which is sewed on the leg, and cut open in the front at the expiration of fourteen days, and opened, in part, sooner, if the legs appear to swell. By Mr. Kueny's advice I repeated this charge at the interval of a month, and I strongly recommend it (or Mr. Field's, which I have also seen applied with equal success) to the notice of all my brother sportsmen.

* The authority of Osmer, a farrier of great celebrity in the early part of the last century, has never been doubted by any one; but unfortunately the work is now scarce. He has this forcible passage on the effect of rest, p. 74, edit. 3. "With respect to rest, the farrier has a great advantage by blistering and firing, because the leg is so inflamed hereby, that it is impossible to ride the horse for a considerable time after the operation; so that if he happens to get sound, it is generally thought to be the effect of blistering and firing, which ought, in reality, to be imputed to the rest he has had."

† Ask for the mercurial plaster, and not mercurial ointment.

If it answers the purpose of saving legs from giving way, and removing enlargements, equally with the actual cautery, every man of common humanity will rejoice—to say nothing of the advantage we shall gain in not blemishing our horses.

Your readers must be aware of the disadvantage I labour under in treating of so many subjects in so limited a space as the columns of this work afford me; and they must expect that I shall have occasion to return to some of them at a future opportunity—particularly the preparing hunters for their work, with the least possible expense of legs, which can only be done to advantage with horses of a gross habit of body by the effect of alterative medicines. As the hunting season, however, is now commenced, I wish to guard my brother-sportsmen against an evil which has deprived me of three good hunters in my time; but which might have been avoided if proper precautions had been taken—I mean, fever in the feet, and other inflammatory attacks, produced by severe work with hounds. I do not so much address myself now to those persons who keep first-rate grooms, as they are generally awake to this danger; but to many of my brother sportsmen, who, though equally fond of the sport, and desirous of keeping in the front rank, may not have that advantage.

After a severe day, every horse ought to have some gentle medicine, if it were only to keep off fever, and bring him sooner into the field again; and in general, the alterative ball recommended by me in one of my former letters will be sufficient. Should he, however, appear much distressed, one of the following balls should be given him, which, by its stimulating

quality, and its general effect on the secretions, will greatly tend to restore him, and prevent ill consequences:—

Ethiops Mineral	8 ounces.
Diapente	8 ounces.
Balam of Sulphur	8 ounces.
To be made into sixteen balls.	

The above, my readers will observe, is one of the old-fashioned recipes, but they may be assured of its good effects. It was the favorite nostrum of the noted Mr. Perry Wentworth, and was given to me by Mr. Peacock, of Basingstoke, who has attended my stables since I have resided in this country.

Bleeding should not be had recourse to, unless symptoms of danger appear; and though glysters on these occasions are recommended, I do not think they are of much use, as they do not reach the cause. What I here recommend, it will be observed, is chiefly a preventive; but which, if I had adopted, might have saved me three valuable horses.

I have not said all I wish to say on this subject.—The fore-feet of horses, after severe days, should be well fomented, and put into a large bran poultice at night. Bol ammoniac should be sprinkled over the poultice just before it is applied, which prevents it softening the frogs. If any soreness appear in the feet, when the horse goes to exercise in the morning—which is apparent by his placing the greater part of his weight on his hind legs—he should be immediately bled in the foot-veins, which is a very simple operation. All this is on, what is called, the prophylactic system; or, in plainer English, on the good old principle, that “a stitch in time saves nine.”

I conclude my present letter with the following hint:—Last autumn twelve-month, I purchased a mare at Messrs. Tattersall's for

thirty-nine guineas. She was the property of Mr. Payne, of Selby Hall, in Northamptonshire, and, as I afterwards learnt, was sent up to be sold for what she would fetch, being a tremendous puller. On getting her home, I tried her in all the bridles I was possessed of, but could make nothing of her, and was on the point of sending her back to the hammer, to get what I could for her, when a thought struck me, that I could try what my saddlers, Messrs. Whippy, could do for me. Being a man of few words on these occasions, I wrote them the following note:—"Brown mare *versus* Nimrod; you know what I mean." They immediately sent me down the fac simile of the bridle Mr. Lindow used to ride The Clipper in, which is in the following form:—The length of the cheek is nine inches; that of the port two inches and a half; and there are three players hanging down over the tongue, which prevent the mouth from getting dead. When I first rode her in it, she attempted all her old tricks (Mr. Payne told me, in Leicestershire, that she ran away with him over three gates before he got a pull at her), rushing at her fences, and running her head any where; but she soon found out that she was mastered, and I now ride her in a common bridle, with the greatest ease. When Mr. Chadwick saw me on her one day last season with Lord Anson's hounds, he observed, the Clipper was the only bridle that was ever made for a hard pulling hunter, as, with all its severity, it never produced a dead mouth—which I certainly found to be true. Of course it requires a light, hand, or danger would attend it at fences.

NIMROD.

P. S. In my next on this subject, I shall notice the letter of Mr. Richard Lawrence (in one of the former Numbers), on the treatment of the hunter in the summer.

NIMROD.

STATE OF THE RING—ANEC- DOTE OF JEM WARD.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING seen a good deal lately in your Magazine respecting Jem Ward, perhaps the following circumstance may have interest enough to find a place in your pages:—

Two or three years ago a number of the Fancy were collected at one of the Somersetshire race meetings, when it was proposed to make up a purse for a fight on the last day; and accordingly a handsome subscription was speedily raised. A difficulty, however, occurred, which was like to have disappointed the amateurs of their intended gratification. One had been named, who had the character of being such a *good'un*, that the *small hearted* aspirants to *fistic fame* who were present were alarmed at the idea of standing up to the crack-man of the county. Amid pipes, porter, swearing, swizzle, and cigars, were the sporting men collected, in order to attempt, by gentle persuasion, or otherwise, to induce some one bolder than his compeers to give up his body for half an hour to be beaten and hammered by this man of science. Such an one was not to be had: all was perplexity and disappointment, when a person, well known in the Sporting World, stepped forward and said, that sooner than no mill he would produce a man, whether

able or not, at least willing, to fight.

"And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And flends in upper air."

He did produce him; and such an awkward looking cub, rigged in a rough great coat and slouch hat, that the countryman was quite frisky, and the odds in his favour. "I had seen Jem Ward," said my informant (an eye witness), "and knew him well. This man, when he went out of the room, made a sort of a bow to the company, and took off his hat. In a moment I recognised him—it was the *Black Diamond* of the Prize Ring! I said nothing at the time, but waited till the company broke up, and then told my suspicions to the person who held the money for the fight. He agreed not to mention it, to let the battle take place, and see how Jem *would* behave. There was, I believe, a good deal of money laid at odds on the crack-man, and the run of betting continued in his favour.

"The day arrived; and just before the men entered the ring, we told the countryman who his opponent was. 'Black Diamond!' said the brave fellow; 'if he was the Black Devil I'd have a shy at him'; and he prepared accordingly.

"At setting to, Ward acted entirely on the defensive, with his head hanging, chest contracted, hands *merely held out*, and every other requisite for appearing awkward and keeping up the hoax. Slow as he appeared, however, he was still awake enough to prevent the countryman from hitting him. At last, after the crack-man had made many ineffectual attempts to hit, he lost patience, and sang out, 'D—n your eyes—this is all humbug: they tell me that you're Jem

Ward, the Black Diamond: strike out and lick me as soon as you can.' I shall never forget Jem's look—for a moment he was confused; but immediately recollecting himself, smiled, gathered himself up, and went into his natural attitude with such an air of conscious superiority, that one could almost for a second have thought that it was a hero of romance, instead of a limb of the P. R. He did 'strike out'; every blow told like a sledge hammer, and his man was licked to a jelly in a few minutes. When the circumstance became known, the subscribers were so enraged, that some wished to recover their money, others that it should be given to the countryman, and all agreed that Jem should receive none. Some did recover their money; and the remainder, about £20., was, I believe, eventually divided. It is said Jem gave up his share, excepting two or three pounds to pay his expenses."

This anecdote is one of the many which may shew the state of the Ring. I think it necessary to say, in conclusion, that had I thought the public would entertain a worse opinion of Jem Ward from this relation, I should not have transmitted it to you. Our present Champion has had lessons enough, and I think, when he next fights, his backers will have no reason to fear his honesty.

I am, &c. &c. A. H.

November 1825.

RUSTICUS ON ORNITHOLOGY.

(Continued.)

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

AS one cheering halloo encourages a young hound, so one word of praise emboldens a timid

writer. As a Correspondent in your valuable Magazine did me the honour to hint, that my little attempts at Ornithology were not altogether disregarded, I try my hand once more. It is quite a mistaken notion that such subjects as this are beneath the notice of man; on the contrary, it is rather a mark of superior genius to be able to discover in them matter for observation and wonder. To an ordinary mind, many things appear trivial, because they are common; and not worth inquiring into, because they are natural: but before we can be of this opinion, we must forget that Nature is our grand field of observation at last; and that within it is contained our whole store of knowledge. In a word, if we wish to appreciate and admire the wisdom of God, we must study the works of Nature. I present you then with a little history of the thrush, or throstle.

RUSTICUS.

Nov. 20, 1825.

THERE are no less than five kinds of thrushes, or throstles, with which I am acquainted, and perhaps there may be more:—viz. the misletoe-throstle, the field-fare, the wind-throstle, the wood-throstle, and the heath-throstle. The first is the largest and handsomest bird of them all, and feeds chiefly on the berries of the misletoe. He is, however, a bad songster—his notes being wild and rambling.

The field, or fel-fare, generally appears with us about Old Michaelmas, and disappears in March. His chief food, we would believe, was hips and haws; but this is only when he is deprived, by frost or snow, of young grass and worms, which form his favorite repast.

These birds breed on some rocks on the Scottish shore, but nowhere else in Britain. Their note is quite untuned, and rather resembles a chatter than any thing else. It is remarkable, that in hard winters these birds are fat, and nearly in flavour equal to the woodcock; but in wet, open winters, they are comparatively lean and bitter.

The wind-throstle, or whindle—a smaller bird, with dark red under his wing—also travels out of the North with the fel-fare, but sometimes remains here the summer, and breeds in the woods and shaws of Hampshire and Surrey. He sings a little; but is fitter for the spit than the aviary. Fox-hunters dislike the early approach of these two last-mentioned birds, as indicating a severe winter, and with some truth, considering they are natives of the North. As to the provision made for them against hard weather, by a plentiful supply of hips and haws, that is a subject we cannot discuss here; but if a man has a hawthorn tree near his house, well cropped with berries, and he will preserve it by a bird-clapper or a mawkin till frost and snow are on the ground, he may kill half the field-fares in his parish; and they are excellent eating, though none of the species we are acquainted with are deserving of the high value put upon them by ancient authors. Martial ranks them first amongst the feathered race.

The wood-song throstle—as Shakspeare says—"with his notes so true," is the best songster of them all; and he is even lavish of his music, for he sings nine months in the year. It has been justly observed, that this bird and the blackbird seem almost to contend with each other, which shall bid

the best welcome to the fragrant spring.

The wood-song thrush goes early to nest if the weather be warm, and breeds three times in the year; but if for an aviary, the first brood is the best to take. The art of man cannot well improve upon this thrush's nest. Besides the curious building, there is frequently to be found a small hole in the bottom of it, to prevent her eggs or young being drowned, in case of a violent shower.

If wanted for an aviary, the following is a pretty certain way of rearing them:—"Take them in the nest, when fourteen days old, and keep them warm and clean. Feed them with raw meat and bread, chopped together, and a small portion of bruised hemp-seed—soaking the bread before it is put to the meat. When thoroughly fledged, put them into a cage in which they have room enough, with two spars to perch upon, and some moss at the bottom of the cage. All this, however, will be of no avail, if they are not kept very clean, as they will be afflicted with cramp, and never sing well afterwards; fresh water is absolutely necessary every day; and there should be sufficient for the birds to wash themselves in—for Nature delights in being clean."

The heath-thrush is the smallest bird we have of this variety, and has not what is termed the thrush breast, which is dark. He is, however, a beautiful songster, and remarkably neat in his plumage. The hen builds either in a fern-bush, or stump of an old hawthorn tree, but never in woods or shaws; neither does she make such places

her haunts. The heath-thrush, if kept quite clean, will also sing three parts in four of the whole year.

There are various opinions exercised in choosing the cock-bird of a brood. Some will have it be is always the top bird of the nest, which is generally best fledged. Others choose that which looks brightest in the eye, and has most speckles on the breast—if he be of that variety. Others, again, choose him by the pinion of his wing—if there is a dark streak that runs across it. The general opinion is, that he should be whitish in his gullet, with black streaks on each side, the spots on his breast large and black, with black streaks under each eye, and his head of a light shining brown.

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE POACHER—No. II.

Night at the Welsh Inn — Landlady's History of the Old Woman begun — Robert Brandywyn's Birth — Description of Him — Wrestling — Dick, "the Wrestler" — Rob married, &c.

Sit mihi fas, audita loqui.

WELL, gentle readers, here I am, true to my colours—which, though they vie not with the immortal banner of a Nelson, or wave proudly o'er the Legion of Honour, with the usurpation of France emblazoned on their broad surface, shall nevertheless, in plain black and white, to your edification, float over these immortal pages—doubtless as immortal as the immortality ascribed to the "immortals" of the great King.—I will not tire you by a detail of

* or *abavatoi* of Xerxes, so called, because the number was always kept up—the places of those lost in battle, or otherwise, immediately succeeded to.

my nocturnal incidents—for, in fact, I was not in luck to meet with any; but I can assure you that I passed a very comfortable night in my Welsh inn, during part of which I was wrapt in a most delicious dream—now transported into some fairy land—now, at the hazard of my life, stealing a melting kiss from the lips of a fair Sultana, arrayed in all the glories of the East. In short, I so completely revelled in every thing repugnant to the pedantic duties of this sublunary world, that almost, with Shakespeare's *Prospero*—

"When I waked,
I cried to dream again."

But, in spite of all my aerial phantasies, the "god of day" had for several hours signified to me that it was time to quit the downy pillow, which refusing to do until he had blazed forth with tenfold more vehemence than before—as though angry at my refusal to obey his glorious summons—I at last, as Jonathan would say, "pretty considerably" out of humour, rose from my bed, determined yet to find time to reconnoitre the scite of my "ambrosial dreams," in order, if possible, to shake off some of the wretched qualms they had produced.

My readers, I trust, are aware by this time that, like a true Don Quixote, I had arrived at my hotel under cover of night; and though not dubbed with the honour of knighthood by my Cambrian landlord, I walked forth to view those beauties and that castle, which, but for its cheering lights, I should not have then perceived. It now shone in all the majesty of matchless might: like a Goliath over the simple shepherd, it towered o'er the humble village, that seemed to shrink before the vast

Leviathan in the recesses of its lonely vale. In short, like Caesar's "*Veni, vidi, vici*," I walked, saw, and admired every thing; and having completely reinstated myself in my former temperament, ate a good breakfast, and proceeded to inquire of my landlady (landladies are more intelligent than landlords) concerning my evening rencontre with the old woman. At first she seemed doubtful as to the intention of my interrogations; but soon, by a little uncouth circumlocution—having discovered that it was perfectly harmless, and prompted more by curiosity than any thing else—she gave me a full account of the wanderings and doings of the afore-mentioned bedlamite. Thinking that the ensuing biography might not please the more fastidious palates of my readers, served up to them in the raw lingo of my landlady, I have dressed and disbed the following story from beginning to end:—

ESTHER BRANDYWYN was the daughter of a small, but respectable farmer, residing in a village situated in Glamorganshire; where in time, being married to a gamekeeper of Sir C. ———, the principal hero of this narrative "*in lucem proferebatur*;" but whether any propitious or adverse deity smiled on him at his birth with "*placide lumine*," I am unable to determine—but it sufficiently appeared afterwards that he was destined to no ordinary course of life; but, wild as his native mountains, to perform something that, in the eye of Dominic Sampson, would appear "prodigious!" Time rolled on, and Robert Brandywyn became a man—such a man as the village of Llangothlen never before produced. Rob Bran, as he was commonly called, was barely six feet in

light, but Nature had been most lavish in her bounties towards him: she had given him a fine broad chest, long muscular arms, and beautifully, and at the same time awfully, vigorous limbs. His countenance was a perfect picture of grace and manliness; and the long dark hair that shaded his high forehead, and partly screened a pair of raven-black eyes, combined with the regularity and whiteness* of his teeth, would have presented a perfect model to the chisel of a Phidias, or the more modern painting-brush of a Lawrence.

"Forward and frolic glee was there;
The will to do, the soul to dare;
The kindled spark soon blown to fire
Of hasty love, or headlong ire."

LADY OF THE LAKE.

As Rob increased in stature and strength, he became a terror to the champions of the neighbouring villages. There was a wrestling match appointed to begin on a certain day at Llangothlen, and continue for a week, accompanied by various other rural festivities—

"He, who the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green."

Rob was to be there; and though he had succeeded in hurling to mother earth most of the sturdy countrymen he had as yet met with, this was the first time that he was to try his strength and agility in a regularly-formed ring. The day at last arrived; the wrestling had begun; when Rob, backed by the loud plaudits of his friends, entered the lists. His antagonist, who exceeded him in weight, was yet inferior in strength; and after being repeatedly foiled by Rob's superior prowess, was at length, by a majority of falls, declared to be worsted in the combat. Loud and hearty were the

congratulations of Rob's friends, as he modestly stepped out of the ring, wiping the sweat from his manly brow; and, above all, his father, rushing through the crowd, shook him firmly by the hand, and over and over again reiterated to him his success.

Nothing could exceed the delight of the village of Llangothlen at Rob's victory: his mother's house was filled with the animated hearers of her son's courage and strength; and had Mythology been in vogue amongst them, I have no doubt but what they would have enrolled him, like a second Alexander or Augustus, amongst the gods.

The next morning found Rob not in the least the worse for his exertions, but on the contrary ardent for the next desperate hug, and ready to accept a challenge from the best wrestler on the green. The diversion began. Rob—who was now much feared by most of the aspiring combatants—either did not regard them as worthy his attention, or else they were too much terrified at his former day's work to attempt to arouse his indignant spirit. However it may have been, he was left alone. The wrestling was carried on with great spirit. Many a rough fellow made a still rougher acquaintance with the soil of Llangothlen, until Richard Evan, well known by the title of "Dick the wrestler," excited the particular attention of all. He was not so heavy as Rob's former antagonist, and lesser in height than Rob, being five feet ten inches, but the finest-made man for wrestling in the whole country. It was the common saying of the country people, "that nothing in the shape of man could stand be-

* The Welsh are still famous for the whiteness of their teeth, which they rub with the green bark of the hazel.

fore him;" and on that day, by his determined-looking aspect, immense expanse of breast and arms, that in length and strength would have vied with the "Macgregor," he seemed resolved to verify their assertion. The ring at Llangothlen was surrounded by all the tightest lads of the country. Many a robust form, joined to skill that would not have disgraced a Jordan or Cann of the present day, were nevertheless seen to shrink before the threatening gestures of "Dick the wrestler."

Dick had been some time in the ring, generally in conversation with these greedy listeners to whom it was the greatest honour to devour his discourse—at one time describing the dexterity with which he had last year thrown the Radnorshire Giant; and how, for five years, he had maintained the championship of all Wales; and would add, with a significant leer, that he was not likely to resign it on that day. Rob, who as yet had not sufficient confidence in his own power, in the mean time had viewed the vanisher with admiration, and almost terror; and, chiefly induced by his well-established reputation, was for some time determined to defer an encounter, at least till next year. However the solicitations of his friends grew loud and earnest; his name was echoed over the ring; the champion for the third and last time repeated his challenge to all Wales, when Rob boldly stepped into the ring, and answered his daring summons. Rob's father did all he could to persuade him from his audacious purpose: a look of pride had till then illumined his countenance—it fell, and the clouds of anger and reproof at his son's rashness rolled over its troubled surface. The

champion smiled, and instantly prepared himself for the contest.

The first struggle for the fall was desperate; Rob's great strength for some time puzzled the doughty Dick, and Fortune seemed to bestow her smiles equally on both, until by a violent and nervous twist of the limb, Rob was brought fairly on his back to the ground. In the second encounter Rob was victorious; but he was again thrown violently in the third. The champion looked somewhat distressed, and poor Rob was mortified and crest-fallen to the greatest degree. His friends did their utmost to console him; telling the greatest praises he had gained by even encountering the best wrestler in the country. All would not do. Nothing would pacify him until he had sent a challenge to Dick again to try their skill on the last day allowed for the festivities.

In the mean time Rob made himself master of all the skill he could possibly acquire: the last failure still preyed upon his heart; he thought his first and triumphantly-earned laurels had already begun to fade—their autumn had already begun to appear; and he was resolved, *Deo volente*, to recuscitate them:

"The not in words to command success,
But he'd do more—deserve it." CATO.

My readers, I am sure, will be happy to hear, that his ardent wishes were accomplished; after some most severe and almost deadly grapples, in which the conqueror and the conquered showed admirable pluck. Rob succeeded in winning most of the falls. Since that day, though they often encountered each other, "the wrestler" could never succeed in throwing him; and thus Rob secured to himself the good wishes and championship

of Idangothien. No gladiator ever so eagerly, in the heat of the contest, cast his eyes towards the approving or disapproving^a signs of his spectators—no general towards the manœuvres of a skilful and powerful enemy, as Rob watched those of his antagonist; and I will venture to assert, that no victor, borne in his triumphant car through the streets of Rome, with a whole host of captive Kings and Queens, in all the insignia of slavery, marching in his rear, ever experienced such real genuine joy as cheered the heart of Rob, when, the air resounding with applause and gratulations, he walked forth from the scene of his glory.

The next year Rob issued his challenge to all Wales, and as it was borne upon the whispering gale, fired the breast of many a bold aspirant; but Rob was born under a favorable constellation—every year and every contest added fresh verdure to the increasing wreath; and, like Almalic, the king of the faithful, no one could deprive him of his sovereignty in over all Wales.—From wrestling Rob was ensnared in the more tender meshes of love: the little god of wounded hearts, having fed the Idalian groves, took refuge in those of Idangothien, and Rob fell his victim. In short, Rob was married to a very beautiful young woman, who equalled Di Vernon in her sincerity and love of the chase; and afterwards, as my readers shall hear, their loves, like those of Ajut and Anningsat, became proverbial among their countrywomen.

DAVID Y GARRY-WEN.

ODDS AND ENDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine
SIR,

VARIOUS engagements having precluded my usual attention to the *Sporting Magazine*, I have endeavored to atone for such involuntary neglect, by travelling through three or four preceding Numbers, which have presented me the occasion of making the few following remarks. But in the first place, I must note Mr. Editor's declining to insert some strictures I sent—conceived indeed in no very lenient terms, or with any of the grace of adulation—on the late immoral and insidious conduct of certain of our newspapers, particularly the *Morning Chronicle*, *Morning Herald*, and the *Sunday Times*, in respect to the Animal Question, and to Mr. Martin. The Editor grounding this rejection on mature deliberation, in course I acquiesce.

I beg leave, briefly, to pay my respects to Mr. Youatt (Number for September), and to acknowledge that I misunderstood him precisely in the way he has stated. There is, however, a difference of opinion between us, already expressed; on which I may find some future opportunity to explain myself: promising always, that, should I enter the arena with him, an eminent professional man, it will be chiefly with the view of gaining instruction, and of adding a few more items to my very moderate stock of physiological knowledge.

Does Mr. R. LAWRENCE (Number for September), by the soap-boiler's horse, mean the flea-bitten grey gelding, which was literally

^a By the motions of their thumbs.—See "Adams' Roman Antiquities."

† "When a Greenland dog praiseth any couple for virtuous affection, he says, that they love like Ajut and Anningsat."—See "Rambler" vol. III. p. 187.

whipped and spurred and beaten to death on the Surrey road? I hope he does; for I should indeed regret to be informed of a repetition of that bloody tragedy, which, although near at the time to the theatre of it, I fortunately did not witness. Pittman, the farrier, I knew as the proprietor of old Damper.

The ingenious writer of 'Popular Amusements,' (Number for September, p. 359,) may rest assured I have not the honour, more than himself, to belong to the Communion of Saints; and I find myself under a real obligation to him for helping me out, at a dead lift; in plain terms, for furnishing me with a concise and pithy definition of 'true religion'; *videlicet*—"to bear and to forbear, and to do as you would be done by." Such a one, the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, some months since, in a long note, defied me to produce. I fully agree with the writer on the absolute necessity of recreation, being still alive in my old age to the familiar adage of my youth—"all work and no play make Jack a dull boy." But I very early found the equally-powerful necessity for distinction in that case, as well as in all others; and the perpetual risk, in the absence of such a guard, of our sports degenerating into scenes of unnatural, beastly, and horrible cruelty. Who has the front to deny this invariable consequence, or the constant necessity of didactics on the subject? which, when rational, can never tend 'to excite ridicule.' Certainly no man should be debarred from rational recreation; but with equal certainty, the unnecessary torture of animals is not such, nor allowable under a just and moral system of legislation. The necessary cruelties of field sports, and of fishing,

in general, of the pursuit and capture of wild animals, must be deemed defects in the system of nature, for which mortal man cannot with justice be held responsible: As to pugilism, I see no valid objection to the right which men possess of milling and hammering themselves *ad libitum*, and to their hearts' content; there is beside an important national object behind the curtain. I would even leave cock-fighting untouched, out of compassion to the hardness of heart both of cocks and men; and there is a good and useful example of discrimination to be adduced—that between cock-throwing and cock-fighting. In the latter, the cocks themselves join issue of amusement; for the Devil himself could not make a cock fight against his will. I am thus explicit, because the writer quoted is not sufficiently so; and long experience makes me wary of false brethren—one of whom, I trust he is *not*.

A CONSTANT READER (Oct. No. p. 412) seems to think—"there is great difficulty in drawing the line as to cruelty." I apprehend not, with those who seriously reflect. Knowing too well the difficulties of the case, in this mad world, we do not contend for an impracticable delicacy. But the CONSTANT READER is an admirable moral dialectician. With him *motive* is all in all—the nature, justice or injustice of the act, mere nullities. What a noble and comprehensive doctrine of expedience! Thus, according to Hudibras, a man

"To the Devil himself may go,
If he have motive thereunto."

Mr. Hanckey Smith has written a very useful book on the Turf, which, as it has obviously cost him much labour, will, in an equal degree, be a saving of the labour of

multifarious reference to his readers. As a traveller in the East, he is entitled to attention on the difficult subject of a comparison between the Arabs and Barbis of former and the present time. Home experience seems to have changed his opinion; for some years since I was informed by a *mutual friend* that Mr. S. supposed Capt. Honour's horses (from the East) worth a very large sum. We had forty pounds bid for the best of the two, at Tattersall's. His disquisition on breeding in-and-in, is at any rate curious. Mr. Smith, however, has represented me as having given 'some specious explanation' respecting the real pedigree of Eclipse. No—I spoke merely of facts. About the year 1778, being frequently at Epsom, I was also a frequent visitor of Eclipse. On one occasion I mentioned to the old groom the general report as to Eclipse's pedigree. From him I heard that the dam of Eclipse was covered both by Shakespeare and Marsk, and that the paternity was assigned to Marsk, merely because the mare came to his time, a most uncertain test, as every breeder knows. I am aware that the fact was denied of the mare being covered by Shakespeare; but that denial came abroad many years afterwards, spread in all probability, as Vauxhall Clarke told me he supposed, by Wildman whilst the proprietor of Marsk, and no doubt wishing to preserve the feather in his horse's cap of being the sire of kill-devil Eclipse; which, as far as *ex-post* considerations will go, I think, he was not. A-propos as to pedigrees: it is curious how such a report should get abroad (it stands somewhere in print) as that the dam of *Filho da Pata* was not thorough bred, un-

less from the name of the horse—son of a —, or from his great size. I have never heard any circumstances tending to such a fact, and the horse's pedigree stands perfectly clear; on the other hand, so does that of Old Sampson, an undoubted fabrication. The Northern breeders can clear up the mystery respecting *Filho da Pata*, and they should do it for our edification.

From the account of VAGUS, it does not appear that the *Champ-de-Mars* is probable very shortly to rival Newmarket and Doncaster. *Egalité* (D'Orleans) had more skill in turf matters; and had he kept his head on his shoulders and survived the Revolution, he might indeed have rivalled us. We might also take one lesson from the French with advantage—it is to time our capital runners more often than we do, and in the most authentic way. The inquiry of VAGUS concerning Smolensko, I observe, is in part answered in the last Number. According to my recollection, on which however I cannot always depend, Smolensko was once beaten for a country plate. When he failed in the October Meeting at Newmarket, he had been for some time heavy and pensive, perhaps under the influence of a cold, indeed scarcely fit to run. This account I had from one of Sir Charles's people, who very sagely observed—the race was lost merely because the jockey dared not whip and spur the horses: such was his catholic remedy for the animal's indisposition—but of which I much doubt the success, as I have been informed Smolensko was a very *honest* horse; a good character by the bye for a stallion. Our good friend VAGUS also desires to know whether this horse was ever beaten

in private. I was on a visit at Barton whilst Smolensko and Muley were training for the Derby, and asking Sir Charles Bunbury whether he had tried those colts, he said "No, for he had long since given up the old practice of trying his horses, which often served the purposes of other people, and full as often deceived the proprietor—many tried horses running so differently in public."

I apprehend A FOX-HUNTER (October Magazine) has thoroughly and ably discussed the subject of 'Farmers riding in scarlet.' Three-score years ago I knew farmers, yeomen, in my country, reputed worth twenty to forty thousand pounds each, several of them keeping their carriage. Such men were not likely to consult any one as to how or in what colour they should be togged in the field. With respect to scarlet, it was worn in the Surrey hunts half a century since; where, also, I saw at that period as well bred and as fine horses as any of the present day. Riding full-bred hunters, among crack sportsmen, is a practice centuries old. In trotting we have retrograded beyond all doubt, notwithstanding its revival for a period of considerable length. We should indeed have laughed forty years ago at the publication of such trotting achievements as we have the patience to read in these days. In a certain very important accomplishment however, a portion of the good people of this country, far from having degenerated, have risen superior to all precedent, ancient or modern—I refer to the dashing system of HORSE-STEALING. But as all goes by fashion, public invention is on the rack to devise means for finding out stolen horses, whilst no man regards or cares a

stiver about, any means to prevent their being stolen. Thus I can persuade no one to make experiment of my old plan, although several of mine have succeeded as well; nor, I believe, has the artificer of Farnham, who improved upon me, succeeded any better. It becomes me however to be so impartial as to notice the opinion of Mr. Young, of the Horse Bazaar, who warrants that those exquisites, our horse-stealers, would quickly file in pieces my file-proof-rings; and that the unpickable locks of the Farnham smith would stand no better chance, as thieves carry a pocket vice which will squeeze a lock to pieces in a canter. Mr. Young recommends a *brand*, with particular marks, on the belly of the horse to be protected.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

A FEW LINES ON THE ARTICLE BY TIM BOBBIN.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your last Magazine, I note certain restrictions, if they may be so termed, on a late insertion of mine, signed TIM BOBBIN. That I may have given cause for some exception, through a word implied, though not expressed, I confess. TIM, it seems, is mighty angry, and says my article is no credit to your pages; whether his is any ornament to them we shall soon see. The head and front of my offence lies in the following words—"Few of them (stage-coachmen) back this (their very high senses of their consequence) by any regard to character:"—it should have been any "*corresponding regard*," as may be inferred from what follows:—"or pride—yes *pride*—themselves on a conscious-

ness of being worthy of the trust reposed in them." Now, I am sorry that I omitted this word, as possibly there may be some in the world who may suppose worse than was meant by the expression, when taken in its unqualified form. But what says TIM of my assertion? "The writer seems to have taken his pen for the sole purpose of abusing a useful, industrious, and I may say a respectable class of men, and of fixing, without exception or discrimination, the stamp of infamy on every individual of their calling."—Dire and unfounded accusation! as any one may see, who will take the trouble of investigating from the Alpha to the Omega of my article. "I am not prepared," says TIM, in one place, "to run into the opposite extreme with VIATOR, and declare that there are *not* some, nay many, rogues and men of bad character amongst the drivers of stage-coaches."—Why, here is all I contend for, as is evident from my observation. "But did we look minutely into the private conduct of *some*, nay, *many* of the fraternity," &c. TIM's very own words. Neither can it be made to appear that I deny subscription to there being such as temperate, judicious, and worthy stage-coachmen, and that I do not justly appreciate the value of their services. "Under a proper driver of four-in-hand, possessed of this estimable quality (even temper), all things move well and 'together,' the harmony prevailing being of such efficacy as to administer a sweet complacency, indeed, enviable satisfaction to a cultivated mind."—I can tell TIM of more than one of this stamp having been in habits of calling at my house occasionally the last ten years. I like their talk during

their taking a cup of "stings." They know how I estimate their good qualities. They are of a right good sort of old "comical ones;" and were all men like them in certain respects, a grander vehicle than they ever drove would never be in danger. During fifteen years of stage-coach travelling, TIM has not witnessed a drunken driver; nothing in individuals of this calling, short of "correct conduct in their duty, quietness, carefulness, attention, and civility to all passengers, and particular anxiety and skill in conducting the vehicle entrusted to them, safely and punctually, with the greatest ease in their power to their masters' horses; no insolence of any cast, character, or complexion."—Then, wherever TIM has been, hating too very many occurrences common on most public roads, there has been no such thing as "opposition," none of those strenuous efforts to the amusement of the passengers, old as well as young, which at times, but for volleys of prevailing "alang," and oaths, and etceteras, would have graced the "Olympian rites" of yore. 'Tis to the "Northward" chiefly though, isn't it, that TIM has travelled? Tremendous North subduing power! soon canst thou tame the "pride" of all approaching thee. With one blast of thy breath thou canst freeze up our entrails, make an icicle of the tongue of a "Xantippe," and in spite of all her "wriggling" and "gesticulations," suffer only her teeth to chatter.—No tricks or airs "Northward!"

"A stronger proof," says TIM, "than any argument or affirmation of my own, is the very long periods for which many of them (drivers) remain on the same coach

and under the same masters." He who in such "opposition" as that alluded to—and how few even of other than "grand roads" have been entirely free from it?—has witnessed the discomfiture and defeat of the one party to the triumphs of the other, will readily guess at one reason for the detention of him, through thick and thin, who, by dint of his individual exertions, so managed matters as to have borne off the palm. Again, similarity of sentiment and dispositions between parties long assembled, often leads to their general benefit, and the prosecution of their united interest. This, however, is no proof of rectitude. No, no; "birds of a feather" is an old saying, and a true one. In truth, as coachmen must be had, and, as is the case with domestic servants, good ones are not always at hand, the fear of a change for the worse has, in many cases, operated to the detention of stage-coach drivers, till they have at length become more masters than their employers. Hence much of the presumption and insolence alluded to. So that even extreme length of services, though in certain instances the test of worth, is by no means so in all instances. There is not a shadow of a doubt, from the aforesaid reasons, of many of the first inn-keepers out of the metropolis having entrusted valuable equipages and cattle to worthless hands. TIM thinks otherwise; and he is quite eloquent when expressing his reasons for such opinion. TIM should have stretched out his right arm equal to the horizon, bringing the left towards the centre of his breast, in case of his having read the following to any friend before it was despatched for the press—

"Would such persons as Mrs.

Nelson or Mr. Horne of London, or the Messrs. Bretherton of Liverpool, keep in their service, and trust their valuable horses, to men of such worthless characters, as VIATOR has described?"—Now, there are so many Nelsons in the world, so many Hornes in London, and there may be so many Brethertons in Liverpool, that really I don't know of a truth, or not, and in case they do, whether they are employed in drawing about stage-coaches or hawking sausages; indeed, I can form no idea of their respective studs, if they have any; or what, in any case or emergency, either of these personages would say or do: but I can conjecture, and it is consistent with charity to suppose, that they would one and all do as each and all would think for the best. Now, suppose any one was to ask me, "What think you of TIM BOBBIN?"—The regalia laid aside, think you he could discern between a king and a cobler, or chalk and cheese? and has he sense, suppose you, to guard him from a post?" How can I answer all this? I can't do it—I can't, really—I can't indeed! knowing no more of TIM BOBBIN, to a certainty, than that he has run his head against a post.—"Are those (they were plated) candlesticks you want to sell seelver?" said a Jew. "O yes, they are all silver," replied the owner, "all honest in and throughout."—"Seelver!" returned Moses, "den where is de lion? I cannot for de life of me see de lion!" This is applicable to TIM BOBBIN's menaced refutation. So far from any stamp as its sterling test, there is neither impress nor mark of any refutation at all.—Refutation, indeed! Of what? If TIM BOBBIN will deny the position as to thousands of accidents,

some worse than fatal, even entailing pain and misery during life on the sufferers, having in times past been occasioned wholly and solely through misconduct in these public drivers: if he will deny such having happened within our memory, as caused a general and deep sensation: if he will give security against such in time to come; I will have more to say to him: if not, I shall here stay my pen, and have nothing further to do with the subject.

VIATOR.

Nov. 13, 1825.

SECOND LETTER ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE TURF; AND REVIEW OF THE SPORT AFFORDED IN THE CHIEF RACING DISTRICTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.
PUBLIUS TYRUS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THERE is a line in one of Gay's Fables, which often strikes me with fear and trembling when sitting down to write, and which is to the full as applicable to great talkers as to great writers:—
"He who writes much may write in vain."

Hence, notwithstanding the warm encomiums on my productions which I have received from private friends, and their repeated exhortations to start **THE OLD FORESTER** once more on the turf, to make strong steady running with my pen from end to end, and come in with a pull left in me at last, I should have quietly resigned to younger and abler pens than mine: but the reception which my letters have received in your pages, with the undeserved compliments paid me by your leading contribu-

tors, bring me to the post once more. Should I fail, I must only bespeak that kindness which the racing public shew to an old favorite in his defeat—with the same feeling of regret I have experienced in seeing the defeat of Euphrates or Dr. Syntax.

Rather more than a twelvemonth ago I hazarded a few remarks on the manner in which the transactions on the turf were at present carried on; and in so doing I had occasion to mention a very fearful and alarming falling off in the general state of sport at the headquarters of racing—Newmarket. This was a bold, nay, perhaps, a rash attempt of an unknown, unpractised writer—thus to attack what had hitherto been held up as an example to be followed—an object to be lauded by all who thought or wrote on the subject of the turf.

In what I have said, I have, from the report of the racing this year, been fully borne out—"There's something rotten in the state of Denmark," and the glory of Newmarket is already tottering to its fall. What matters it that the journals so pompously announce to us the splendid attendance of Royalty, Nobility, and Knighthood, gathered together in the rooms, and the Jockey Club dinners!—that the Duke of York appears on the heath on his favorite grey!—to see—what?—a paltry Handicap T.Y.C., the winner to be sold for *eighty* (valuable nags these!), or a match, in which one horse that *will* not run though he *can*, and another who is *willing enough*, poor devil! but has neither the gift of *speed nor stoutness*! Rightly may the Latin proverb of *materiam superabit opus* be applied here. 'Tis a pity they do not *run heats* for the plates, as it might

thus afford three or four races a-day instead of one or two—the average number!

Let it not for a moment be supposed, that, in speaking thus harshly of Newmarket, I do it from either prejudice or ill-will: on the contrary, I speak on the subject with rather a painful feeling than otherwise—I say it “more in sorrow than in anger.”—“Facts,” says Bob Gregson (*Vide BOXIANA*), “are stubborn things.” It is very easy for the Reporter of the *Morning Post*, in the conclusion of an account of one of the late Meetings, to assert that never was the Heath better attended, nor the sport greater; but, alas! though the Heath may not have been better attended as to company (a fact I somewhat doubt), I may say, without hesitation, that seldom within the recollection of middle-aged men, have the two First October Meetings been so scantily supplied with either horses or races. The fact of their being no *October Otlands* speaks volumes.

The Craven and First Spring Meetings commenced this year pretty much in the same fashion they have done for the last five or six years. As to the Second Meeting, 'tis become a ghost, a shadow, a mere type—and hardly that—of what it once was. Adopting the old adage of *nil mortuum nisi bonum*, I leave that Meeting to its own insignificance, and very probable dissolution at no very distant period, while I attend to the two preceding, which, being now little else than public trials between the colts and fillies engaged in the Derby and Oaks, will always be kept up for the sake of regulating the bettings alone.

One of the Duke of Grafton's stud—partly owing to his own

merit, and partly owing to the very high character the Duke and his stable bear on the spot (and most deservedly so)—is the great attraction of the week: hundreds after hundreds are swept off by his Grace, aided by out-and-out the first trainer at Newmarket—Robson—and rode by Buckle—a few stray petty stakes of an hundred or two being divided amongst Lords Lowther and Exeter, and the Duke of Rutland—a kind of sop in the pan as it were, to encourage them to continue to swell the amount of the Duke of Grafton's winnings.

The Claret Stakes, formerly one of the most sporting races in the three Meetings, was not filled; and Mr. Batson, by beating two very moderate ones for the Port—and winning very cleverly the Free Handicap for three-year-olds, the ensuing week—was thus enabled, at Lord Darlington's expense, to get rid of a doubtful horse at a very exorbitant price. Cedric, the winner of the Derby, also performed a feat, by beating Bizarre at only 2lb. for the year, which at the time stamped him as the best in England—unfortunately his antagonist's running is like his name, very *bizarre*, having been defeated repeatedly this season by very inferior horses, notwithstanding he recovered his lost laurels at Ascot in beating Longwaist—being much aided and abetted therein by poor Streatham, who, had he done less work, from what I have heard on good authority, ought to have cut a much better figure in the South.

I have before, in Volume xiv. N. S. page 342, taken occasion to state how badly a Newmarket horse, even of the first class, gets on in the country now—Brighton

to wit, for the last two years—hay, so completely were the tables changed, that Helenus and Longwaist—both country horses, and trained in the country, the property also of a real country gentleman—both shewed themselves to be, either for speed or stoutness, the best horses of their year.

In your Number for September, you have treated us with an exquisite print of Longwaist, with his pedigree and performances. I will add a few more particulars, on the correctness of which you may depend, which may prove not uninteresting to many of your readers; and it will shew how even the best judges, in a stable of a *young one*, will let the best be taken from them at a very inferior price.

In the spring of 1823, I met accidentally in London with a Noble Lord, who had a snug box in the immediate neighbourhood of Epsom Downs; and as I never miss an opportunity of gleaningsome racing knowledge, let it come when it will, I asked what sort of a team Forth had in his stables? He said, "Why, you ought to see them; for a more promising set of two-year-olds are seldom seen in a stable. In addition to a very clever colt (called afterwards Swallow) belonging to Forth, Dick Walker has got four up—three colts and a filly—Miss Jigg; Rambler, by Wanderer, out of Norna's dam; Dactyle, by Orville, out of Mitre; and Longwaist." On my making further inquiries as to their size, action, &c. he spoke in the highest terms of the four first, but rather slightly of the last, who, he said, did not take after Whalebone *too much*: he was an old-fashioned-looking colt—too much of Dick Andrews about his head and throat:

"*he may win plates; but depend on it he is no Derby horse.*" This lot was tried two or three times over that very spring. Swallow was to be a flyer—a second Williamson's Ditto, for the Derby—and even the others were to take the shine out of Lord Lowther's and the Duke of Grafton's studs. Miss Jigg certainly won the Woodcote in very flying style; and Dilly having, previously to her starting, refused her at 350 guineas, immediately after the race gave 750 for her, and half the Oaks should she win it—for which she became at one time first favourite. While on the spot, he bought Longwaist for six hundred, which his owners thought a rattling price for him. The splendid horse Dactyle was sold afterwards as a stallion, being not worth *producing* even in public. Rambler was lately sold at the Bazaar for sixty guineas; and Swallow, after shewing some good running for the Derby—(there are *some queer stories* afloat on this subject!)—got beat by two bad ones at Cheltenham, and has never appeared since—while the despised Longwaist has been sweeping the country, and has been just sold for *three thousand* to Mr. Mytton. Mr. Walker lost his own brother—a still finer colt than Longwaist—just as that horse was getting into notice, merely by keeping him in too rich a pasture. Colts may eat too much grass as well as hunters. Thanks, however, to NIMRON and *his new light*, the time is not very far distant when people will be as little inclined to give grass in its raw state, until converted into hay, to their horses, as raw meat, till boiled or roasted, to their servants and children! And here I cannot help exulting in the superiority of the old North-country sort of

mares, the Dick Andrews' blood—in particular Barefoot, Abron, and Lottery, all grandsons of his—Longwaist and Memnon also—which shews how well that *blood risks* with the Duke of Grafton's.

I now proceed to the July Meeting, which never was of any consequence except in one race—the July Stakes—and no perceptible falling off can be noticed in that Meeting. It is, however, worthy of note—(TYRM, strange to say! seems to have forgotten it)—that for the last three years the winners should have been either Northern colts, or at least of Northern blood. Reformer, though of Southern blood, was from a North-country stud. Redgauntlet, got by Scud (who, though he has latterly covered in the South, yet must be considered as decidedly a North-countryman; and be it also borne in mind that the stock on which his fame as a stallion chiefly rests—Sam, Sailor, and Shoveller—are out of *North-country* mares, Hyale and Gooseander), is out of Dulcinea, by Cervantes. Mr Wortley's Crusader, who has been winning the two great Stakes—the July and Prendergast, which Redgauntlet did last year—is by Cervantes, out of Octaviana, by Octavian, a mare bred by the Duke of Leeds.

The First and Second October Meetings, notwithstanding a very fair attendance of sportsmen, seem this year to have gone off flatly enough, particularly the First. In these Meetings one thing is remarkable, and proves plainly that with one or two exceptions the three-year-olds are wretchedly bad. "The last shall be first, and the first last," has been fully exemplified. The only one of the Duke of Grafton's lot, Bolero, who was uniformly unsuccessful last spring,

carried away the Grand Duke Michael. Mortgage, who only came out to be beaten in the early part of the year, gives the go-by to Tontine, and also Enamel, of whom such high expectations were formed, and who was backed heavily against Rufus, to whom he wisely paid forfeit in his match. Double Entendre, Black Daphne, and old Catiline, who have been on hard duty all the summer, on the home circuit of Newmarket, finish their career this autumn by winning. Zinc, who once was in very high form, seemed unable to do any thing with such antagonists—though only of the what formerly was called the sixth class of racers. Lord Egremont, as usual, made sad havoc among the Plates. All his colts have some running in them, and are of an improving sort, if we may trust to appearances; but, rather unfortunately, the Whalebones train off so fearfully after four years old, that more than next year can hardly be well calculated out of them, with the exception of Cricketer, the brother to Black-and-all-Black. After all, I should not be surprized if that Sister to Palatine (by Filho da Puta), Arachne, was not able to beat nineteen out of twenty of the Newmarket three-year-olds: if she has half even of her good running this year left, she will be invaluable for the country next year.

Lord Anson, who seems getting on on the turf, and who promises to be one of its sincere supporters, and an honour to it, has been tolerably fortunate in picking up two very sporting races—the 100l. Plate and the Audley End Stakes—with a moderate country horse, Sligo, and beating what was supposed the best of the day, Bi-

sarre, at no very great disparity of weights. This horse is got by the Waxy Pope, who, when in England, did not seem to meet that patronage which the excellence of his progeny in Ireland deserved. This blood, with the exception of Trumpator, is the same as Whalebone, &c. and on that account would make a better cross with Sorcerer mares. Shamrock, a very smart nag, even at Newmarket, was a son of his; as also Canteen, whose *good running last year* affords a sad contrast to his *bad this year*. Ireland can hardly claim him as her own, as his dam Castanea is own Sister to *Skim*, and the dam of *Moses*.

The Houghton, in comparison to the other two Meetings, shewed infinitely more sport. The race for the 50l. Plate on the Tuesday—last three miles of the B.C.—was a very extraordinary one, being won by a *two-years-old*, Leeway, by Aladdin; a performance which, whether we consider the distance of ground, or the severity of the course, can only be paralleled by Oiseau's winning the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Doncaster in 1811, against such horses as Ashton, Laurel-leaf, and Octavian, but then only half the distance that Leeway ran.

I am glad to see the nephew of a gentleman, Mr. J. Paine, (whose name stood very high at Newmarket for sound judgment, and who, poor fellow! is wasting his racing talents in the desert air of Tours,) is getting on well on the turf. I only wish he had a better stud: he has a noble fortune; and if he will only keep *his elbows quiet* (which very few young men of large property can do), his racing will never

hurt him, even if he gives Lord Darlington's price* for horses.

I have hitherto been describing the disease—I will now mention one or two points, a due attention to which may produce a favorable change. Make it worth while to preserve a horse till five or six, by increasing the value of the Stakes to be run for horses of this description. Encourage the stranger to come to the Heath, by weighting his horse favorably in the Oatlands and Free Handicaps.

"There is so little money now stirring," is, and has for some time back been, the general cry at Newmarket. I ask not how the mornings are spent—how are *the nights*? The winnings of a whole week by horses, aided by sound judgment, good riding, and training, may be, and have too often been, thrown away to the demon of Hazard and Macao in the space of a few hours, perhaps minutes. Heavy and deep play has been, and always will be, the bane of Newmarket; and those whose ruin has been ascribed to Newmarket, have their misfortunes caused by night, not by day—and let St. James's-street tell the rest.

There are two Noble Earls, whom I see with regret have quitted the turf—one totally, and the other nearly so—I allude to Lords Stamford and Stradbroke—and whose loss will not be easily replaced. My Lord Stradbroke began his reduction by the disposal of his two best mares—Cobbe, the dam of Sorcery, &c., and Grey Duchess. His Majesty some years since again commenced breeder on the turf, and a very handsome and well-conducted establishment

* Lord Darlington has paid nearly *twelve thousand pounds* for *four horses* in the last two years—Swiss and Barefoot 5000, Swab 3000, and lastly Memnon 3000!!!

at Hampton Court was the result. In order to give matters greater *clat*, more than one eminent breeder made presents to the stud of their best mares; and, among others, Cobbea and Grey Duchess. On the breaking up the establishment, these two, instead of being returned to their late owner, were sent to the hammer, and sold for what they would fetch—I believe less than 150*l*. the two—while, two short years after this pitiful economy of *hundreds* was put in practice, *thousands* were lavished on that splendid piece of *Tom-foolery*, the *punt* in Virginia Water! Since that time Lord S. has parted with the remainder of his stud—Old Quiz and Persepolis, perhaps, alone survive to tell the tale of former greatness. Of their produce, the two best—Araxis and Euphrates—are unfortunately unable to continue their excellence to posterity. Tigris is in France; and Indus, who bade fair to be the best of the lot, never recovered his dreadful fall, after winning the Cup in 1818 at Worcester, and went afterwards to the West Indies. Cydnus, the winner of *four* King's Plates this year, I hope to see preserved for a stallion: it is from horses of his strength and power, that the breed of our best hunters (the most valuable stock perhaps on the whole) must be kept up.

Lord Stamford, when in the zenith of his career, and who alone seemed able to stem the torrent of Sir Thomas Stanley's success at Chester, has retired; and, in his having parted with his famous Sir Oliver mare, seems to have taken a *long*—I fear, alas! a final, farewell of the turf.

But a truce to idle croaking! Newmarket may again revive. Doncaster is all one could wish.

York continues well. Leeds has made a capital start, and I trust will keep it. So has Wolverhampton. Newton once more has raised its head as a place of sport. Chester and Manchester are daily getting more into repute. The Welshmen are getting racing mad; and the odious system of *leather plating* is giving way to *legitimate* sporting. In two small adjoining counties, two new Meetings have arisen, and two revived—Kington and Leominster in one; Presteigne and Knighton in another. Gloucestershire and Worcestershire are not backward. Tewkesbury and Stourbridge speak for themselves. In the West all looks well; neither is there any lack of money to be contended for—their only fault is their ringing the changes upon too few horses, which always spoils sport.

The prospects for the ensuing years are very flattering, if we are to judge from the entries. We are still in hopes of a race between *Memnon* and *Middleton*, as also of, what would be equally interesting, one between *Lottery* and *Longwaist*. I see Mr. Whittaker has offered to run the match for 1000*l*. four miles over York or Doncaster—at 5*l*. for the year; and I think him right. Lottery has gained all his renown at those places—having suffered himself to be beaten by very inferior nags in the spring—and again twice since at Doncaster. Longwaist, on the other hand, seems not at all the worse for travelling; and his antagonist's villanous temper at times is a great pull in his favour.

I must now close my letter, which has extended further than I was at first aware of. Should it appear the wish of your readers,

my labours, Mr. Editor, will again recommence. In the mean time I now bid you and them respectfully farewell.

THE OLD FORESTER.

Nov. 14, 1825.

COURSING MEETINGS.

ASHDOWN PARK.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Send you a list of the Coursing at Ashdown Park in November, which is beyond a doubt the finest ground for that sport in England—and the Club consists of some of the most sanguine and celebrated Coursers of the present day. Lord Rivers, Colonel Stead, Mr. Davenport, and Mr. Pardoe are Honorary Members of the Club.

Yours,

AN OLD BERKSHIRE COURSER.

November 19, 1825.

FIRST DAY.—NOVEMBER 7.

For the Cup.—Sir H. Vivian's wh. d. Vic Vanguard beat Mr. S. Heathcote's br. d. Higgler; Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Modesty beat Mr. Browne's bl. d. Bluecap; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Glycera beat Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Caliban; Mr. Jones Long's wh. b. Lydia beat Mr. C. Long's blk. and wh. d. Lyulph; Mr. Roberts's yel. and wh. b. Rapture beat Mr. Biggs's blk. and wh. d. Bacchus; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beat Mr. Briscall's blk. d. Brunswick; Mr. Lawrence's bl. b. Luna beat Mr. Capel's fawn and wh. d. Jobson; Mr. Phelps's blk. d. Rex beat Colonel Newport's wh. d. Norman.

First Class of Craven Stakes.—Mr. Browne's brin. and wh. d. Boxer beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Everlasting; Mr. Roberts's ted d.

Radical beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. Venus; Mr. J. Long's blk. d. Lash beat Mr. Pettatt's fawn b. Prudence; Mr. Capel's blk. d. Jester beat Mr. Briscall's blk. and wh. d. Blenheim.

Second Class of Craven Stakes.—Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Lynx beat Mr. Phelps's fawn d. Regent; Mr. Lawrence's bl. d. Lancer beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Heathcock; Mr. Biggs's fawn d. Bosworth beat Colonel Newport's fawn d. Na-hauch-lish; Mr. Goodlake's fawn d. Gohanna beat Mr. Cripps's bl. d. Candidate.

The *Puppy Ashdown Stakes* were not run, owing to the bad weather.

SECOND DAY, NOVEMBER 8.

First Tie for the Cup.—Mr. Lawrence's bl. b. Luna beat Mr. Phelps's blk. d. Rex; Mr. Roberts's yel. and w. b. Rapture beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Glycera; Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Modesty beat Mr. J. Long's wh. b. Lydia; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beat Sir H. Vivian's wh. d. Vic Vanguard.

Tie of the First Class of Craven, for all aged Greyhounds.—Mr. Capel's blk. d. Jester beat Mr. Roberts's yel. d. Radical; Mr. Browne's brin. and w. d. Boxer beat Mr. J. Long's blk. d. Lash.

Tie of the Second Class of Craven, for all aged Greyhounds.—Mr. Biggs's fawn d. Bosworth beat Mr. Lawrence's bl. d. Lancer; Mr. Goodlake's fawn d. p. Gohanna beat Mr. C. Long's blk. b. Lynx.

First Class of Ashdown Puppy Stakes.—Mr. J. Long's bl. d. Leg-bail beat Mr. Cripps's blk. and w. b. Claudia; Mr. Pettatt's bl. b. Psyche beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and w. d. Hector; Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Grandison beat Mr. C. Long's blk. and w. d. Loom; Mr.

Biggs's blk. d. Basilisk beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emily.

The Second Class of Ashdown Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Ruby beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Leman; Mr. Phelps's red and w. b. Ready beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. and w. d. Vortex.

Matches.—Mr. Roberts's red and w. d. Ringleader beat Mr. Browne's brin. and w. d. Brusher; Mr. Phelps's red b. Rosebud beat Colonel Newport's blk. and w. d. Nonpareil; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Elegant beat Sir H. Vivian's buff b. Variety; Mr. Biggs's blk. and w. d. Bachanal beat Mr. Briscall's blk. d. Bardolph; Mr. J. Long's blk. d. Lofty beat Mr. Cripps's brin. and w. d. Cerberus; Mr. C. Long's blk. d. Leicester beat Mr. Capel's red. d. Iachimo; Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Goldenlocks beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. and w. b. Le-rida; Dr. Meyrick's blk. d. Mexican beat Mr. Pettatt's brin. d. Poscher; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. and w. b. Ellen beat Mr. Phelps's blk. b. Ruth; Mr. Biggs's blk. and w. d. Bacchus beat Mr. Browne's bl. d. Bluecap; Sir H. Vivian's blk. d. Victor and Mr. Pettatt's blk. d. Pagan—undecided; Colonel Newport's fawn d. Na-bauch-lish beat Mr. J. Long's blk. d. Lounger; Mr. Cripp's blk. and w. d. Cosmo beat Mr. Briscall's fawn b. Bradamant.

The THIRD DAY was too wet to course.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

Owing to the ground being covered with snow, only the two Cup Courses were run, and those unsatisfactory ones.

Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beat Mr. Roberts's yel. and w. b. Rapture; Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Modesty beat Mr. Lawrence's bl. b. Luna.

VOL. XVII.—SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beat Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Modesty, and won the Cup, after two Courses, one undecided.

Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Grandison beat Mr. Pettatt's bl. b. Psyche; Mr. Biggs's Basilisk beat Mr. J. Long's bl. d. Legbail.

Owing to the weather, and the consequent scarcity of hares sitting out, all the Classes of both the Craven and Ashdown Stakes were divided.

Matches.—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Giantess beat Sir H. Vivian's wh. b. Voluble; Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Regina beat Sir H. Vivian's yel. and w. b. Velocity.—Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Gustavus; Sir H. Vivian's wh. d. Voter—two courses undecided.—Mr. Capel's red and w. d. Jobson beat Sir H. Vivian's red and w. d. Velox; Mr. Goodlake's bl. b. Graceful beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. Vapour.

Pedigree of Emerald and Modesty.

Emerald, the winner of the Cup, was got by Mr. Browne's Briton (Son of Platoff), out of Mr. E. Cripps's famous bitch Eleanor by the celebrated dog Champion, out of Calypso. Modesty was got by Mr. Goodlake's Gas (own Brother to the celebrated bitch Goldenlocks), her dam Miss, by Magnet (nephew of Champion), out of Mr. Goodlake's famous bitch Gem, by Glory's son (Son of Champion), out of Gambol. Modesty is bred in and in with the Champion blood, which is contrary to the opinion of many breeders of blood horses and greyhounds; but the writer of this approves of crossing in and in with a running family; for instance, Cedric got by Phantom, Son of Walton, out of a daughter of Walton.

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LOUTH.

The Louth Coursing Meeting commenced on Tuesday, November the 8th. The first day the weather was very unfavorable, and several of the Matches, as well as the Sweepstakes, were not run; and also the second day was very boisterous; but on Saturday, there was a favorable change, and the coursing very superior. The hares were remarkably strong.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

For the Cup.—Mr. R. Chaplin's red b. Nell beat Mr. Wing's yel. and w. d. Spring; Mr. Beridge's red b. Nestle beat Mr. E. Heneage's red b. Fancy; Mr. Booth's red and w. d. Pilot beat Mr. Beridge's red b. Venus; Mr. Yorke's red. and w. b. Minna beat Mr. Dawson's blk. b. Lady; Mr. Chaplin's blk. d. Streamer beat Mr. Eve's red b. Helen; Mr. G. Heneage's red b. Fairy beat Mr. R. Chaplin's bl. d. Guy; Mr. Hassall's blk. d. Hippogrif beat Mr. Dawson's bl. b. Fly; Mr. Yorke's red and w. b. Vesta beat Col. Elmhirst's brin. b. Cayenne.

Matches.—Mr. Chaplin's w. d. Stretcher beat Mr. Hassall's brin. b. Hornet; Mr. E. Heneage's bl. and w. d. Blucher beat Mr. Hassall's bl. b. Hasty.—Four matches went off.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

For the Cup.—Mr. G. Heneage's red b. Fairy beat Mr. R. Chaplin's red b. Nell; Mr. Booth's red and w. d. Pilot beat Mr. Yorke's red b. Minna; Mr. Hassall's blk. d. Hippogrif beat Mr. Chaplin's red d. Streamer; Mr. Beridge's red b. Nestle beat Mr. Yorke's red and w. b. Vesta.

Sweepstakes, two sovs. each.—Mr. Beridge's blk. and w. d. Magpie beat Mr. E. Heneage's red b. Puss; Mr. Hassall's f. d.

Hercules beat Mr. Wing's r. b. Helen; Col. Elmhirst's w. b. Careless beat Mr. Chaplin's red b. Gem; Mr. G. Heneage's blk. b. Venus beat Mr. Eve's dun b. Haughty.

Puppy Sweepstakes, two sovereigns each.—Mr. Beridge's blk. d. p. Hamlet beat Mr. E. Heneage's red b. p. Fancy; Mr. Hassall's red d. p. Hylas beat Mr. Wing's yel. and w. d. p. Spring.

Matches.—Mr. E. Heneage's bl. and w. d. Blucher beat Mr. Beridge's bl. b. Margaret; Mr. Hassall's brin. b. Hornet beat Mr. Chaplin's w. d. Stretcher; Mr. Beridge's w. d. Memnon beat Mr. Booth's red and w. b. Fly.—Four matches went off.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

For the Cup.—Mr. Booth's red and w. d. Pilot beat Mr. G. Heneage's red b. Fairy; Mr. Hassall's blk. d. Hippogrif beat Mr. Beridge's red b. Nestle.

Sweepstakes, two sovs. each.—Mr. Beridge's blk. and w. d. Magpie beat Mr. G. Heneage's blk. b. Venus; Mr. Hassall's f. d. Hercules beat Col. Elmhirst's w. b. Careless.

Puppy Sweepstakes, two sovs. each.—*Deciding Match.*—Mr. Beridge's blk. d. p. Hamlet beat Mr. Hassall's red d. p. Hylas.—Hylas was drawn in consequence of being lame.

Deciding Match for the Cup.—Mr. Hassall's blk. d. Hippogrif beat Mr. Booth's red and w. d. Pilot.

Sweepstakes, two sovs. each.—*Deciding Match.*—Mr. Hassall's f. d. Hercules beat Mr. Beridge's blk. and w. d. Magpie.

Matches.—Mr. E. Heneage's blk. and w. d. Mellish beat Mr. Hassall's blk. d. Hartshorn; Col. Elmhirst's blk. b. Amaryllis agst Mr. Chaplin's red b. Violet—no course; Mr. Chaplin's red b. Grace

agst Mr. G. Heneage's blk. b. Whipsey—undecided; Mr. Chaplin's red b. p. Lady beat Col. Elmhirst's w. b. p. Flirt; Mr. Hassall's red b. Harpalye, agst Mr. G. Chaplin's blk. d. Glider—undecided; Mr. Yorke's red and w. b. Brenda beat Mr. Nicholson's red b. Witch.—Two matches went off.

The deciding match for the Cup between Pilot and Hippogrif was a very excellent course. At starting, Pilot was rather lame, though he did a great deal in the middle; but being only a young dog, Hippogrif had the advantage over him at last.

It will be seen by the above list that Mr. Hassall's Hercules has again distinguished himself in winning the Sweepstakes; and four of his puppies, all of one litter, viz. Mr. Richard Chaplin's Nell, Mr. Berridge's Nestle, and Mr. York's Minna and Vesta, were entered for the Cup, and won their first courses, and were the favorites. The second day they were very unfortunate: Nell and Fairy were slipped, but before they reached their hare, a fresh one got up, which Nell run, and was cut out without the least trial. Minna was not entered in her true colour, and therefore was not permitted to run the second day: and Vesta lost her course with her sister Nestle, owing to her not flying a tray, up to which time she had decidedly the advantage of her opponent. Mr. Hassall's Hylas, by Hercules, was decidedly the favorite for the Puppy Stakes; but was drawn, having lamed himself the day before.

AMESBURY CLUB.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

Cup.—Mr. J. H. Vivian's Va-

nity beat Sir H. Vivian's Victrix; Mr. Heathcote's Hecate beat Mr. Biggs's Basilisk; Mr. Bayly's Racket beat Mr. Pettat's Paltry; Mr. Wyndham's Wilfrid beat Mr. Mills's Mask; Mr. Dancey's Dandy beat Mr. A. Wyndham's Waverly; Mr. Biggs's Bellefleur beat Mr. Pettat's Pagan; Mr. Heathcote's Harpy beat Mr. Dancey's Hotspur; Mr. A. Wyndham's Wire beat Mr. Mills's Merriman.

Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Heathcote's Harebell beat Sir J. Hawkins's Susan; Mr. Mills's Maid of the Mill beat Mr. Bayly's Rhoda; Mr. A. Wyndham's Woden beat Mr. Biggs's Bosworth; Mr. Pettat's Prettymaid beat Mr. Heathcote's Hornpipe.

Figheledean Stakes.—Mr. Pettat's Pantaloon beat Mr. A. Wyndham's; Mr. Biggs's Bolina beat Mr. Dancey's Drusilla; Mr. Biggs's Bijou beat Mr. Heathcote's Hyacinth; Mr. Mills's Mouse beat Sir Hussey Vivian's Vennus.

Produce Stakes of 5gs.—Mr. Biggs's Bacchus beat Sir H. Vivian's Vanguard; Mr. Mills's Matchem beat Mr. Bayly's Ruby.

Matches.—Mr. Pettat's Prudence beat Mr. Dancey's Dish; Mr. Bayly's Ronald, Sir H. Vivian's Vortigern—undecided; Mr. Biggs's Bigonia beat Sir Hussey Vivian's Voluble; Sir Hussey Vivian's Victor beat Mr. Dancey's Diomed.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

Cup.—Mr. Biggs's Bellefleur beat Mr. Heathcote's Harpy; Mr. Heathcote's Hecate beat Mr. Wyndham's Wilfrid; Mr. J. H. Vivian's Vanity beat Mr. Bayly's Racket; Mr. Dancey's Dandy beat Mr. A. Wyndham's Wire.

Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Heathcote's Harebell beat Mr. Mills's Maid of the Mill; Mr. A. Wynd-

happ's Woden beat Mr. Pettat's Prettymaid.

Figheleean Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's Bljou beat Mr. Pettat's Pantaloon; Mr. Biggs's Bohna beat Mr. Mills's Mouse.

Produce Stakes.—Mr. Mills's Matchem beat Mr. Biggs's Bacchus, and won the Stakes.

Druid Stakes.—Mr. Bayly's Ruby beat Sir H. Vivian's Victrix; Mr. Mills's Merriman beat Mr. Heathcote's Basilisk.

Tidworth Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's Bosworth beat Sir H. Vivian's Venus; Sir John Hawkins's Susan beat Mr. Bayly's Rhoda; Mr. A. Wyndham's Wryface beat Mr. Dancsey's Diak; Mr. Heathcote's Hornpipe, Mr. Pettat's Prudence—undecided.

Matches.—Mr. Dancsey's Doctor beat Mr. Pettat's Pagan; Mr. A. Wyndham's Witch, Mr. Pettat's Prattle—undecided; Mr. Biggs's Bagatelle, Mr. Pettat's Paltry—undecided; Sir J. Hawkins's Hector beat Mr. Dancsey's Drusilla.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

Cup.—Mr. J. H. Vivian's Vanity beat Mr. Biggs's Bellefleur; Mr. A. Wyndham's Dandy beat Mr. Heathcote's Hecate.

Stanchenge Stakes.—Mr. Heathcote's Harebell, Mr. A. Wyndham's Woden—Woden drawn.

Figheleean Stakes.—won by Mr. Biggs.

Produce Stakes.—Mr. Mills's Matchem beat Mr. Biggs's Bacchus, and won the Stakes.

Druid Stakes.—Mr. Mills's Merriman beat Mr. Bayly's Ruby, and won the Stakes.

Tidworth Stakes.—Mr. A. Wyndham's Wryface beat Sir J. Hawkins's Susan; Mr. Biggs's Bosworth beat Mr. Heathcote's Hornpipe.

Cup.—Mr. J. H. Vivian's Vanity

beat Mr. A. Wyndham's Dandy, and won the Cup.

A numerous and highly respectable company attended the above meeting; amongst whom were noticed Lord Bridport, Sir Haemy Vivian, M.P. and brother, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Wyndham, M.P., Mr. Baker, M.P., Mr. Taylor, M.P., Mr. Roberts, M.P., General Wyndham, Mr. Alexander Wyndham, Mr. Heathcote, Mr. Bastard, Mr. Pettat, Mr. T. A. Smith, Mr. Mills, Mr. Davis, Mr. Biggs, Captain Hawkins, Dr. Finch, &c. &c. The sport on each day was most excellent.

SWAFFHAM.

FIRST DAY.

For the Gold Cup.—Mr. F. Hammond's Quicksilver beat Mr. Gurney's Asp; Mr. Denn's bl. d. Duke beat Mr. Redhead's blk. d. Lear; Mr. Ayton's Pickle beat Mr. Carter's Guess; Mr. Buckworth's Bee beat Mr. Young's Verdict.

Matches, First Class.—Mr. Keppel's wh. d. Kew beat Mr. Tyssen's blk. d. Fling; Mr. Hammond's brd. b. Queen beat Mr. Carter's r. b. Garnet; Mr. Carter's blk. d. p. Gas beat Mr. Denn's blk. d. Despot; Mr. Denn's p. Dowager beat Lord Dunwich's p. Myrtle; Mr. Gurney's brd. d. Able beat Mr. Ayton's blk. d. Pluto; Mr. Gurney's p. Anna beat E. of Stradbrooke's p. Eve; Mr. Young's Valentine agst Mr. Ayton's Phillis—no course; Mr. Keppel's Kilian beat Mr. Tyssen's Flourish; Mr. Redhead's Lance, agst Mr. Buckworth's Bacchus—undecided; Mr. Buckworth's p. Bachelor beat Mr. Young's p. Vigo.

Second Class.—Mr. Keppel's Kean agst Mr. Gurney's Asp—

undecided; Mr. Gurney's blk. M. Ash beat Lord Stradbroke's Eel; Mr. Buckworth's Barbara beat Mr. Ayton's Puss.

SECOND DAY.

Matches, First Class.—Mr. Young's Valentine agst Mr. Denn's Daphne—no course; Mr. Denn's Dreadnought beat Lord Stradbroke's Egbert; Mr. Gurney's Axe beat Mr. Carter's Gelert; Mr. Young's Vestris beat Mr. Denn's Dan; Mr. Redhead's Lounger beat Lord Dunwich's Martin; Mr. Tyssen's Fieldfare beat Mr. Keppel's Kitty; Mr. Gurney's Anson beat Lord Dunwich's Monitor; Mr. Carter's Knap beat Mr. Young's Volatile; Mr. Buckworth's Briar beat Mr. Ayton's Patch; Mr. Buckworth's Baron agst Mr. Ayton's Prince—no course; Mr. Redhead's Lancer beat Lord Dunwich's Mathews.

Second Class.—Mr. Redhead's Lovely beat Mr. Buckworth's Belle; Mr. Gurney's Arrow beat Mr. Buckworth's Bashful; Mr. Ayton's Phillis beat Mr. Tyssen's Fly; Mr. Carter's Grace beat Mr. Gurney's Abigail; Mr. Young's Vexation beat Mr. Carter's Gaylass.

Cley Sweepstakes for Puppies.—Mr. Gurney's Agnes beat Mr. Dehn's Dove; Mr. Ayton's Primrose beat Lord Dunwich's Mæotis; Mr. Tyssen's Frolic agst Mr. Gurney's Aaron—off.

THIRD DAY.

First Tie for the Cup.—Mr. Buckworth's Bee beat Mr. Denn's Duke; Mr. R. Hamond's Quicksilver beat Mr. Ayton's Pickle.

Matches, First Class.—Mr. Carter's Gelert beat Mr. Redhead's Lemon; Mr. Buckworth's Bacchus beat Mr. Gurdon's Swift; Mr. Buckworth's Briar beat Mr. Gurdon's Sweep; Mr. Ayton's Puss beat Mr. Denn's Daphne; Mr. Carter's Guess beat Mr. Tyssen's

Fortunado; Mr. Gurney's Asp beat Mr. Denn's Dewager; Mr. Gurney's Anna beat Mr. Ayton's Pallas; Mr. Keppel's Kean beat Mr. Redhead's Lyra; Mr. Gurney's Abel beat Mr. Redhead's Leo; Mr. Tyssen's Frolic agst Mr. Young's Verdict—undecided.

Second Class.—Mr. Keppel's Kew beat Mr. Hamond's Quis; Mr. Gurney's Aaron beat Mr. Keppel's Killian.

FOURTH DAY.

For the Gold Cup.—Mr. Buckworth's Bee beat Mr. Hamond's Quicksilver, and won the Cup.

Cley Sweepstakes.—Mr. Ayton's Primrose beat Mr. Gurney's Agnes.

Matches.—Mr. Carter's Gnat beat Mr. Tyssen's Fox; Mr. Keppel's Kew beat Mr. Gurdon's Swift; Mr. Ayton's Matchem beat Mr. Tyssen's Fiddler; Mr. Redhead's Lounger beat Lord Dunwich's Minister; Mr. Gurney's Asp beat Mr. Denn's Dove; Mr. Hamond's Queen agst Mr. Ayton's Phillis—undecided; Mr. Young's Valentine beat Mr. Buckworth's Bashful; Mr. Young's Volatile beat Mr. Keppel's Kitty; Mr. Gurney's Arrow agst Mr. Buckworth's Baronet—no course; Mr. Denn's Dreadnought beat Mr. Redhead's Lear; Mr. Keppel's Kean beat Mr. Ayton's Pluto; Mr. Redhead's Lance beat Lord Dunwich's Martin.

DENGIE HUNDRED, ESSEX.

NOVEMBER 22.

Mr. Golding's blk. d. Macedon beat Mr. P. Wright's d. d. Vetch; Mr. Parker's d. d. Caeton agst Mr. Berkeley's bl. d. Bacer—undecided; Mr. Hart's blk. d. Lippin beat Mr. Golding's rd. d. Major; Mr. Crabb's blk. d. Quis beat Mr. P. Wright's rd. d. Vigo; Mr. Berkeley's bl. b. Bomp beat Mr. P. Wright's rd. d. Venus; Mr.

Crabb's bl. d. Quaker beat Mr. Golding's blk. b. Mouse; Mr. Goulding's blk. b. Mystery beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Vivaldi.

Puppies.—Mr. Berkeley's d. b. Rarity beat Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. b. Doubtful; Mr. Parker's d. d. Claret agst Mr. Golding's blk. d. Marske—undecided; Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Volens beat Mr. Crabb's rd. d. Quick; Mr. Hart's blk. d. Lofty beat Mr. Golding's blk. d. Marmion; Mr. Parker's b. d. Ceres beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Vestal; Mr. Crabb's blk. b. Quibble beat Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. b. Daphne; Mr. Golding's blk. d. Mentor beat Mr. P. Wright's brin. d. Valiant; Mr. Parker's rd. d. Cupid beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Vulcan; Mr. Schreiber's blk. d. King beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Viscount; Mr. Crabb's blk. b. Quality beat Mr. Parker's rd. b. Clara; Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. b. Daphne beat Mr. Smith's brin. b. Sweep;

Mr. Crabb's blk. d. Quick agst Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Volens—undecided; Mr. Crabb's ditto beat Mr. P. Wright's ditto; Mr. Berkeley's blk. b. Rump beat Mr. R. Bygrave's blk. b. Lively; Mr. Bushel's d. b. Ugly agst Mr. T. Bygrave's blk. b. Actress—undecided; Mr. Malden's rd. and w. d. Idis beat Mr. P. Wright's d. d. Vetch; Mr. Berkeley's blu. d. Racer beat Mr. R. Bygrave's blu. b. Lass; Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. b. Doubtful beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Viscount; Mr. Matson's d. d. beat Mr. P. Wright's brin. d. Valiant; Mr. Bushel's d. b. Ugly, Mr. Smith's brin. b. Sweep—no course; Mr. Bushel's ditto beat Mr. Smith's ditto.

The hares ran well, the day proved uncommonly fine, and the company present was numerous. Upon the whole, the sport was highly gratifying, the matches being well contested.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

YOU may, perhaps, think the following lines but ill adapted for the *Sporting Magazine*; they would, indeed, appear with more propriety in the *Belle Assemblée*; and, but that I know many ladies constantly peruse your pages, I should have hesitated before I sent them for your insertion. Here they are, however, and you may do as you please with them. I can hardly call them *impromptu* (though I am apt to think they are quite as much so as many to which that title is given), but they were written in haste, under the feelings of the moment. Let any young Lady fancy that the man she likes best, he on whom she has fixed her fondest hopes of happiness, having stood beside her as she sung "Home, sweet home!" should, in the enthusiasm of the moment, hastily snatch up his pen, and, we'll say, in the course of an hour, present her with

LINES ON HEARING MISS — SING "HOME, SWEET HOME!"

I listen'd to thy voice! and the softly-plaintive lay
Thrill'd sweetly thro' my heart, as it lingering died away!
I stood in silent rapture, unconscious that the strain
Had ceas'd, still vainly hoping to hear those notes again.

I started from my trance, as from some fond dream awoke,
 The spell, that in its fetters my senses bound, was broke;
 While thoughts for words too beautiful, too dear to be exprest,
 Thoughts of the purest bliss in joy came rushing on my breast!
 I listen'd to thy lay, and thy voice so soft and clear,
 Like music o'er the waters, fell soothing on my ear!
 I stood beside thee—my feelings none might guess,
 I gaz'd on thee with looks that spoke of hope and happiness;
 I heard thee sing of "Home, sweet home!" so soft, so mournfully,
 My heart, its homage paying, then fondly turn'd to thee.
 "Mid pleasures and palaces," I would not care to roam;
 With thee, however humble, yet home would still be home.
 There's "a charm from the skies," there, when blest with her we love,
 A joy that "seems to hallow us," all other joys above.
 I envy not the rich their wealth, the proud their lordly state,
 Their palaces delight not me, I wish not to be great;
 Give me but health and "peace of mind," and hope, that cheers my heart,
 Where'er thou goest is with thee—my home, where'er thou art.

QUIS?

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

JOHN KEMBLE.

Mr. Kemble was generally (and justly so) esteemed one of the most abstemious of men, though he would occasionally indulge in an *extra* bottle. Indeed the great feats of this gentleman with his friend the late Duke of Norfolk in that way, have often been spoken of—whether true or not is now immaterial. The following fact may be relied on. One evening he had agreed to meet Sheridan at Mr. Peake's, the then Treasurer of Drury-lane Theatre, and was most punctual to his appointment (seven o'clock). Mr. Peake had not been apprised of their intentions, and was so very unwell that he had ordered some gruel intending to retire early to bed. On Mr. Kemble's arrival, wine was produced, which he at first declined, but afterwards said he would "just take a glass or so." Another bottle was shortly after decanted, Sheridan still not making his appearance:—ditto repeated, and again, and again—during which Mr. Peake was enlivened by the conversation

of that distinguished scholar, partaking himself as sparingly as his situation would permit, consistently with his known hospitality. Time passed, so did the wine; and at seven in the morning, Kemble, buttoning up his great coat, in which he had sat all the evening, rose, coolly observing, "Well, Peake, I don't think he'll come now!" and retired, with at least seven out of the nine bottles drawn, as collected and steady as when he entered the house the preceding evening.

HOW TO GET A DINNER.

A celebrated violoncello performer, in one of his annual Music Meetings, arrived at a principal inn at Gloucester late on the day previously to that on which he had apprized the landlord of his intention, and found the house extremely crowded in expectation of the Festival. It so happened that the larder was cleared of cold dishes, and the party were too hungry to wait for putting down a joint. The Director sent his friends into the

room bespoke for them, and walked into the kitchen to see what was going forward. He found a fine haunch of mutton just taken off the spit, and placed before the fire whilst the garnishing was getting ready, for some gentlemen who had arrived in time. Being determined to secure it for his own party, without being perceived by the cook, he cut one of his fiddle-strings into very small pieces, and strewed them over the joint and in the dish; they were soon operated upon by the heat, and curled up exactly resembling maggots. When put on table, the effect was electrical—*not one of them could touch it*. The joint was removed, and readily seized by the Director, who bore it off in triumph to his party, observing, that whatever maggots they might have in their heads, the haunch was free from them.

Miss Chester's chariot overturned a cabriolet, fare and all, the other day in Fleet-street. The name of this performer gives room for many jokes unintentionally. Young Mr. Calcraft treating her with an excursion in a funny, is said to be going to *Ro*-chester. Old Mr. Calcraft, when he wanted to marry her, was going to *Man*-chester. When she was addicted to brown stout, her admirer went to *Win*-chester. When the physician visits her in sickness, he is at *Ill*-chester: and when she is what she is called, she is least like what she is, *plain* Chester.

A lady of rank, who was as remarkable for mental as for personal accomplishments, being asked by a child in a large assemblage of distinguished personages, what was the difference between a bull and an ox, immediately replied with the

greatest *naïveté*, "The bull, my dear, is the calf's papa, and the ox is his uncle."

AN INFERENCE.

A servant, who had lived many years with a Clergyman, his master took occasion to say—"John, you have been a long time in my service; I dare say you will be able to preach a sermon as well as I."—"Oh, no, Sir," said John, "but many an inference I have drawn from yours."—"Well," said the Clergyman, "I will give you a text out of Job—let me hear what you infer from it—And the asses snuffed up the East wind."—"Well," replied John, "the only inference I can draw from that is, that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it."

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

A gentleman, boasting at a parish meeting that his opinion should be taken in preference to that of a farmer, as he had been at the two Universities—"Well, Sir," said the sturdy yeoman, "I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, that he only grew the *greater calf* for that."

A country gentleman, who lives not twenty-five miles from Barrow, near Bury St. Edmunds, saw a person a few days since, who had not sufficient *manners* of his own to request permission to sport on the *manors* of other people, trespassing on his estate; The gentleman riding up to him, rather irritated from the intrusion, demanded his name and address; the trespasser replied, that he was a clergyman—that he lived at ———, and that his name was *Hog*. "Then," said the gentleman, "I desire, Mr. *Hog*, that you will go and *shark* in your own fields, and not in my stubbles."

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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Embellished with,

I. Portrait of BLUNDER, a Staghound, painted by COOPER, R.A., and engraved by WEBB.

II. PERDRIX BOREALLIS, or MARYLAND QUAIL.

GOOD RIDERS TO HOUNDS IN DEVONSHIRE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Will with pleasure comply with SNAFFLE's request; I will point out some of our bold riders for his amusement. How shall I begin? Whom shall I place in the first rank? Faith, I cannot tell, as, like Joe Debble and Hal Preston in the old song, they keep leading by turns. I will merely mention those men who have hunted with Mr. Pode's hounds this season. They, I believe, as far as heart and hand, head and heel, can do the trick, will do it.

I will endeavour to insert faithfully in my list the names of men

who will do honour to their names in any country under the glorious sun. Throw off with Captain Pode, late of the 33d regiment; Messrs. John and Courtenay Bulteel, of Fleet; Thomas Bulteel, of Bellevue; — Courtenay of Lynham; George Leach, whose brown mare Minna, by Amadis, will not be left behind any where, although carrying fifteen stone; Charles Trelawny, of Coldrinnick; John King, of Fowelscomb, to whose exertions we are greatly indebted for introducing into this county a very superior pack of fox-hounds, of the best blood of the fashionable kennels. Next, three sailors heave into sight—Thomas Wells, Edmund Yonge, and John Holberton: they sail through a rough country as

F f

if they were in pursuit of an enemy with a fair wind and on smooth sea. Christopher Tolcher, of Leigham; George Strode, of Newnham Park; Francis Glanville; John Allen, who is a rare good one across a country, and has a sharp eye to hounds; John Langmead, of Derryford; George Saltau; and Mr. Tink.

I could name many more, both gentlemen and farmers, who are regular good ones; but I fear *SNAFFLE* will be for putting a curb into the mouth of my pen. However, I have told the truth, and therefore of course shamed the devil, which is doing a very Christian act. Yet, before I have done, I must make honorable mention of a stranger who hunted with Mr. Pode's hounds the beginning of this season—a stranger in this land, but no stranger to fox-hunting, he having hunted with the very best hounds in the very best countries. He did us the honour to attend almost every meeting, and we had the pleasure to see that he delighted in the sport. He did not despise our hounds; he did not abuse our country; he, like a true and gallant sportsman, like a fearless rider as he is, was never away from the chase, and was well with the sons of bitches (as their huntsman, John Roberts, calls his favorite hounds), even in this (according to the *DEVONIAN*) worst of all countries: he did enjoy the runs, and was not stopped by prejudice, or by banks; by fashion, or by stiles. That stranger is Lord James Fitzroy, of the Tenth Hussars. God bless him!

I meant to have written somewhat about Mr. Arscott, of Tetcott (a man of the *ancienne regime*, as says the voice from Brentorr); likewise to have added to my account of him those beautiful verses Mr. Templer wrote on a blank

leaf next the last filled-page in Mr. Arscott's *Journal de la Chasse*—but my brains are frozen up—and a speedy thaw is the desire of the

Fox-hunter Rough and Ready.

P. S. Excuse all faults, as I have gone along at the *pas de charge*.

January 18, 1826.

LETTERS ON ORNITHOLOGICAL SUBJECTS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Am glad to see that *RUSTICUS* has directed his pen to Ornithology. I have long been disappointed in the subject not having been before taken up by some of your numerous correspondents; for, by withholding individual information, general knowledge is suspended; while Science is materially advanced by the promulgation of the sentiments of individuals. Poor indeed must be the resources of him from whom nothing can be learned!

I have long wished that the owners, and those who have the opportunity, would send you catalogues of the different collections of British birds. If there was any scarce bird, the genus of which they were unable to determine—by their giving the length, colour, and markings, some of your subscribers would, perhaps, be enabled to find what it was. Should any rare species or *lusus* of nature also be killed—if the person who killed it, or into whose possession it might fall, would send you the weight and length, length of the bill and legs, colour of the same and irides, (which can easily be done when fresh killed,) colour and marking of the plumage, where and by whom killed, and, if preserved, in whose collection—such an article

would prove desirable to many of your readers.

There are four other sorts of thrush, classed in the genus *turdus*, besides those mentioned by RUSTICUS:—

The blackbird, *turdus merula*, is a well known species, and common everywhere.

The rose-colored thrush, *turdus roseus*.—This is very rarely met with in this country, at least in the western counties: some are said to be killed every year in Lancashire, but I have never heard of their breeding here.

The water ouzel, *turdus cinclus*.—This is a retired solitary bird, rarely seen but on the banks of rapid streams: in these places it breeds, and continues all the year. Their nest is large, and made of moss and water-plants externally, and lined with oak leaves, in shape resembling the wren's. It is an early breeder, and the nest is concealed in the moss of steep banks, or rocks overhanging water. The eggs, five in number, are of a bluish white.

The solitary thrush, *turdus solitarius*—which has been added to the British Fund by the late George Montagu, Esq. in his *Supplement to the Ornithological Dictionary*—must be a very scarce bird indeed, as the indefatigable author of that work never saw a living specimen, and only one dead one, which was killed in Yorkshire.

I am not aware what species of *turdus* RUSTICUS calls heath-throats, a name I have never heard before; but I consider it must be the ring ouzel, *turdus torquatus*. This species, however, is larger than the blackbird or song-thrush; and RUSTICUS describes his as the smallest of the species. The length of one I killed in February 1810 was eleven inches, weighing four

ounces and a quarter, and which is nearly the size of all that have come under my inspection. RUSTICUS must be mistaken in the song-thrush breeding three times in one year; as I have never been able to find that any bird in a state of nature, except the house-sparrow, ever bred up more than one brood in a season. It is nothing uncommon for the early breeding birds to have three, or perhaps four, different nests in the same year, if their nest should be destroyed before the eggs are hatched, or very soon after; but the exertion to collect food to support the young till they are able to shift for themselves, must materially exhaust the parent birds, to recover which is a work of time; so that the season is too far advanced, before they recover, for a second production.

Field-fares are generally in the water-meadows in this part of the country (North Wilts), till the middle of April, but not in such numbers as earlier in the season. I killed one from a small flock as late as the middle of May, and as nearly as I can recollect it must have been in 1806. Trusting I shall again hear from RUSTICUS and other friends of ornithology,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MERLIN.

January 18, 1826.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

OBSERVING, with great pleasure, that you have lately devoted some pages of our valuable Miscellany to my favorite pursuit—*Ornithology*—I am induced to trouble you with a description of a very singular and beautiful specimen of the red-wing, shot on Monday last, by George Welsh Owen, Esq. of this town, and by him presented to his

friend the Rev. C. O. Osmond, who intends having it stuffed. This bird was of the usual size, but the plumage was white, tipped with a very pale red, resembling the colour of those game-fowls known by the designation of White Piles.

If you think this worthy your insertion, I shall be happy hereafter to furnish you with any anecdotes which I may deem worthy your notice, from this our Western portion of His Majesty's dominions.

I am, Sir, your constant reader and admirer,

JOHN BIDGOOD.

Tiverton, January 18, 1836.

BLUNDER—A STAGHOUND.

Painted by COOPER, R. A. and engraved by WEBB.

BLUNDER—a leading hound in the pack of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley—was got by Blue-boy, out of Constance, and is now four years old.

When our painter was at Cranford, employed by Mr. B., this hound was pointed out to him as a subject worthy of that notice in our pages, which he claimed for himself in the pack; and we hope our readers will be equally pleased with ourselves at the excellence with which it has been portrayed, both by the painter and the engraver.

"TIM BOBBIN" AND "VIATOR" ON STAGE COACHMEN.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

TO a simple Lancashire rustic like myself, Mr. VIATOR's letter in your *Supplement*, with his Olympian rites, his Xantippes, and his sausages, is not so intelligible as it might be; and whether he has introduced these ornaments to

shew off his own wit, or to avoid discussion of the real matter in question, I am at a loss to say. In the same style of waggery, however, he is good enough to inform you that I have (and "he knows it for a certainty") run my head against a post. Now, if I thought proper, I could describe to him exactly the species of post I have run my head against; but to the judgment of your impartial readers I leave the question between VIATOR and myself—not as to which is the most competent to distinguish chalk from cheese, as we have no chalk in our country; but, in referring to the September and November Numbers of your Magazine, as to which of our letters contains most charity and truth.

I am your constant reader,

TIM BOBBIN.

January 6, 1836.

COURSING.

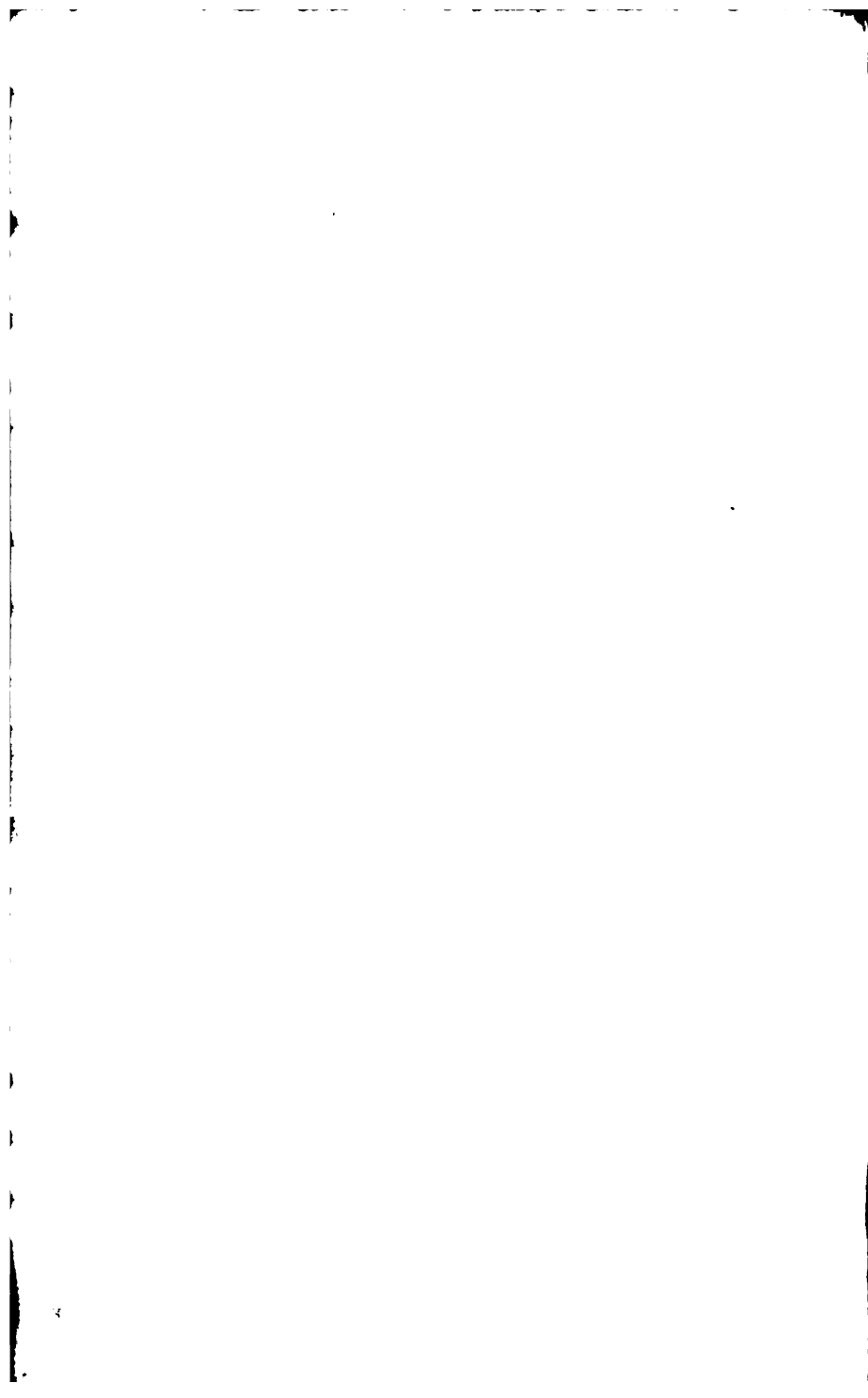
THE BITCH "MADAM."

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IN your Number for November, "J. T." expressed a wish to trace the breed of a greyhound bitch called MADAM. In the absence of more decided information, I shall venture to give the following:—Some years since, the late Mr. Henry Mellish produced eleven dogs, to run against the same number of Essex dogs, under the management of Mr. John Right, and a very interesting contest took place in Babraham Field, ten miles from Newmarket; but the *Lion Course*, if I may so express myself, was between Mr. Mellish's black dog *Arrow* and Mr. Right's red or fawn bitch *Fly* (I think that was her name). To the best of my recollection, the course was undecided. Be this as it may, Mr.



BLUNDER.



Mellish bought the bitch at fifty guineas—Mr. Right reserving to himself a brace of her whelps by Arrow. Mr. Right then, as I was informed, sold his claim to the puppies to Messrs. Tyson and Mosely, at ten guineas each—thus making seventy guineas of the bitch.

Now, Sir, my reasons for supposing that this bitch was the dam of MADAM are:—1st, That she was very good, very handsome, of the same colour, and was sold in the neighbourhood of Newmarket at the price, I should suppose about the time mentioned by "J. T."—2d, That Mr. Mellish took her immediately into Nottinghamshire to breed from; and it appears that Madam belonged to a Mr. Deverill, of Newton, Notts.—3d, Having been a determined courser for the last *twenty years*, as well as an enthusiast in all other sports, and living not many miles from Newmarket, I do not think it probable that any greyhound would have been sold at fifty guineas (a great price some years since) without my hearing of it: indeed I think nobody but Mr. Mellish would at that time have given fifty guineas for a brood bitch. If this information should prove correct, and afford any pleasure or satisfaction to "J. T." or to any others interested, I shall feel amply rewarded for the little trouble it has given me.

Now we are upon coursing matters, I will just observe, that the sport might be rendered infinitely more interesting, if greater pains were taken to properly class or match greyhounds; for the *style* of running of a *great dog* and *little bitch* is so entirely different, that it wholly depends upon the hare which is to win; and a course of this description (particularly with puppies) is quite a ridiculous

sight. To obviate this very unpleasant part of coursing, I last year proposed to the members of a Club of which I am one, that in future we should make *four classes*; and was very glad to find it met general approbation. This year our list stands thus:—

Eight brace of old dogs.

Eight brace of old bitches.

Eight brace of young dogs.

Eight brace of young bitches.

I could suggest, in my humble opinion, several other little improvements in the rules and practice of coursing; and will, if agreeable, attempt it at a future time.

Now, Sir, what I am about to write will not, I trust, give offence to any one, as I assure you none is intended; but gentlemen should bear in mind that this is a *Sporting Magazine*, and should be strictly confined to sporting subjects—the more simply related in *plain English* the better. But, upon my life, some of your correspondents are so lavish in the Latin and Greek tongue, that for my part I stand in need of a *Porson* or a *Parr* at my elbows to keep within the same *field*. NIMROD—the ever-entertaining NIMROD—never can tire. If he occasionally flies from the scent, and runs a little riot in Greek and Latin, it is done in a style peculiar to himself.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

SORO.

January 18, 1826.

EXTRAORDINARY DAY'S SPORT WITH THE HOLDERNESS HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

ON Saturday the 17th of December last, the Holderness fox-hounds had a most extraordinary day's sport, unprecedented,

perhaps, either in Yorkshire, or any other county. A fine hunting morning brought a numerous field to White Cross, the place of meeting. Amongst them, we noticed Lord Hopetoun, Messrs. Macdonald, Davison, Wortley, J. Copley, J. Bayard, J. Bower, R. Watt, Coulson, Maisters, Barkwiths, Legards, &c. At five minutes before eleven o'clock, a gallant fox was found in Arnold's Whin. He went away immediately, pointing for Bening-Holme, when he turned to the left by Skirlaugh, through the Wood at Rise, and across a fine grass country, leaving Hatfield and Sigglesborne on his right, and forward, with a burning scent, to Catwick; passed the mill there, and behind the village, to the Gorse, where a fresh fox leaping up close before the hounds, saved the life of one that was "their own," after a run of one hour and ten minutes without a check.

At the brush of this second fox, they went away at the best pace; passed Leven village, and across the low end of Star Carr, at the back of Brandesburton town, and over the Moor, between Nun Keeling and Catfoss; passed Seton Whin, and away to Hornsea, where, after running him one hour and twenty minutes, with only one short check, they killed him in the sea.

Would that my talent for description enabled me to relate the misfortunes that befel my brother sportsmen during this brilliant run; suffice it to say, in the words of the Poet, that

"Few were the stragglers, following wide,
That reach'd the Cliffs on Ocean's side;
So shrewdly o'er that country famed,
Had the bold burst their mettle tamed."

The most tremendous part of this day's sport, however, was to come. The hounds, at this mo-

ment, were halloo'd to a fresh fox, and such was their mettle, and so severe had been the two previous runs, that no horse could stop them. They hunted this fox past Skeleton Hills, leaving Billing's Hill on his left, and the gorse at Dringham on his right, and over that stiff country to Beeford; but finding the gallant pack not to be shaken off, he flew forward to Frodingham, and over Hempholme Carra, at the end of which, in a small plantation, they hunted up to him; when, after the severest burst of the day of twenty minutes, and whilst viewing him, they ran to ground in the main earths in Sir George Wood's plantations, after two hours of hard work—finishing, perhaps, the best day's sport that was ever known in any country—the distance supposed to be gone over, during these three runs, being computed at the least at forty-five miles.

I must here stop to give credit to the master of the hounds, Mr. Hodgson, who, on his black horse Lever, was able, by his judicious riding at the early part of the day, to see the working of his hounds in this last run. Mr. Harrison of Humbleton, on his bay mare, was his only companion over Hempholme Carra. Out of the numerous field before mentioned, only four horses and their riders, *per varias causas, per tot discrimina rerum*, ever knew what had become of the hounds, or shewed at the conclusion of this eventful day.

Yours obediently, R. JOHNSON.

Beverley, January 19, 1826.

ST. LEGER STAKES.

THE following brief sketch of the performances of such of the St. Leger horses as started in the course of the last racing sea-

son, we have obtained from the Gentleman who compiles our RACING CALENDAR; and which it is the more necessary to publish in our Magazine, as one has already appeared in print which is not "quite correct." The beaten horses are confined to those named for the St. Leger Stakes.

Bedlamite (Lord Kennedy's) won the Yearling Stakes at Middleham, beating Mr. Darnell's Decision, and two others (not named for the St. Leger). He won a Two-year-old Stakes at York Spring Meeting, beating the Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade; Lord Milton's Barataria; Mr. Watts's Belzoni; and three others (not named). At Doncaster he won a Two-year-old Stakes, beating Belzoni, Garcia, Magister, Claudine, Eucrosia, Misse, Mulatto, Mary Anne, and two others, and has never been beaten.

Barataria (Lord Milton's), at York August Meeting, won a Two-year-old Stakes, beating the Masquerade Colt, Belzoni, Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Tramp, and several others (not named). Was beat at the Spring Meeting at York, by Bedlamite.

Claudine (Mr. Lambton's) won a Produce Stakes at Doncaster, beating a filly of Mr. Houldsworth's, not in the St. Leger. Was beat by Bedlamite at Doncaster, by Lord Scarbrough's Pasta at Pontefract, by Grecian Queen at Richmond, and has not run any where else.

Crusader (Mr. Wortley's) won the July Stakes at Newmarket, beating Mr. J. Rogers's Waterman, and eight others, not in the St. Leger. Won the Prendergast Stakes at the Second October Newmarket Meeting, beating seven horses, not named in the above stakes, and has not run for any thing else.

Chesnut Colt, by Interpreter, dam by Canopus (Mr. Forth's), at Epsom Meeting, won the Woodcot Stakes, beating two others, not named. Was beat by Duke of York's Elizabeth, at Ascot Heath.

Chesnut Colt, by Ardrossan, out of Lady Cramfeazer (Mr. Baird's), won a Two-year-old Stakes at Newcastle, beating Mr. Lambton's Magister, Mr. S. Lee's Massetto, and three others, not in the St. Leger. Was beat by King Catton at Doncaster, and has not started for any thing else.

Grecian Queen (Mr. Rolling's) won a Two-year-old Stakes at Richmond, Yorkshire, beating King Catton, Claudine, and two others, not named. Won a Two-year-old Stakes at Northallerton, beating a Brother to Ringlet, not named. She has not started for any thing else.

Galena (Mr. Jaques's) won a match at Catterick. Was beat the next day, by Mr. Whifelock's Gin, for the Richmond Club Stakes, which are the only times of her starting.

Garcia (Lord Muncaster's) won a match at Doncaster, beating Col. Yates's Ellen, not named. Was beat by Bedlamite at Doncaster, and by King Catton in the Champagne, and has not run besides.

Gin (Mr. Whitelocke's) won the Richmond Club Stakes at Catterick Bridge, beating Galena, and four others, not in the St. Leger, and has not started in any other stakes, match, &c.

Little Bo-Peep (Mr. Yates's) won a Two-year-old Stakes at Manchester, beating Mr. Johnson's Vesta, Mr. Walker's Fair Star, and two others. Won a Two-year-old Stakes at Wolverhampton, beating Louisa (the Oaks Quadrille Filly), and another. Walked over for a Two-year-old Stakes at Stourbridge. Won a Two-year-old

Stakes at Lichfield, beating Vesta and another. Has not started for any thing else.

King Cole (Lord Kennedy's) won a Two-year-old Stakes at Kelso, in October, beating Captain Baird's colt, not in the Leger, which is the only time he has run.

King Catton (Lord Kennedy's) won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, beating Lord Scarbrough's Tarrare, the Duke of Leeds's Masquerade Colt, Mr. Baird's ch. c. by Ardrossan out of Lady Cramfeazer, Mr. Darnell's Redlock, Magister, Garcia, and Sir J. Byng's Mulatto. Was beat by Redlock at Catterick, and by Grecian Queen at Richmond, and has not run in any thing else.

Missey (Mr. Petre's) won a match at York August Meeting, beating The Constable (Lord Queensberry's). Was beat by Bedlamite at Doncaster, and by Tarrare at Pontefract, and has not run besides:

Redlock (Mr. Darnell's) won a Two-year-old Stakes at Catterick Bridge, beating the Masquerade Colt, King Catton, and five others. Was beat by King Catton in the Champagne, and has not started elsewhere.

Tarrare (Lord Scarbrough's) won a Two-year-old Stakes at Pontefract, beating The Constable, Missey, and another; and was beat by King Catton at Doncaster, which are the only times he has started.

The following horses have never yet won:—

Belzoni (Mr. Watt's) was beat by Bedlamite, both at York and Doncaster, and by Barataria at York.

Nolens Volens (Mr. Platel's) was beat by Lord Exeter's Distaff at Stamford.

Mulatto (Sir J. Byng's) was

beat by Bedlamite at Doncaster, by King Catton at the same place, and by Lord Scarbrough's Pasta at Pontefract.

Waterman (Mr. J. Rogers's) was beat by Crusader in the July Stakes, being placed third.

Vesta (Mr. Johnson's) was beat by Little Bo-peep at Manchester and Lichfield, and by Louisa at Chester.

Fair Star (Mr. Walker's) was beat by Little Bo-peep at Manchester.

Masetto (Mr. S. Lee's) was beat by Mr. Baird's Ardrossan Colt at Newcastle.

Bay Colt, by Whisker, out of Masquerade (Duke of Leeds's), was beat by Bedlamite at York, by Barataria at York, by King Catton at Doncaster, and by Redlock at Catterick Bridge.

Chesnut Colt, by Magistrate, out of Cowslip (Mr. Wilson's), was beat at Newmarket, July Meeting, by Crusader, for the July Stakes.

Chesnut Colt, by Tramp, out of Rhubarb's dam (Mr. Ridsdale's), was beat at York by Barataria, &c.

Decision (Mr. Darnell's) was beat by Bedlamite at Middleham.

Magister (Mr. Lambton's) was beat by Bedlamite at Doncaster, by Mr. Baird's ch. c. by Ardrossan at Newcastle, and by King Catton at Doncaster.

Eucrosia (Mr. Lawrence's) was beat by Bedlamite at Doncaster.

Mary Anne (Lord Kennedy's) was beat by Bedlamite at Doncaster.

The Constable (Lord Queensberry's) was beat by Missey at York, and by Tarrare at Pontefract.

These are the only horses out of the ninety-nine named which have been publicly tried:

DEVON FOX-HUNTING.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

SO the DEVONIAN has again taken the field, and, like unto the tying beagle which dwells upon the stale scent, he harks back to his old cry—"the unfitness of Devonshire for fox-hunting." By his babbling pen he still endeavours to cool that ardour which burns within the human imagination of all true and brilliant sportsmen who hunt the fox in this county—he barks, he writes in vain. The certain knowledge that excellent runs have been, and are daily, seen, makes me bold enough to assert, in spite of the contempt of the DEVONIAN—and my assertion will be seconded—that fox-hunting has been, and is now, enjoyed in the full plenitude of its delights in this county, by hunters who are not swayed by fashion or prejudice, whose spirit carries them well up to the chase, and whose human imagination swells with enthusiasm when Mimic leads and Templer cheers the pack. I wish my pen could pour forth the feelings of my heart, that I might paint in the glowing colours of truth the character of Mr. Templer. Alas! *ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*, it appears from the erudite DEVONIAN, was not among the *sins of my early youth*. Therefore I fear the coarseness of my expression will not suit with the sweet song of praise. I can only pray that all may know and feel his merits as I do, and he will be loved by all.

The DEVONIAN, it appears, hunted with Mr. Templer's hounds at Tetcott. I was there, and will give you the thing as it really was. The first day—The Big hounds

drew Mill Wood, near Tetcott, and very soon unkennelled. The fox or foxes would not try to go away, but ran foil in a large thick covert. I rather think the *Rough and Ready Fox-hunters* did not exhibit their *awkwardness outside*, whatever they may have done within, the covert. Most probably the fox was headed, if headed at all, by the coffee-house men assembled under the hedge, on the lee side of the wood. That day was not built for killing foil-running foxes; the bushes were covered by a clammy mist, and the atmosphere threatened rain and storm. Mr. Templer did all that excellence in the art of hunting could do, and was well seconded by his hounds, which his perseverance kept on the field until night-fall. The second day—The Bitch pack had a run from Mill Wood, and were getting on well with their fox, when they changed at Blagdon, and brought the fresh fox back into the wood, where he was welcomed by a chilling shower of rain. This bitter shower put a stop to all expectation of doing much to the purpose on that ground, stained as it was; but Mr. Templer, in spite of all these difficulties, did find it possible to recover the hunted fox; and reynard was at last, by the staunchness and goodness of his pursuers, compelled to quit the covert; and I do verily believe that the dark night alone saved that fox. The rain had put to flight all but a chosen few of the gallant horsemen.

I for my part heard no complaint, from the lips of the Master, of men having rode over his hounds; nor did I see any leap desperate enough to put the mettle of the straight-goers to the proof. Perhaps I was trotting along the lanes, whilst the DEVONIAN was fencing:

G g

yet I think I was sometimes in the *mêlée*, at all events. Mr. Templer did certainly praise the country we hunted over; therefore I assert *it is a good country for fox-hunting*. The DEVONIAN labours under a mistake, when he states that Mystery and Harasser came from the Fourbarrow. Mystery was bred by Mr. Phillipps, and Harasser was in Mr. Templer's kennel before the Fourbarrow pack was added to it.

"Adde quod ingenius didicisse fideliter
artem,
Emollit mores nec sinit esse ferus."

I add, that, impelled by the real mildness of my heart, I hope the DEVONIAN will long enjoy his *learning*, and will in future portray fox chases faithfully; that he will mend his manners, and never suffer himself to put on vulgar habits. I, untutored savage as I am, must still abide within the coarse garments of ferocity—if to feel an enthusiastic love for Devonshire fox-hunting be ferocity. I am ready to meet the DEVONIAN in field and in fray; but I shall contend with him no more on paper. His contempt is contemptible, and his silence desirable.

A Fox-hunter Rough and Ready.

January 5, 1826.

NIMROD'S SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Have for some time past read, with great interest, the contributions of NIMROD, and particularly those parts on the condition and treatment of horses; and am convinced, by experience, the plan he recommends is the best that can be adopted to obtain that condition so necessary, not only in

the hunter, but in all horses which are required to get over their ground in quick time: it is therefore of the utmost importance to those who would adopt his system, that they thoroughly understand it. I was particularly struck with this, on perusing the paper in your last Number, signed CHAS. SMUR; in which, after praising NIMROD's system, and quoting the superior condition of his own horses in proof, he details the particulars of their treatment, and informs us, he had a part of a dry field inclosed with hurdles, and about a quarter of an acre, allowed to each horse, into which they were turned during the night until the middle of July. Now I am not about to dispute the merits of this treatment, which appears to have answered so well in this instance; but only to express my surprise at its being called NIMROD's system; as I have always thought NIMROD has expressed himself decidedly opposed to any turning out to grass, and particularly to the exposure during the night to the variations of our climate, in the treatment of the hunter, and also of colts after three years old.

It is, doubtless, most natural to turn horses out to grass; but then, in their natural state, they are not required to travel fast over a hard road, drawing or carrying a considerable load; and it is for these purposes an artificial condition is necessary. Horses which do little or no work will doubtless preserve perfect health during a long life, constantly exposed in the field to all weather; but even farmers' cart horses, which travel so slow, are found to do much better in the stable, except in very warm weather; and in London, and other

towns, the fine condition of the draft horses, during the warmest weather, must have struck all who have seen them.

I know one gentleman who has a gig mare, that, with the exception of two or three months, has been in the stable, in constant work for the last eighteen years, and is now about twenty-four years old, and sound. Another gentleman has a gig horse, twenty-five years old, and quite sound, which has been generally in the stable, in regular work for the last twenty-one years. A tenant of the Duke of Beaufort's has had a small bay mare for eighteen years, and she was supposed twelve years old when he purchased her; and, what is very remarkable, she is now heavy in foal.

When we consider these and other instances of the prolonged services of this noble animal, whilst it is notorious that the greater number are worn out ere they have attained half the age above stated, it is hardly possible to avoid speculating as to the cause of so great a difference: early and hard work doubtless destroys many; but few persons can have failed to observe many horses, whose constitutions, without having been hard worked or ill treated, have appeared much impaired, if not worn out, at or before ten years old. Now, after paying considerable attention to the subject, I am convinced *one great cause* of this evil is the very common, but bad, practice of breeding from old worn-out horses and mares; but the latter in particular. Some farmers, when I have inquired why they did not breed from their young mares, instead of working them at so early an age, have replied, their produce would be so spirited they could

not manage them. Now, what can this unusual spirit arise from but a superior constitution?

I think the subject is worth the attention of all horse-breeders, and believe, on investigation, it will be found it is the only branch of rural economy, in which the truth of my proposition is not freely allowed.

EQUESTRIAS.

MR. HOPWOOD'S BEAGLES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

THE merit and performances of this merry little pack deserve a place in the amusing pages of your publication. They have been in possession of their present owner about three years; though, I may almost say, he has created the pack, which now comes into the field eleven or twelve couple strong. Their average height is thirteen inches, or rather less, and their shape, colour, and style are quite those of the fox-hound in miniature. They originally came, some from Mr. Neville's of Holt, some from a pack in Kent, and some from bitches bred by Sir J. Sebright; and under the management of Mr. Hopwood, who is a first-rate sportsman, they will be made as perfect as any pack of hounds in England; but it is very difficult to keep such small hounds of an equal size, and very few of the puppies bred turn out what is wished: time and attention therefore only can accomplish the object.

The country around Hopwood is very well adapted to hare-hunting, as it is chiefly grass land, with few coverts, and just sufficiently hilly to give you a command of the hounds. The enclosures are small; but the beagles are not, like

larger hounds, checked by the fences, but whip through them as quick as the hare herself.

The immense population of the country on that side of Manchester is a great obstacle to sport, as hundreds of manufacturers sometimes join the chase; but they seem now to have learned quietness from the good example of the master and huntsman; and those who have been out often pride themselves upon their sportsman-like behaviour, and shame their fellow weavers into order.

Jack, the huntsman, is a great character. A description of his person, language, and sagacity, would be better given by the pen of the author of "*Waverley*" than mine. He was bred a weaver, but is now keeper and huntsman, above fifty years old, with such a voice, or rather no voice, and such hunting terms, cheers, and rates, as I suppose never were heard, except within ten miles of Rochdale: he is always on foot, but few, even younger, pedestrians, can beat him at this work, and he is always with his hounds when there is a difficulty.

I have seen very little of hare-hunting myself, and am no great admirer of the way it is now done: the harrier is now supplanted by the fox-hound; the game is over-matched; and, instead of having any glory in killing a good hare, it is a disgrace to miss one; but with the beagle the hare has fair play—it is like a good fox before fox-hounds, when it is all they can do to kill him.

It is beautiful to see these little fellows take the field in a fine morning, and the spirit and liveliness with which they seem to anticipate the sport of the day: joy and pleasure beam upon the coun-

tenances of Mr. Hopwood and his eager boys, who are accompanied by a few select and constant pedestrians. The hounds are seldom long before they hit upon a quest, and generally hunt her to her form. Sometimes, after persevering for an hour or two in vain upon the same quest, Jack or his master give it up, and make for a fresh district; but I have known Jack miss some favorite hound, which would not leave the old scent, return to the old spot, and find her directly. With a good scent and a good hare they make about an hour's work of it, sticking to the track like glue, and never over-running it many yards; but they always shew sport.

When the scent is not so good, and they give the hare time to play all her tricks and doubles, it is really wonderful to see how they will trace out all her windings, correct themselves the mischief caused by the eagerness of the foot-people in a slow run, and, after checks and recovers without end, finish a chase of two or three hours, or sometimes more, with the death of poor puss. Jack and his master leave the hounds almost entirely to themselves, and seldom speak, except to cheer any hound which makes a good hit; but when they are completely at fault, the sagacity and experience of Jack are brought into play against puss, and she has an awful enemy. I really believe Jack and his master would kill a hare by themselves: he is seldom defeated, and perseveres when it seems totally hopeless. I have known Mr. H. give it up, and his boys in despair at being beat; when Jack's forlorn cast has discovered her, and she has soon been run into. After long days it is to be expected that such little animals must tire; but they seldom shew it

While the game is before them, though, in a few minutes after a kill, I have seen half the pack look quite defeated.

They run remarkably well together, as they are drafted with great judgment from head and tail; and I heard one of the foot people say one day, when they were running at a little distance, "Who'y they're i' th' compass o' my woi'fe's smeck!" They are, like their excellent owner, great favorites with the country people, to whom they afford much innocent amusement, and bring forward some first-rate pedestrians.

I could give you many most amusing details of fact, and the wit of these Lancashire sportsmen, as the lingo is most uncommon and diverting; but I fear few of your readers would thank me. There is a pack of large heavy barriers of the real Towler sort, kept at Rochdale, and they one day, in running, joined the little pack. The contrast was most ridiculous, and many of the beagles ran for protection to Jack's heels.

Duster and Beatrice, two hounds as well bred and as good as anything in Mr. Hopwood's pack, are just eleven inches high. I do not know whether there are any hounds of this diminutive size kept in other parts of England. The sport these have shewn this season has been brilliant, and they have killed twenty-two hares. Mr. Hopwood will yet improve his pack, in another year or two, both in look and number, as he continues breeding with the greatest judgment and attention. In this he has a great advantage in crossing with a pack of the same sort, but of a little more substance, belonging to Mr. Alison, near Ormskirk. They are, in fact, of the same blood, and were

once one pack. They shew a good deal of sport, and it is a great pleasure to see them working; but Mr. Alison is a younger man, and has not yet had the experience of Jack or his master.

I fear I have not done justice to the various merits of this pocket edition of a pack of hounds. I am sure I cannot describe the pleasure it gives me to see them hunt. I think it would prolong the life of many a country gentleman, if he had such an addition to his establishment; but I should strongly recommend in the choice of a huntsman, getting, if possible, just such another as my friend Jack.

A LOVER OF THE CHASE.

January 4, 1826.

THE LONDON STABLES.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

AS you have hitherto honoured the productions of my pen by inserting them in your valuable pages, I feel so flattered by your approbation, that I again sit down to try my hand on the subject of the London Stables, &c. Should such remarks, however, be foreign to your publication, you will consign them to the flames. My desire is to gain information; in no wise do I presume to offer such to the correspondents who write in your very amusing Numbers: their heads and pens are sager and abler than mine; but should I at any time hit a right chord, some one may perchance take the hint, and enlarge on the subject, to the advantage of his brother sportsmen.

It has frequently occurred to me, the great difficulty a young man has, who resorts on his first *entrée* in life to that great empo-

riums of the world—London—to gather to himself a stud of the *right sort*, as all young men imagine no such place for horse-flesh as the stables of the metropolis, an opinion with which I am at issue. For every other article, I own unquestionably, it is the *sumum bonum*. I ever have, and always shall procure the things necessary for my wardrobe and stable paraphernalia from the vicinity of Bond-street. Though no modern dandy, yet have I a particular *penchant* for the tradesmen thereabouts; and convinced as I am how smartly I pay for my fancy, yet so it is. No inexpressibles in my opinion give such a seat as a Preston cut; no coat superior to Storey and Hudson's; boots equal to Dean and Davis' manufacture; saddle like a Whippy or a Finnie turn out; bits, spurs, &c. excelling Vincent's make; and *last, though not least*, no razor to be held in comparison to old Paget's handy work.

Suppose then a young man hies to the metropolis, to pick up the future inmates of his stable, unattended by an experienced judge, and knowing little of the animal he is in quest of, or the places of sale, what does he resort to for information? Why, the daily Journals are ten to one the medium. What does he find there? First, stares him in the face, "Mr. George Young," and his lately erected mighty Bazaar, informing him that *there* he can purchase every thing he needs for his stable or coach-house. Next stand Messieurs Dickinson, Elmore, and other great dealers, with many of the less respectable, inviting their customers, and the public, to inspect the contents of their stables, where may be found a great variety, from the hunter, or hack, to the higher

grade—the race-horse, all *stall*, sound, and youthy, being just arrived from *Herncastle*, York, or other well-known fairs; and all this portrayed in such glowing language, that few who are fond of that noble creature can refrain from visiting the "just arrived."

Now I will make a few observations on the Bazaar, and the stables lastly alluded to. I have often visited the first-mentioned magnificent and roomy edifice. I fancied, when last I looked over its stables, that a great falling off and lack of horses were apparent; it was a dull part of the year certainly—November. Those that were on sale, as far as my judgment went, were not of the primeest, or soundest, for a choice: I may have been mistaken; but the sums set opposite their qualifications were unquestionably what are termed "warranty prices," and I deemed the most experienced would have found difficulty in selecting a first-rate hunter or hack. The only blood I saw, were two colts, one three years old by *Fyldener*, dam *Miss O'Neil*, his appearance by no means prepossessing, having neither stride sufficient for a racer, nor substance for a hunter: the pedigree of the other (a yearling) I was not informed; but as far as I could judge at so tender an age, he was very promising, and pretty. The far-famed ox was still on show; and though I do not profess to know much of the oil-cake system in feeding cattle, if *fatness* is the grand climacteric to be attained, this wonderful creature might challenge the agriculturist's yard, from Dan to Beersheba. A yeoman, who stood by whilst I cast an astonished eye over his (the ox's) prodigious back, told me, that he

possessed symmetry equal with substance.

In this place you can suit yourself with carriage, harness, &c. *instantly*, be you so minded, and have a choice among every description, from the splendid coach to the humble dog-cart; the collection, as a whole, I thought indifferent, and the prices extravagant, particularly the single-horse vehicles, the majority of which looked as though made for sale, and were consequently burnished and set off in the most glaring colours, in order, I suppose, to catch the eye and purse of some citizen or country flat, in whose ideas polish and paint are the most desirable requisites—strength and durability being secondary objects.

This is a machine I always prefer first hand; I then know the wear and tear, though pounds, shillings, and pence, may tell against me. The *Acres* is sufficiently fashionable for my taste, and I have ever found, giving a respectable tradesman his price for this article, the best, though it pulls the purse strings hardest at first; yet ultimately I am the gainer; inasmuch as no bills for repairs are presented me until I have had my pennyworth; and coachmakers' accounts, for wood, iron, &c. are jokes to no pocket. A badly-built carriage is ever in the physician's hands: besides, the satisfaction of knowing you are well protected against the many obstacles, especially in London, which oppose even the most skilful dragsman, is at all times most gratifying, a feeling which a badly-constructed article cannot afford.

The Bazaar should well repay its spirited proprietor for the enormous expense its structure must have cost: beyond doubt, it

is a magnificent erection for the objects which it professes to contain, and the care and attention paid the horses are much to be praised. Did I reside in London, and near it, my stud should undoubtedly stand at livery within its walls. There are many desiderata attached to it, which few places can boast, and, in the main, is worthy of public support; though I would advise no friend to purchase there, save he was an experienced judge. From the great dealers heretofore spoken of, I have seen many fine horses purchased, and in their stables you will frequently find many grand and sound ones; but the *Lord have mercy on the prices!* Freely indeed must that man bleed who buys of them. But, say they, if you complain of this, the fault rests with you, not us; we set our prices, but use no compulsion to sell; and if you are outwitted the joke is fairly against you. This reasoning may be feasible enough; *mais que faire?* Another argument used, why such enormous prices are asked, is the ready sale on the Continent. How Monsieur relishes the additional expenses of exportation, I know not; for, even before they leave their native soil, a gentleman of moderate income dares scarcely purchase. I wish the Legislature would put its Veto on this way of sale. I cannot avoid thinking (though no alarmist), should this country ever be necessitated to wield the sword against our neighbouring States, our cavalry will have much to cope with on this account.

I have bought many horses of Mr. Anderson, beyond question one of the most respectable of dealers, with whom there is none of that nauseous nonsense which as-

sails the car on your first *entrées* into other yards, but a plain upright manner of dealing. His horses are of the very *best stamp*, and though his prices may be high, yet have you the satisfaction of knowing (and no small one to those who have smarted under the lash of deception elsewhere) that the object of your purchase is a sound horse. His stables will always command customers, as he will never allow a horse to enter his yard, if he has an idea of its being 'unsound.'

I must not forget the Hyde Park Corner Establishment, and in justice to its owner acknowledge my having made purchases there for many years, and in no one instance ever experienced any but the most liberal and equitable treatment. Thus much I will assert of Mr. Tattersall without fear of contradiction—a more fair-dealing man breathes not the air of heaven—the youngest and most inexperienced may with safety rely on his word, and purchase without hazard. Behaviour like his prevents the *Goliath stables* of the *Bazaar* from affecting his sales, nor will it to the end of the chapter. His conduct will at all times command the support of the Nobles and Gentry of this Isle, and well does he merit it. How much greater would be the ultimate *honorable* profit to the self-styled *respectable dealers*, did they tread in Mr. Tattersall's steps? though, sorry am I to confess, many act contrariwise. And ere I finish my paper, a word to the youth who visits London, to *purchase his horses*. Be he careful how he reads the advertisements of that little fry of horse dealers, who resort to the public prints as their only chance of obtaining a sale, and who, in colours the most alluring,

court the young and unsuspecting eye of him who looks to such a source for information. Let these dazzling descriptions be to him a criterion to judge by; he will doubtless see offered every point he has hitherto read, or heard of, as constituting *perfection* in the horse, and at an extraordinary cheap rate; let him avoid such stables, as he would the most pestilential abode. Even if a visit is made to them, with a previous caution that all is not as represented, yet those wily and arch fellows possess such fluency of tongue, that the odds run high against the young one, and more than likely a *deal* is the consequence; if so, mark the *finale*. A good price is paid for that which the purchaser discovers, ere his bargain arrives in his stables, to be contrary to the warranty given. The sound wind and limb has fled, and, on the mouth being inspected by the more experienced, the *chicken* proves a venerable *old cock*, which has undergone that cruel ordeal, 'bishopsing.' Finding himself thus deceived, he determines to avenge his wrongs, by *punishing* the "rascally delinquent," and betakes himself immediately to his legal adviser for that purpose; when the cause of complaint is ordered to be returned, and the man of law quickly issues his "bit of Westminster." In due season the cause is heard, and verdict gained. At this the complainant chuckles, and thinks how dearly the fellow will pay for his mal-practices; but he reckons without his host; for, when the gentleman is *wanted*, he has fled, no one knows whither, and with him all that is valuable. Suppose he be even found out, and dragged from his hiding place, he may be consigned to a prison; but the Insolvent Act sooner or later

releases him, and he returns again to society and his former evil ways. Now for this bargain what has the gentleman—I beg for argument's sake—got? Why, three most delectable things—the loss of his money, his horse, and, by way of dessert, a fat bill of costs, perchance double the purchase money. Well may he then apply the old adage to himself of “throwing pearls before swine.” Should any person be thus ensnared—and it is no uncommon occurrence in town—I would advise him to put up with the first loss: he will find it in the end most agreeable to his purse.

I deem the advertising system the very *worst* for the real-established man—it impresses the stranger, who has heard of the tricks of the bad, with a dread in approaching the stable that appears in print, and the old customers will not judge the better of them; so that little advantage emanates from such a plan. Upon the whole, I incline to think a young one has by far the best chance in getting good and sound horses, who deals in the country, and at a much less price; he will have a greater opportunity of finding out the fresh and young, and needs not that experience, which nothing but age gives, to allow a person's dealing in the metropolis. It is true, he may not obtain his horse in such apparent condition; but the flesh the dealer's horse carries is merely for show—it answers not for the field, but eye. In dealing in the country, he will have that which is ever a source of the greatest satisfaction—the sight of daily improvement in his new purchase; whilst putting him in proper condition, he stands him in half the money he must have paid in town; and in every thing is equally serviceable.

VOL. XVII. N. S.—No. 101.

In conclusion, I beg to remark, that I wish not, by the observations here made, to injure any of the *respectable dealers*. London produces many honest and fair tradesmen, and I trust dealers in the horse amongst them; but having seen and heard in my youthful days of much *foul* play, I feel anxious to caution the inexperienced and unwary *yet to come*, of the rock on which they are likely to split, and bid them remember, that “all is not gold that glistens.”

A Member of the Burton Hunt.

January 5, 1826.

P. S. Should it meet with your approbation, I propose to treat, in a series of letters, my observations on the *different parts of the horse; the diseases and defects incident thereto; the best method of detecting the same, and cure.*

ANSWER TO HUNTING FIXTURES' INQUIRY IN SPORTING MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Have a strong suspicion, that your *CONSTANT READER*, author of an Inquiry in your last Magazine, p. 116, must be one of a party who, at ordinaries or public balls (Colchester fair for instance), make a point of obtruding themselves into the dinner or supper rooms before either are placed upon the table, thereby obstructing the servants in their offices, and eventually “spoiling all sport.” Why it should be either necessary or adviseable to admit two hundred horsemen, half of whom I will venture to assert are tradesmen or horse dealers—any thing but sportsmen—into a park, to race, and try their *prads*, cut up

H h

the turf, and disturb a fox, should there be one, *before the hounds come*. I am at a loss to discover.

There are many cases where the insides are highly desirable:—the inside of a snipe is an excellent thing; the inside of a coach on a wet, nasty, snowy morning; the inside of a Gentleman's dining room about six o'clock in the evening; the inside of a warm bed, *etcætera*, on a cold night; the inside upon a change of politics and new formation of a Ministry:—but to anyone, except a maniac, the outside of Bedlam, or, which is the same thing to a sportsman who *has not a Maniac**, the outside of a gentleman's park, when business is to be done with hounds, is the proper place.

I confess to you, Sir, I never came up to a gentleman's park with hounds, that I did not suffer the painful, distressing, suffocating, sensation of a catacomb. I am in, it is true; but Heaven alone knows when or where I am to get out—even in these enlightened times. Foxes will not always run, as they read "keep the road," to the opposite gate; and should I perchance fall in with a guide in the shape of a bailiff, he is either too fat and *bloaty* to render me any service; or his horse has been broken down these ten years; or he gets off with the greatest *sang froid* to pick up a shoe that has been thrown; or to let a "*beeast*" into a hurdle—while I am all on the fret, and have afterwards the *satisfaction* of hearing that the hounds have been streaming over the country, attended only by a butcher boy, who was not allowed the high privilege of going *inside* his Honor's park.

To all young sportsmen I strongly recommend an antipathy to the inside of a gentleman's park. "Fly

from it! pass by on the other side!" Should the fox, which is probable enough—from the galloping about of proud cows—screams of a dairy-maid—the *sortie* of a butler with *nothing* in his hand—an under-butler with his plate cloth—stable-boys, fat coachman, odd man, housemaids, ladies' lap dogs, a loose greyhound, master Johnny's favorite terrier, screams of the farming lads, "Theare he be!—I sees him!—Look, there's his taail in the pigstye!"—should poor reynard give up his life, the out-riders are as well off as the in. But if a different scene takes place, and, topping an high paling, he makes play over the country with a good ear, a quick eye, and caution enough not to head him as he comes out of the park, what an advantage will the outside sportsman then have!

But to return to the park in question, and the inquiry:—I know but little of the owner, or at least I can only claim the honour of a common acquaintance; therefore, without any prejudice, I will assert that I believe him to be favorable to fox-hunting, and have observed one or two particular instances of it. He has been fond of it himself, and has now the additional inducement to support this amusement, from a strong predilection for it in his son-in-law, who is always well mounted, rides well, and in his *turn-out*, and, what is more to the purpose, in his manners, conduct, and address, a perfect gentleman.

I am a constant reader of your Magazine, and always feel sorry when I see any thing introduced (it is seldom the case I will confess), which is not calculated to promote the amusement, conviviality, good humour, and good

* For Portrait and Performances see the last *Sporting Magazine*.

fellowship for which it is so proverbial, and to which it is so particularly adapted.

Your obedient servant,

AN ANTI-CATACOMBIST.

"NEAR" AND "OFF" SIDE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE favorable reception a former paper experienced at your hands, induces me again to resume my pen—unworthy as it is of a place in your distinguished pages—in your service, if you think proper. I have been not a little amused on reading sundry observations in your two last Numbers, on the *important* origin of the terms "near" and "off" side, which has called forth the rather *far-fetched* ideas of a Mr. Double B. and the *highly-classical* and *numerical* reasoning of RIVUS. However *near* the mark these gentlemen may be in their own opinions, I cannot but think they are both at present very far on the "*off side*" of the point in question. From the remarks of the latter, it would appear that these terms were *originally* made use of to denote the sides of the road in travelling. I differ from him *in toto*; and if I may be allowed to hazard an opinion, which I do with considerable diffidence, I should say they were *originally* applied to horses. The impression on my mind has always been, that on the first introduction of carriages into this country, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1580), there was no driving on the box, but on the saddle—hence the term "*near*" was used to distinguish the *saddle horse*; and "*the off*," of course the other. These terms were

afterwards rendered applicable to the road, where in meeting carriages, according to the adage, "If you go to the *left* you are sure to go *right*"—"if you go to the *right*, you are wrong." How far my opinion may be correct, I leave to others better qualified than myself to decide. If right, I shall feel happy in having thrown *light* on this apparently *dark* and *mysterious subject*; if erroneous, I shall hope for the pleasure, in your next, of being enabled to adopt the correct one. "*Team*" and "*drag*" are terms very generally made use of by the Gentlemen Jehus of the day, some of whom (should this meet their eye—and where, let me ask, Mr. Editor, is the eye in the *Sporting World* that your Magazine does not meet?) will, perhaps, kindly add *their* opinions, by way of *clarifying* the discussion on the "*birth*, *parentage*, and *education*" of "*near*" and "*off side*." Not the opinion of a Grecian charioteer, but that of a practical, thorough-bred English whip, would be desirable—the former being, in my humble opinion, as far from deciding the question as from determining the longitude; but I write with deference.

Ere the ink freezes in my quill, which it bids fair of doing shortly, allow me to offer my meed of praise to the "*mighty NIMROD*," who, compared to his namesake of old, is "*hyperion to a satyr*." Heartily do I wish him health through the year we are just commencing, and that he may see it followed by many very happy and *good hunting* ones—the result of which, it is to be hoped, will appear in your future pages. I have at this moment open before me the spirited print, in your last Number, of MANIAC—a name, by the bye, which (from the at-

tempt) some think more applicable to his *well-nerved* rider. Perhaps in your next you will state the height of the fence, and space of ground covered. Being on the subject of leaping, I am sure the *Sporting World* at large, and the "young ones" in particular, would feel *further* indebted to NIMRON, if he would favour us with his ideas on brook, fence, and timber leaping generally.

Little doubting, Mr. Editor, but that I have long ago tired yourself, and by this time your readers; and fearing also if I don't leave off I shall be left out; I will adopt the more pleasing alternative, by subscribing myself, for brevity's sake, your obedient servant,

S.

Blandford, January 3, 1826.

TERRIERS.

REPLIES TO AN INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IN your last excellent Number your correspondent A CUB inquires "Where the best terriers are to be got?" Suppose I had asked you, Sir, the same question, in regard to sheep or horses, would you not have said, What description do you want? If NIMRON, and not this correspondent, had made the inquiry, I should instantly have imagined he meant a hunter; but CUB, as I am ignorant of the probable bent of his thoughts, is too inexplicit to be understood.

"— Si brevis esse laboro
Obscurus fio."

Your correspondent may be a dog-fighter, and he may be on the look-out for a dog of sixty pounds weight; or he may be in search of a delicate small terrier to present

to a fair lady. The descriptions of animal, in either of these cases, differ so widely in properties and appearance, I must beg a more defined representation of the animal wished for, before I can venture to recommend any particular breed.

About fifty years ago I was given a terrier bitch, named Fury, which was brought from Belvoir Castle by my old school-fellow Bob T——. Her progeny was so much prized, Sir William T—— offered fifty guineas for one of them. The colour of this daughter of Fury's was black tan, ticked so very regularly with white, the coat seemed as it were frosted; and her shape was perfect. This breed has been preserved to the present time. A descendant of this same Fury (I mention it with horror) was worried to death in consequence of negligence, by a bull dog, a few months ago. He died true game, as he had ever shewn himself to be.

To mark more forcibly how necessary it is to describe the sort of terrier wanted, I will only mention that I have perhaps the very best fighting terrier, of her weight, in England. I have also a favorite, which will not fight at all, but is a capital rat-catcher. I have, moreover, of another sort, a slender ill-formed terrier, which will attack and subdue any thing in the shape of vermin. Also another, of another sort—for I have terriers of various breeds—which will engage in any broil or battle with any living creature. I possess, in addition to these, a small long-backed duck-legged animal, of the Scotch breed, which scarcely bears the resemblance of the canine species. Will you then wonder, Sir, at my asking what sort of terrier does your correspondent want? Terriers of

the present day are seldom free from a cross of the bull breed, or a cross with the cur. By the way—the cross-bred animals of all descriptions are the best, generally speaking, *for use*; but a terrier's pedigree should be unstained if the breed is to be continued.

I have entered a little into detail, to give your correspondent an opportunity of seeking in such a manner that he may find.

I remain, Sir, RYNNARD.

P. S. You may hear from me again soon, to enable you to correct a slight error or two in your last Number.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IN answer to A CUB, in your last Number, where the *best terriers* are—Bob Jones's, of Stafford, I am convinced are as good, if not the best. I have been a breeder long, but they are much superior to any thing I ever saw. The only objection to them in my opinion is, being too great an enemy to foxes.

A FRIEND TO FOXES.

Dec. 27, 1825.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

THE general opinion respecting the snipe, as falling by the least touch of a shot, is erroneous. Last winter, being out with a friend, he knocked a snipe down within twenty-five yards of his gun, and while he charged again I crossed a ditch to pick it up; it made great efforts to rise, but was prevented by a wing being broken, and if it had not been so, it certainly would have flown away, although, when we examined it, four shot (No. 8) had passed from its

back through its breast. This is not the only instance to make me doubt such assertions.

I have known three persons that have had guns burst in their hands without receiving any injury. Two of them have burst two each, the other one; and it is well to remark, they all of them have held the left hand against the trigger guard.

The following anecdote I was recently told by an excellent angler:—In a river near where he resided had been seen a trout, much larger than were generally found in that stream. The fish shewed itself most evenings near the same spot, which induced several good anglers to try their skill to take it. Evening after evening they threw their lines, but no large trout taken. Some dib'd—indeed, all methods were used, but ineffectually—until one evening they were all busily engaged, all eager, when a man with a clumsy rod and thick line, who had been bottom-fishing in the neighbourhood, plucked (as they supposed out of ridicule) the yellow flower which the children call butter-cups, and put it on the point of his hook, threw it into the water, and, strange as it may appear, took the fish so much sought for. Its weight was upwards of five pounds.

'Tis not every sportsman that has seen the kingfisher seize its prey. The first I ever saw was when fly-fishing at Carshalton. I heard something fall into the water like a stone thrown; not seeing any one, I resumed my sport. Presently another splash, and again another. I then saw a kingfisher rise from the water into a drooping willow, where it was feeding its young that were sitting on the branches. It took several

small fish afterwards. I have seen two others recently; one sitting on a tree by a canal side, and he really appeared to wait until my approach to shew his dexterity, for I was within twenty paces of him when he pounced on his prey, brought it forth, as much as he could carry, and flew to an adjoining bush to feed. The other suffered me to approach still nearer; I could distinctly see it was a small perch he had caught. The velocity with which they dive is astonishing; the head and bill are wisely formed for the purpose. Naturalists have not (that I am aware) particularly noticed the feet, which are capable of holding a fish, and sitting on a branch at the same time; and they are also of a beautiful transparent pink colour, which I have not the least doubt are often used to decoy fish by dabbling them in the water, when sitting on a stone or branch that touches the surface. This method, I think, they use when the water is much discoloured, their toes being taken for small worms.

Some years ago (perhaps twenty), a character, 'yclept "Dickey" the Auctioneer," was well known in the counties of Salop, Stafford, and Warwick, as a sportman, and likewise for his eccentricities. He was frequently seen in the different hunts in those counties, where he was always welcome; he rode in scarlet and cap, upon a horse generally lent to him by some gentleman for the day—although he mostly possessed a bit of blood of his own, *whose points were very conspicuous*. He was a bold rider—never seeming to have the least fear of breaking his neck. He had a *varmint*-like looking phiz, black muzzled, and

scarified with the small pox. He mounted his rostrum at different country fairs, selling "Brummagem ware—a long shilling's worth" as he termed it—razor, knife, scissors, and spoon, with a variety of other articles. Dickey gave them, into the bargain, a deal of words: he was a wit, and it was frequently sharper than his razor. He was well off for mouth, and he would shew the gaping crowd the use of the spoon with such excellent grimace, that the old women would exclaim, "what a funny man!—I wool have a shilling's worth, that I wool." I doubt whether even Grimaldi could have mouthed them out of a shilling so easily. A bag-fox was turned out before the late Mr. Pigott,* of Edmond's, harriers. Dickey was one amongst them, and in taking a fence a briar caught his face, and scratched it from mouth to ear: the blood flowed plentifully; he looked as if his head was half separated; and when returning from the chase he would put on a very rueful countenance. When any one approached him, "Bless me, Dickey, how has that dreadful gash happened?"—"That damn'd fellow Will, the huntsman, in his under-hand work in cutting off the brush, while I was supporting a pad, slipt his knife into my mouth, and has made an opening to my ear."—"A rat! a rat!" When I think of an old terrier that used to accompany me at the time I was a school-boy, I cannot help assimilating him to Dickey the Auctioneer; and whenever I see *Hamlet*, I think of a rat this dog killed: it was not quite so large as *Old Polonius*, but it was an enormous one; it measured twenty-two inches in length, from nose to the end of the tail. It

* In the year 1795—See an account of a famous fox chase in vol. 6. *S. M.* for that year.

was found in the bottom of a corn stack; he had no associates, not even a mouse.—Yours, &c.

A Borderer on North Wales.

LICE IN DOGS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Have to request the insertion of the following query in your valuable and entertaining Miscellany. What is the safest and most certain remedy for lice in dogs? I have a favorite old spaniel, a capital finder, of the small curly breed, and a great pet in the house, who is sadly infested by them; and they have likewise got amongst my greyhounds. I have tried a variety of applications, amongst others the white precipitate ointment, usually considered a specific, without effect; and shall consider myself greatly indebted to any of your correspondents who can point out a *safe* mode of cure for this troublesome evil.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your constant reader.

G. M.

Reading, January 2, 1826.

DRAYTON COURSING MEETINGS, LEICESTERSHIRE.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

DRAYTON Stakes.—Mr. John Reeve's bl. d. Tinker beat Mr. Sharpe's f. b. Lady; Mr. Huskisson's blk. and w. d. Horatio* beat Mr. Sanders's blk. tick d. Major; Mr. Goodacre's w. b. Ruby beat Mr. W. Umbers's blk. and w. d. Roscius; Mr. Carter's cr. d. Jupiter beat Mr. Harries's blk. d. Smoker.

Puppy Stakes—First Class.—Mr. Ballard's f. b. Bashful* beat

Mr. Sanders's blk. d. p. Bulow; Mr. Burgess's blk. and w. d. p. Beppo* beat Mr. Sharpe's red d. p. Spring; Mr. Wedge's blk. tick d. p. Topper beat Mr. Huskisson's blk. b. p. Handy; Mr. Carter's red d. p. Rocket beat Mr. Collins's blk. d. p. Fearnought.

Bye Stakes—First Class.—Mr. Sanders's blk. tick d. Major beat Mr. Sharpe's f. b. Lady; Mr. W. Umbers's blk. and w. d. Roscius beat Mr. Harries's blk. d. Smoker.

Bye Stakes—Concluding Course.—Mr. W. Umbers's blk. and w. d. Roscius beat Mr. Sanders's blk. tick d. Major.—*Roscius* won the *Sweepstakes*.

Matches.—Mr. Goodacre's blk. and w. b. Fly beat Mr. Barber's yel. and w. b. p. Jig; Mr. Bonner's blk. tick b. Fly beat Mr. T. Umbers's blk. and w. b. Lucy; Mr. Carter's blk. and w. b. Fly beat Mr. Collins's bl. d. Fencer; Mr. Burgess's red b. Lady beat Mr. Harries's blk. d. Pilot; Mr. Johnson's yel. and w. b. Dance beat Mr. Umbers's bl. d. Creeper; Mr. Carter's wh. d. Presto beat Mr. Tavernor's blk. d. Driver; Mr. John Reeve's blk. b. Lady beat Mr. James Reeve's, jun. wh. b. Myrtle; Mr. Huskisson's d. c. d. Topper against Mr. Chamberlain's b. b. Crazy—undecided; Mr. Burgess's b. and w. b. Fly beat Mr. Chamberlin's red d. Mundy; Mr. Chamberlin's b. d. Wonder beat Mr. Bonner's b. tick b. Fly.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

Drayton Stakes—Second Class.—Mr. Huskisson's bl. and w. d. Horatio* beat Mr. J. Reeve's b. d. Tinker; Mr. Goodacre's w. b. Ruby beat Mr. Carter's cream col. d. Jupiter.

Drayton Stakes—Concluding Course.—Mr. Huskisson's bl. and w. d. Horatio* beat Mr. Goodacre's

w. b. Ruby.—*Horatio* won the Sweepstakes.

Puppy Stakes—Second Class.—Mr. Ballard's f. col. b. Bashful* beat Mr. Carter's r. d. p. Rocket; Mr. Burgess's b. and w. d. p. Beppo* beat Mr. Wedge's blk. tick d. Topper.

Puppy Stakes—Concluding Course.—Mr. Ballard's f. col. b. Bashful* beat Mr. Burgess's blk. and w. d. p. Beppo.—*Bashful* won the Sweepstakes.

Matches.—Mr. Carter's blk. and w. b. Fly beat Mr. Bonner's blk. t. b. Fly; Mr. W. Umbers's blk. and w. d. Roacius beat Mr. Chamberlin's blk. d. Crib; Mr. Johnson's blk. and w. b. p. Lady* beat Mr. Carter's yel. and w. b. Jig; Mr. Carter's br. and w. d. Presto beat Mr. Collins's b. d. Fearnought; Mr. Rutter's b. d. Sweep beat Mr. Chamberlin's red d. Comus; Mr. Chamberlin's red d. Ruler beat Mr. Wedge's b. p. b. Handy; Mr. Chamberlin's b. d. Wonder beat Mr. Burgess's red b. Lady; Mr. Chamberlin's red d. Munday beat Mr. Sanders's blk. p. d. Bulow; Mr. Rutter's blk. d. Sweep against Mr. Chamberlin's red d. Ruler—undecided; Mr. Carter's blk. and w. b. Lucy beat Mr. Chamberlin's b. b. Crazy; Mr. Wright's b. b. Nell beat Mr. Carter's br. and w. d. Presto; Mr. W. Umbers's bl. d. Creeper beat Mr. Johnson's b. d. Wellington; Mr. Sharpe's fawn b. Lady beat Mr. Wright's b. d. Driver; Mr. Wright's red b. Mouse beat Mr. Sharpe's red d. p. Spring; Mr. Johnson's blk. and w. b. Lady* beat Mr. W. Umbers's bl. d. Creeper.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

THROUGH the liberality and zealous co-operation of the Rev. S.

Heming, a Coursing Meeting has been established on his estate at Drayton, near Atherstone, to meet annually in November: I herewith hand an account of its proceedings at its first meeting; and, from the highly satisfactory way in which it terminated, in another season to the Stakes a Cup will be added.

Perhaps it may not be considered out of place here to remark, that *Horatio*, *Bashful*, *Beppo*, and b. and w. Lady, which it appears at this Meeting are winners of ten out of eleven courses, including both sweepstakes, are own brothers and sisters to *Speedy*, an extraordinary greyhound bitch, well known in Warwickshire, late the property of Mr. Burgess. *Bashful*, *Beppo*, and *Lady*, are of one litter, and about sixteen months old. *Speedy* died in October last of distemper, after breeding on the 23d August eight whelps to Mr. Hassal's red dog *Bergami*: five of these died of the same disease; two were sent to Mr. Hassal; and one, a blue bitch, is now in the possession of Mr. Burgess.

The above were by Mr. Hall's bl. d. *Topper*, out of Mr. Huskisson's y. and w. b. *Jig*: *Topper*, by *Tippoo*; *Tippoo*, by Mr. Mundy's *Wonder*, out of Major Topham's *Susan*, by *Old Snowball*. *Jig* was a very superior bitch, as was her mother, *Lady*, also the property of Mr. Huskisson; but at this moment I am not in possession of their pedigree.

Speedy was of a colour between blue and black, very handsome, and possessing great power and symmetry. In a long course, nothing she ever started with could at all compete with her; and her running was so close, and her

* Own brothers and sisters to Mr. Burgess's *Speedy*.

fencing so good, that when once in with her hare her course might be deemed certain. She had not the advantage of being entered at public Coursing Meetings till the one at Burton was established, but at every private Meeting for a considerable distance from home she was well known, and it was the highest ambition of the best dog in each field she entered to contend with her: in this manner she ran upwards of fifty courses, against select dogs, with only two decisions against her.

One of her courses with Mr. Wedge's r. and w. d. Marcus, is worthy of record. She was about seventeen months old at the time. A fine racing hare was started from the hill at Hampton in Arden, which led the dogs into some meadows, where an extraordinary run took place; from thence the hare succeeded in gaining the Diddington hills, and was making for a large pit, [but Speedy, leaving her antagonist far behind, brought her back, when, after a further run, and again driving her up the hill, she killed her at the top; she had scarcely loosed this, ere a fresh hare started, and so on a third and a fourth. All the hares were supposed killed, but three of them were brought into the field by different individuals at the same time. The courses averaged one mile and a half each, on trying ground: so much so, that Marcus, although a good dog, was unable to assist her after the first course; and this she did without apparent fatigue.

This is an imperfect sketch of what may be termed a country greyhound: still, as I am of opinion you are an admirer of goodness in any animal, I hesitate not in sending it you, leaving it to your discretion whether you may or not

deem it worthy a place in your amusing work.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A CONSTANT READER.

RUSTICUS ON ORNITHOLOGY.

(Continued.)

THE NIGHTINGALE.

"Sweet bird, that strunn'at the noise of
folly,

Most musical, most melancholy!"
MILTON'S *Il Penseroso*.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the very low scale in the intellectual world which the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* has allotted to our country gentlemen, yet there may be a few who, though they follow the sports of the field, have cultivated their minds as well as himself; and to such no part of the creation is indifferent. The history of the nightingale, indeed, is a study worthy of the most enlightened philosopher; and may be justly called one of the finest specimens of the inimitable and all-wonderful powers of the Creator.

As the difficulty of imitation proves the superiority of an artist, so is the difficulty of description a proof of the superiority of the subject to be described. The song of the nightingale has never been, neither can it ever be, imitated to perfection; but an attempt at a description of it has put to the test the powers of the first writers in almost all the ages of the world. It cannot be denied that some of them have been happy in their description of this wonderful bird; but, so difficult has been their task, from the series of minute distinctions and characteristic terms peculiarly appropriated to their

subject—many of them so nearly synonymous, or so nearly approaching to each other, as only to be expressed by those who write in their mother tongue—that a just translation of their words into any other language has been found quite impracticable. Thus the celebrated Latin poem by Strada, called “The Contest of the Musician and the Nightingale,” has bidden defiance to the pens of English writers.

The fable of Strada—a characteristic description of the nightingale’s song, but too long for insertion here—is taken from the writings of Pliny*; and as the passage he chiefly borrows from is a short one, I will present it to your readers. As a proof of what I have asserted, I will also offer them a translation of it by a very old English writer†, by which it will appear how our countryman has laboured to give the meaning of the accomplished Roman—to what shifts he has been put, how he “beat about the bush” to get at him, and how he has missed him after all. Like Strada’s Nightingale, in his song—

“Explorat numeros, chordæque explorat in omni.”

The following are the words of Pliny:—“Digna miratu avis. Primum, tanta vox tam parvo in corpore, tam pertinax spiritus. Deinde in una perfecta musicæ scientia modulatus editur sonus; et nunc continuo spiritu trahitur in longum, nunc variatur inflexo, nunc diatungitur conciso, copulatur intorto, promittitur revocato, infusatur ex inopinato: interdum et secum murmurat, plenus, gravis, acutus, crebor, extensus; ubi visum est vibrans, summus, medius, imus. Breviturque omnia

tam parvulis in faucibus, quæ tot exquisitis tibiærum tormentis ars hominum excogitavit. Certant inter se, palamque animosa contentio est. Victa morte finit sæpe vitam, spiritus prius deficiente quam cantu.”

These words are thus attempted to be rendered into the English language:—“Surely this bird is not to be set in the last place of those that deserve admiration; for is it not a wonder that so loud and clear a voice should come from so little a body? Is it not as strange, that shee should hold her wind so long, and continue with it as shee doth? Moreover, shee alone in her song keepeth time and measure truly; she riseth and falleth in her note just with the rules of music, and perfect harmony; for one while, in one entire breath, she draws out her tune at length treatable; another while she quavereth, and goeth away as fast in her running points: sometimes she maketh stops and short cuts in her notes; another time she gathereth in her wind, and singeth descant between the plain song; she fetcheth in her breath again, and then you shall have her in her catches and divisions: anon, all on a sudden before a man could think it, she drowneth her voice that one can scarce heare her; now and then she seemeth to record to herself, and then she breaketh out to sing voluntarie. In sum, she varieth and altereth her voice to all keies (keys); one while full of her large, longe, briefs, semibriefs, and minims; another while in her crotchets, quavers, semiquavers, and double semiquavers; for at one time you shall hear her voice full of loud, another time as low; and anon shrill and on high; thick and short when she

* Nat. Hist. Lib. 10. c. 29.

† Philemon Holland.

list; drawn out at leisure again when she is disposed; and then (if shee be so pleased) shee riseth and mounteth up aloft, as it were with a wind organ. Thus she altereth from one to another, and sings all parts, the treble, the mean, and the base. To conclude, there is not a pipe or instrument devised, with all the art and cunning of man, that can afford more music than this pretty bird does out of that little throat of her's. They strive who can do best, and one laboreth to excell another in variety of song, and long continuance; yea, and evident it is that they contend in good earnest with all their will and power: for oftentimes shee that hath the worst, and is not able to hold out with another, dieth for it, and sooner giveth up shee her vital breath, than giveth over her song." Although the subject itself, added to the florid style of Pliny, has bidden defiance to a close imitation, yet the translator here is not without his merit.

How far it be true, I will not take upon myself to determine, but it is generally believed that the nightingale is seldom to be heard many miles north of the river Trent. Some years ago, however, this elegant songster visited the beautiful woods of Erthig*, near Wrexham, in North Wales, and so great was the rarity, that crowds of people went nightly to hear him. There has ever been an association of love and the nightingale; and thus Milton sings,

"Oh Nightingale! that on yon blooming
 spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are
 still:
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart
 doth fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious
 May."

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of
 day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's
 bill,
 Portend success in love."

Such was the case here! After sojourning awhile, the nightingale departed to a more genial climate; but I remember hearing the late worthy proprietor of Erthig woods assert, that, in the following year there were more children born in Wrexham parish than had ever been known in any twelve months before.

RUSTIOUS.

(To be continued.)

WARWICKSHIRE.

WE learn from a Correspondent, that Leamington is not only a fashionable resort in summer, but has become a complete winter residence, owing to its central situation to Mr. Hay's hounds (who now hunts the Warwickshire country), and to Lord Anson, when at his Dunchurch kennel; and also by being occasionally within reach of the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Thomas Mostyn, and Mr. Musters. There are no fewer than two hundred horses at exercise every morning, and not a house vacant upon the Parades. Amongst the sporting characters, we notice Lord Avonmore, the Hon. Mr. Yelverton, Sir Loftus Otway, Colonel Robbins, Colonel Davenport, Major Moray Stirling, Messrs. Shakerley, Wightwick, Meyrick, Buck, Williams, Gee, Leader, &c. The ladies contribute in no trifling degree to enliven the evenings, by dinner parties, balls, and routs—making it altogether the most *recherché* winter residence in the kingdom.

* The seat of Simon Yorke, Esq.

How greatly the better taste of the present day is displayed, in thus substituting for the senseless excesses of the soporific bottle, these elegant amusements!—particularly the musical parties, “those sober certainties of waking bliss,” where, after the manly exertions of the morning chase, the refreshed sportsman, heedless of fatigue, is found

“Midst store of ladies, whose bright eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize.”

And where

“Lapp’d in soft Lydian airs,
Of linked sweetness long drawn out”—

he listens to strains,

“Which to have heard, Scylla had wept,
And child her barking dogs into attention.”

A SEQUEL OF ODDS AND ENDS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Intended to notice a misprint (I suppose) in last December Magazine, p. 106, but it escaped my memory. A letter which I have lately received from a friend in the country has reminded me of the above, and of the necessity of correcting certain strange errors which now and then get abroad. In a Number of the Magazine, N.S. it is reported that “the Melton Mowbray horse, Forester, was matched to trot *two miles in three minutes and four seconds*.” He must, indeed, be a real kill-devil for such a performance to be expected from him; for, granting him to be able to trot a single mile in three minutes and four seconds, carrying a feather, in all probability he is the only horse at present in England able to do so much. In the letter above referred to, was inclosed a list of

trotters, written, as it would seem, by a bit of a trotting jockey, which list my correspondent had not, I think, looked over with his usual accuracy, or he would have noticed a *fact*, curious indeed for such a person to record—namely, that “Old Pretender trotted *two miles on the Oxford road in five minutes*”—a degree of speed with which, assuredly, no horse has ever hitherto been endowed, and I take it for granted never will be. This account describes Old Pretender as a son of Jenkinson’s Old Fireaway, and that he covered in London several years, at five guineas. Of other trotters of that name I know nothing, but Old, or the original Pretender, the property of Jenkinson of Long Sutton, was got by his useful Cub, out of a full-bred daughter of Pretender, the race horse. Jenkinson was in London about the year 1778 with his two stallions, Cub and Pretender, where I several times met him, and had now and then a trot with him. Pretender was a beautiful chestnut horse, and J. assured me he had the turn of speed upon Cub. I have a recollection of the former trotting two miles on the Oxford road, but the time has escaped me—probably enough within six minutes. Little attention, as we had ample experience in Norfolk, is due to the accounts of trotters, their pedigrees, or performances. The speed of a trotter seems to have been fixed by nature in about the ratio of one-third of that of a galloper or racer. Thus, though it be mere opinion, grounded on calculation, that the Devonshire Childers ran a mile in one minute, yet a subsequent known fact has placed it strictly within the verge of probability, since we know that Pumpkin ran the same distance,

being accurately timed, in a few seconds over the minute. Eclipse had, undoubtedly, more speed than Pumpkin, and this will place their utmost possible speed at somewhat above the given rate, since, I apprehend, there must be bursts; and that no horse can either trot or gallop a single mile, end for end, at his highest mark. As the old jockeys taught me—there is a good deal of running in a mile. How stands the calculation, taking in every relative item? I am unequal to it. A hack, trotting a mile in three minutes, if stout, will trot eighteen miles in one hour, carrying a light weight. If a stout racer can gallop a mile in one minute, how many miles ought he to gallop in one hour, with the same weight, and by the same rule as the trotter? I remember we used to decide very knowingly, without any fact to direct us, that the utmost a capital racer could perform was twenty-six miles in one hour, with eight stone. There has always appeared to me a great deal of uncertainty in the doctrine of weights, as they respect the powers of horses on the turf; and handicapping seems to be the only fair mode of racing. Weight for age, seems a most uncertain test, since among the horses, one may be master of fifteen stone, another of only ten. The plan, however, seems insusceptible of improvement, and evinces extraordinary powers in the weaker horses. A correspondent, a year or two since, desired to be informed of the difference to a horse between carrying living and dead weight. I believe carrying the latter is greatly against a horse, there being an actual, but incomprehensible principle and power of buoyancy in vitality. The best proof of this is, the perceptible differ-

ence of weight, in the same animal, living and dead. In the Number and page of the Magazine already referred to, there is an account of a five-year-old mare trotting, with nine stone, sixty miles in twenty-three min. six sec. less than six hours. The newspapers gave this with a double of notes of admiration, which were surely superfluous, since I trust there are thousands of hacks in Britain capable of the same performance. The locksmith's grey mare (*Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses*) trotted seventy-two miles in six hours. I saw the mare soon after on the road; she had no remarkable speed as a trotter.

The prospect of success at the Dobberan Racing Establishment gives me much pleasure. I announced its commencement in 1822, on the authority of my friend Count Veltheim, who was at that time valetudinary, and present at the Baths. I hope he will see this, as I am anxious on the state of his health, having waited an unusual length of time for a letter from him. Could the Germans acquire the skill of managing their race horses as judiciously and profitably as Count Veltheim, and other proprietors, do their Merino sheep, they might in process of time rival us on the turf, and in a breed of saddle horses. We also have a lesson to borrow from them on the sheep husbandry.

NIMROD, in one of his letters, some months past, lamented that I had not given the name of that newspaper, which I said had lately discovered an analogy between bullock-hunting by the blackguards of the metropolis, and hunting wild game in the field. I gratify him without the least hesitation. To the best of my recollection, it was the *Morning Chronicle*,

the editor of which had condescended largely on the Animal Question, with a competent share of unacquaintedness, theory or practice, therewith; and with a marked disingenuousness towards Mr. Martin. He had indeed, out-heroded Herod, and left all his compeers of the broad sheet far behind, in the attempt to deaden and stifle the sensibilities of the human heart, not merely towards brute, but towards human nature. I have before me a notable slip to such effect, which I cut out for preservation, as a curiosity. He has thus sullied and debased the columns of one of the most enlightened, and most nationally useful journals in Europe.

The readers of the *Sport. Mag.* are under an additional obligation to NIMROD for a most entertaining letter from his friend at Paris, some months past. The writer is no doubt a *regular*, as is evinced by his copious flow of the *slang* of the field, of the latest batch; and none so fit and qualified to write a glossary for the use of uninitiated readers. His proposal of a Sporting Gallery deserves attention, which would succeed in the present times; though that of Stubbs, I believe, did not, being on a scale too confined.

I turned over the leaves of the *Supplement* with a superadded interest on having espied 'THE OLD FORESTER,' in the contents. He is really then (p. 210) *de facto* a veteran in years, as well as in name. I trust he will pursue his plan of turf statistics, of which he has given us so able a specimen, usefully instructive to all the readers, and to myself especially, whom old Time has converted into somewhat of a fixture. I hope we shall, by and bye, have some golden rules

from his practical observation; touching the true form of the race horse, its merits and defects, with an application to existing individuals. Do we not yet need some test of that kind, in order to enable us to form a useful judgment of the merits of young stock? As to those sportsmen styled "judges of a young one in a stable," out of many, I never knew one of them who judged by any certain rule, but whose opinion seemed the result of mere whim, or of some customary and uncertain notion. In the mean time, is it possible to discover running in a young one, through the medium of his form; or to pronounce with decision that such a one, however well bred, cannot race? I should be obliged, and I doubt not, benefitted by O. F.'s opinion, whether or not our running horses, whilst they have so greatly exceeded in size, or rather height, have actually degenerated in qualification, according to the assertion of some old jockies. His lament over the fading glories of Newmarket, it is to be hoped, will operate as a warning and a spur to those who are able to renovate and sustain them. A portion of that spirit and enthusiasm all alive at Doncaster, might operate favorably at Newmarket. As to the cry at Newmarket, that there is so little money now stirring—how the nights are spent, and how the winnings of a week are thrown away in a few hours, at hazard and macao—such has been the periodical complaint, from my first knowledge of the turf to the present time. The first time I was at Newmarket, talking to a groom on State affairs, he observed—"Oh! Sir, things run taper here, I assure you—there is no money stirring; many of our best gentle-

men trainers have got their gruel, but tis'ent from their horses, but from shaking their elbows at night." The fact is, the *play* part has always been paramount on the turf, and in probability, ever will be; and horses are trained as the mere instruments of play—the majority of trainers perhaps, never knowing or caring any thing further about them, than as they are convenient things to bet upon; and betting very naturally introduces other and more expeditious games of chance; and they who are so *fortunate* as to have a sincere devotion to play, always prefer speedy decision. Thirty years ago I was called to order by the critics, for ridiculing, in my Chapter on Sports, the idea of putting down gambling and wenching by Legislative enactments. Have such succeeded yet? If sober, and grave, and rational appeals to men's faculties and common sense will not succeed, compulsion never will, in any other way than to the probable increase of the evil, and to the infliction of useless severities.

In course, I smiled at the idea of the brother of Longwaist dying of a surfeit from eating rich grass. He might have shared the same fate from eating too great a quantity of oats. A very antique *new light*, I observe, is about to work indeed a radical change in our horse regimen and diet. No more of the salubrious, nourishing, and purifying gramineous product of our soil, must be given in the season to our longing horses, in its green state, though panting for it "like as the hart panteth for the water brooks;" but it must be first withered and dried, and one of the greatest natural advantages and blessings of our country given up.

Grammercy! surely our *clacks* and fashionables will not proceed from the stable to the dwelling house, and establish the mode of baking or cooking all our fruits, that we may not be surfeited by eating them raw. There are such things as hobby horses and prejudices, which stick like glue so long as the parental magot shall continue to bite, and are always the more adhesive in proportion to the opposition shewn them; but they are now and then cast off, either from the influence of reason, or for no reason at all, but through the effect of their caprice, and the wearisomeness of proceeding too long in one constant course of action, bad or good. I have witnessed so many changes of opinion, that I shall not wonder, should I live to find Messieurs NIMROD and Co. among the warmest advocates for summering hunters abroad; and to crown the joke, who shall say that my own grave self shall not be converted, and become equally enthusiastic on the other side of the question? *Omnium rerum vicissitudo*, said old Frank Moor.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN HORSES, WITH A HINT TO NIMROD.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

YOUR numerous correspondents have kept up the controversy respecting the superiority of Northern and Southern horses long enough. They are becoming acrimonious, and must be reminded of the old adage—"Too much of one thing is good for nothing." Some mistakes have been made—one a most important one, that, from the beginning has passed unnoticed, respecting Filho da Puta.

"X. B." in your November Number, first speaks of that "*stalking-horse and leviathan of the North*," Filho da Puta. A TYKE also, in your last, recognises him as a North country horse; so does A RACER—and he is elsewhere designated as belonging to the North. Now such is not the fact: he belongs decidedly to the South, having been got and bred at Finchley, in Middlesex, a few miles North of London. I shall not fill your pages with any unnecessary detail—the fact being within my own knowledge—but merely, confirmatory of my assertion, refer you to the correspondence between Sir Wm. Maxwell, Bart. and Thos. Hornby Morland, given in the 47th volume of your Magazine, page 109. In this correspondence there is a little blundering too, I believe; or at all events the whole truth did not come out. Filho was bred by a sporting citizen, then owner of Haphazard; and Thomas Hornby Morland, well known to the Sporting World, the nominal seller of him, was only servant to the citizen—being now gone, peace to his manes! or I could remind the Sporting World of some anecdotes of this T. H. Morland.

A TYKE then again blunders sadly, in stating X.Y.Z. to be the sire of Dr. Syntax:—all my children that have yet got into the sporting school, would tell him that X.Y.Z. was got by Haphazard, out of a Spadille mare, foaled in 1808; and that the Doctor was got by PAYATON, out of a Benningbrough mare, foaled in 1811. HANDICAPPER also will have it, *The Duke of Grafton's Tiresias* is equal to *Sherwood*—he means the *Duke of Portland's*. I see, by the last *Racing Calendar*, Tiara is advertised for

sale as being bred by the Duke of Grafton, and is there stated to be FULL SISTER TO TIRESIAS. I cannot suppose Mr. Dilly ignorant of the fact, that Tiara is out of Papa Joan, and Tiresias out of Pledge—(sisters, I admit; and known to all the world as bred by the Duke of Grafton; but Pledge was purchased by the Duke of Portland long before Tiresias was foaled)—and it is matter of doubt whether even Tiara is by *Sootyheyer*, as the mare was also covered by Castrol. How then does Mr. Dilly or his employer make out Tiara full sister to Tiresias? Sporting men should avoid these mistakes.

I am a great friend to discussion, and admire much the zeal of your contributors in support of their respective positions; but all discussion should be conducted with good temper. The endeavoring to promote, or keep up, a jealousy between the North and South country breeders, cannot be productive of good—each is dependent on the other for the superiority this country possesses over any other in the breed of horses; therefore a truce, I say, to all further bickerings on the subject.

I would give a hint to clerks of English Race Courses; but as they do not all read the *Sporting Magazine*, or do what is right; I shall address myself to NIMRON, the *Oracle of the Sporting World*. He, I hope, will favour me with a moment's deliberation: if so, his powerful pen and influence through the country, may bring about the utility and sport I am desirous of seeing; and this is a good time for him to take up the subject.

Most County Members, with very many others, give Plates; some subscribe their ten guineas to Cup Races; and others make additions

to Subscription Purse; as part of their public duty, in order to promote sport at the several Meetings within their counties. All this is done from a good motive; but is it, I ask, productive of the public benefit the plan I am about to suggest would produce—viz.: the promoting a superior breed of hunters, and other useful horses?

A general election is near at hand. Let only a Clerk of the Course, or other sporting man, jump on the hustings, either on the day of nomination, or that of the return, and say, "I trust that you, with the other Members returned by this county, will subscribe to a one hundred guinea Purse (as many more as the modesty of the party thinks fit to name), to be run for annually by three-year-old colts (four-year-olds I should prefer), *not THOROUGH-BRED, AND BRED IN THE COUNTY*"—Is there a man returned to Parliament would say *NAY to this trifling request?* All would be doing good—producing as much, if not more sport than their present donations; and the public would then know where to go and look for a good young horse. I say nothing about the benefit that would result to farmers, by this plan—nor do I attempt to describe the popularity Members of Parlia-

ment would acquire with that powerful body of men. This, with other advantages, I could talk over a glass of grog with more effect, than I can convey my ideas to the world on paper. I shall beg you to submit my plan to friend NIMROD, in the hope he will approve it, and give due publicity thereto.

Yours, &c.

A BREEDER OF COCKTAILS.

P. S. The *OLD FORESTER* in his last—alluding to Lord Egremont's stud of three-year-olds, and of the Whalebone stock training off after four—mentions *CRICKETER* as a probable exception; thus conveying, at least to my mind, that he considers *him* a Whalebone. If my reading of the *OLD FORESTER* is correct, he is mistaken; and I beg, with great humility, to set him right, as *CRICKETER* is by *Octavius* (not Whalebone), out of a Gohanna mare; her dam *Allegretta*, by *Trumpator*. Permit me to ask, can any of your contributors give a reason (beyond his having a bad head, and not the best of tempers) why *Octavius* is not more bred from? There is not a better bred horse in the kingdom—all his stock possessing that first and last of qualities—*STOUTNESS*.

NIMROD'S SECOND TOUR.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

WERE *Nimrod* himself to appear upon earth, and wish to amuse himself with all kinds of hunting, he could not have taken up his abode in a situation more convenient for the purpose than the one in which I myself reside. With-
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out the necessity of my horses sleeping out, I can reach four packs of fox-hounds, and one pack of stag-hounds; and with sending a hunter forward in the evening, I can get to five more packs of fox-hounds, and two other packs of stag-hounds—making in the whole eleven packs. Notwithstanding this, I

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am not content, but roam the country in quest of "charming variety."

About a week previous to my departure from home, on this my Second Tour, I attempted having a day with His Majesty's, and Mr. Grantley Berkeley's stag-hounds, and sent some horses forward for their Friday's and Saturday's hunting; but overtaking them on their road to Bagshot, I found both them and myself so drenched with rain, and the weather altogether so unpromising, that I ordered them to the right about, and went home. I have not had a gallop with the King's hounds since the season before the last; but, from what I hear, their sport is not encreased by the plan they have adopted of such short law, and *not stopping the hounds*; neither did I imagine it would. I am but a young stag-hunter, but from what I have seen of the chase of this majestic animal, it has appeared to me, that he seldom exhibits his powers of running until he has been some time upon his legs. Should it, however, prove otherwise, and he goes well away, the character of the thing is doubtless much benefited by the change, as there is a tameness about that *stop* which spoils all, and casts a shade upon hunting. On the other hand, should the game not go merrily away, but be run into in about twenty minutes (as must often be the case), those gentlemen who come from London to Maidenhead Thicket in the morning, are but ill requited for their pains, as there is no second draw.

On Saturday the 3d of December, I met Mr. Grantley Berkeley's stag-hounds at the above-mentioned place—which, it appears, is a neutral fixture with His Majesty and himself—and the deer arrived

just as I alighted from my hack. The morning was fine and promising, and I soon perceived the pack approaching towards us, attended by four well-mounted men, in yellow coats and black hunting caps—with a full-headed stag richly embroidered on their collars, which were black. The grouse was composed of the Honorable Moreton and Grantley Berkeley, and two whippers-in; and a younger brother, in mufti, was also in the field.

Not having the honour of being known to the junior branches of the Berkeley family, I was introduced to them by a friend, and they received me with much politeness. I had long had a wish to see their stag-hunting establishment, as there has been something about it rather out of the common way—the pack having been always hunted by one of the brothers, and whipped-in by another. Mr. H. Wombwell (son of Sir George) also whipped-in to them for several seasons; but an alteration has now taken place. Mr. Wombwell has resigned; and Mr. Grantley Berkeley—assisted by a small subscription—has the sole management of the pack, which he himself hunts, aided by two able-bodied whippers-in, and his brother's services, when in the field.

I very much liked the appearance and style of Mr. Berkeley's pack. They are fox-hounds of great power; and—as they ought to be, for the country they hunt, (abounding in water)—they are very lusty to the eye. A bitch, called Virtue, struck me as a noble specimen of an English fox-hound. The horses also were clever—particularly the one ridden by Mr. Moreton Berkeley, and a grey mare called Giantess (ridden by a groom, as Mr. Grantley's second

horse), quite in the form to carry weight over a country.

About eleven o'clock our deer leaped from his cart, but he did not go gallantly away. The scent also was flashy, and the hounds did not settle well to the chase until they had been going about a quarter of an hour, when they got well together, and in about ten minutes more (over a heavy country) we had him in view. He got gallantly away again, however, and not being aware that the Thames was so near, I thought we were in for a ripper; so, wishing to be with them as long as I could, I turned away from the crowd to what is called "a nasty place" off a common, but got floored. I stuck to my horse till he trod upon each of my legs, when I was obliged to let him go; and putting his head straight for the hounds, I saw no more of him till he had gone through Bisham Wood. I had a second horse out, but he had taken another line; so by the time I had hobbled to where I found the one I had been riding, the hounds were got down to the river, and some of the horses in the act of being boated over. "How far is it to the ferry?" said I to the man who caught my horse. "Two miles," he replied. "How many horses does the boat hold?"—"Three!" was his answer. A pretty chance, then, of getting over in any reasonable time, thought I; so returned to my quarters, and got my legs fomented. I saw Mr. Grantley Berkeley in the evening, who told me, that after taking the hounds all the way around by Marlow Bridge, they got up to their deer, and took him about five miles beyond the river. This aquatic expedition, however, destroyed all.

Notwithstanding my disappointment on this day, I mean to have another look at these hounds. They can go a good pace, and they have some very pretty country to go over. The field, on the day I have been speaking of, was by no means numerous, and the greater part of it of the "so so" order; but there was one gentleman by the name of Locke, who looked very much like doing "the trick."

On Sunday, the fourth, I reached Oxford, where the rest of my horses had arrived; but on inquiring after hounds, there were none within reach—the Duke of Beaufort's being the nearest, and they were twenty-three miles from my stable—too great a distance for the month of December. When I arose in the morning, however, it appeared as if I had nothing to regret, for it rained in torrents, with a very cold wind. Fox-hunting, however, admits of no calculation as far as sport or weather are concerned; as those mornings which seem to bid defiance to a run, often produce a clipper: and this was the case on the day I am speaking of. The Duke's fixture was Bradwell Grove, five miles from Burford; and, after waiting a short time for the storm to abate, the draw commenced. A gallant fox was almost immediately unkenelled, and, facing the country at once, was killed at the end of an hour and ten minutes—very best pace, without one check. From the badness of the morning, some of those *who can go* were not out; and three light weights—the two Messrs. Bayley, and Molony, had the best of it. I was told they went well, and the walls were high.

The Duke's fixture for Wednesday was still further from Oxford,

so that I never saw a hound that week until Thursday, when I met Sir Thomas Mostyn's at Gibraltar. The draw from this place is Bletchington, the fine seat of that steady good coachman and well-wisher to fox-hunting, Mr. Annealey; and we found our fox about a hundred yards from his parlour windows. We had no scent; therefore he could not shew us any sport. We found a second after about an hour's draw, and ran him to ground at a trotting pace. The hounds appeared in their usual trim; and eleven couples and a half of young ones have stood from the entry of the year. A sad lack of sport, however, was complained of, and all agreed that there had not been such a November since Sir Thomas first hunted the country.

There are several ways of trying a horse. There is trying him in a riding school—the tamest of all trials; there is trying him in harness—a trial for the nerves; there is the trial for speed—too often a flattering one; but give me young Peyton's* method of trying a hunter, which I was made acquainted with on this day. He was riding a horse of Mr. Bulkeley Williams' one Sunday afternoon, a few weeks back, in Bletchington park, when he had a mind to try whether he would leap timber; so putting him well at it, he charged a flight of very strong rails, considerably more than five feet high, with a very baulking grip on the side from which his horse sprang. He got well over it, but I do not think I ever saw a larger fence leaped with hounds—much less in cold blood. Mr. Peyton is one of the

finest young horsemen I ever met with, with nerve of the very best texture.

On the following day (Friday), I met the Duke of Beaufort's hounds at Heythorpe. This is the place to see this distinguished pack. It is their home; and they come out of their kennel with a sort of lap-dog brightness on their skins, which is scarcely to be met with in any other hounds. To a lover of hounds, the sight is quite enchanting; and the venerable, though sporting, appearance of their huntsman, Philip Payne, in the midst of them, adds much to the effect. From his Grace himself, indeed, to the second whipper-in, there is something particularly in character in this first-rate establishment. The Duke looks like a Duke; and his servants are the most civil, cleanly, and well-ordered, in their respective situations, that have ever come under my observation. Will Long, the first whipper-in, is quite perfect; and a man must be fastidious who can find any fault in the second.

Heythorpe—as I suppose, from being a large domain—is not a favorite fixture, but I consider it by no means a bad place to see hounds. In the first place it is a certain find, every hour in the day; and with a good scent, there is nothing to enable a fox to put hounds at defiance; and if he flies, he has some distance to go before he can hide his head again, and a fine country, in some directions, before him. To this is to be added, there are several parts of the Heythorpe grounds very favorable for seeing hounds hunt; and on the

* Son of Sir Henry Peyton, Bart. I beg pardon of Mr. Peyton for this familiar use of his name, but he is better known by it than by any other in the Sporting World; and particularly in Oxfordshire.

day I am speaking of, we had a great treat in riding on one side of a glen which skirts the park, whilst the hounds were running their fox on the other, with the whole pack in view. I was particularly struck with the number of clever horses I saw at Heythorpe on the ninth of December, though the field was not a large one. Whether it were imaginary or not, I will not say, but I thought these hounds higher in flesh than I recollected having seen them before.

Your sporting readers will rejoice to hear that I have obtained the Duke of Beaufort's permission to have a portrait of Philip Payne, on his favorite old white horse, to adorn the title page of the *Sporting Magazine*. As soon as the hounds return from Badmington, a first-rate artist will be sent to paint him—not indeed that a picture is wanting to hand him down to after-ages:—Philip Payne and the Duke of Beaufort's hounds will not soon be forgotten; and the names of Waterloo* and Wellington will never die.

On one of the days on which there was no hunting in Oxfordshire, I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood of Bicester, and put up at the King's Arms Inn. The landlord shewed me the improvements in his house, which he had made since last hunting season, and I confess they almost astonished me. The furniture and beds are equal to what are seen in the greater part of private gentlemen's houses, and every possible convenience was prepared for the reception of the

guests. Several sporting gentlemen were staying at the house, and Mr. Deakins (the landlord) had, as usual, twelve clever hunters in his stables, which he lets out, to hire, to the Gentlemen of the University, and others.

I always take a leaf out of every man's book if I like the subject. Mr. Deakins told me he gave his hunters linseed† gruel, instead of that made of oatmeal, when they come in from hunting, and he found the best effects from its balsamic quality.

After hunting with the Duke, I trotted down into Warwickshire, and took up my abode at Alscot Park, the seat of Mr. West, which was my head-quarters during my stay in that county. I had the pleasure of finding my old and kind friend, not only in high health and spirits, but still more in character than I had ever seen before, being master of an excellent pack of harriers, which he set up the beginning of the season, and which have afforded excellent sport. Being one of those who do nothing by halves, he has built for them one of the best kennels I ever saw in my life, just on the outside of his park, which, with the addition of a few more square feet in each of the apartments, would accommodate a pack of fox-hounds. His grass yard is a hundred feet square, with a fine supply of water; his huntsman's house adjoins it; and the *tout ensemble* may, without any exaggeration or "blarney," be taken for a model. Of his hounds, I must not say too much, having purchased

* Two celebrated stud-hounds in the Duke's pack.

† One-pound and half of linseed will make seven gallons, or two pails of gruel. Boil it for two hours. Where the stud is large this is a saving of expense, and it will boil up again with a fresh supply of linseed, for next day. The horses drink it greedily, and its nature is soft and balsamic.

— *Vacuis committers venia,
Nil nisi lena decet*—says HORACE.

great part of them for him in the summer; but they have gotten an excellent name in the country already, and as his blood* is good, and he has plenty of room to breed, he will be certain of a good kennel of hounds in time; but "Rome was not built in a day." My friend mounts his men well—(I offered him one hundred guineas for one of his huntsmen's horses, and he laughed at me)—and I was surprised to see, on two out of the four days I was out with him, from fifty to sixty well-mounted sportsmen in the field.

On Saturday the 10th, I met the Warwickshire hounds at Compton Verney, the seat of Lord Willoughby—esteemed one of their best fixtures. We found instantly, and ran him more than half an hour, with only one trifling check. Two peculiarities attended this burst. The pace the hounds went at was tremendous, but from the short and curling manner in which the fox ran—almost equal to that of a hare on her foil—it was most difficult to keep with them. The hardest riders were baffled, and it more than once happened that the last became first, and the first nearly last. There was, however, what the Irishmen call, some "wicked riding" on this day—at least every other fence being timber, with a good yawning Squire-trap on one side or the other. In spite of the useful practice of tying on the hat, two men were going well, *bare headed*, viz. Mr. Mey-

rick (who always goes well), and an Irish gentleman named Lee, who was staying at Leamington. I saw Mr. Lee charging some very rough places, in a line of his own, apparently quite regardless of consequences†. He rode a good sort of Irish horse that should not have been allowed to have crossed the Channel again, which I understand he has since done. I was much pleased with his manner of taking his fences. He went close up to them before he sprang, and did them in a very masterly manner.

There were two bad accidents in this run. Mr. Williams (son of the General) staked his horse, and Mr. Holding, of Barford, injured his in the shoulder in a most extraordinary manner, without knowing how he did it.

Could it have been possible to have been an ubiquitary, I should have been with the Warwickshire, as well as with the Duke's hounds, on the Friday preceding the day I have been speaking of. It was a bye-day, and only a few people were out: but it shewed an excellent run. They found their fox in Oakley Wood, and ran him for fifty-five minutes, tip-top pace, over the finest part of the country, and killed him. I understand that Mr. Napper, Major Moray, and Mr. Hay went brilliantly.

On Monday the 12th, went out with Mr. West's harriers, but had no sport—for two reasons; first, we had no scent; and, secondly, we had too many hares—almost as

* Mr. Templer's.

† Nothing short of the ardour of the chase would induce a man to be torn, as it were, through a strong black-thorn fence at the rate of twelve miles an hour, without any thing to protect his head and face. Consequences, however, are out of sight, in these happy moments, when things are going well, and the music tingling in the ear. The following is no bad exemplar: One day last season, Bob Oldaker, whipper-in to the Old Berkeley fox-hounds, was riding at a fence, determined to catch his hounds. "Take care what you are at, Bob!" said a gentleman to him. "There is a hell of a place on the other side."—"Thank ye, Sir," replied Bob; "but a ditch or a coal pit is all one to me;" and he never turned his head.

had no hares at all. In the evening, met Mr. Hay, and a pleasant party, at Mr. Knightley's of Offchurch, and hunted with the Warwickshire at Hampton Wood, on the next day. Hampton Wood is a bad fixture; but we got a gallop from it, which is as much as we could expect, when the rain came on so heavy that we were glad to get towards home. Some of our field had been out on the previous day with Lord Anson, who had shewn them a capital run (from a piece of gorse, near Whetstone, in Leicestershire) of one hour and twenty minutes, and killed him. Lord Albanley was out, and went well.

On Wednesday saw some very pretty sport with Mr. West's harriers in one of the finest countries in England (that fine grass vale* below Mayne Hill), and on the following day met the Warwickshire at Ufton Wood. The covert being central, we had a very large field; but, what is rare, we drew it blank. We found again in Itchington Heath, which never fails, and killed him without much sport. He was so pressed by the pace whilst he was on foot, that when he got into Chesterton Wood, he was afraid to leave it again, and thus lost his life in the covert. We had what Mr. Hay calls his small pack, on this day—chiefly bitches, and those hounds which he brought into Warwickshire—and I never saw hounds run closer together than in this short but decisive burst.

Ufton Wood is peculiarly situated. In some directions, a fox can lead you over as fine a country

as England can shew, and in others, about the worst. This shews the necessity of the field leaving open that side of the covert from which it is desirable that a fox should break.

There was to me, and indeed it must have been to every one, a very agreeable sight on this day, in the field. This was Mrs. Shakerley (the Lady of Mr. Shakerley, jun. of Somerford Hall, Cheshire), upon her beautiful, I might almost say superb, horse, *The Golden Ball*. It would be inexcusable in any but one so attached to the noble animal as myself to admit, that he hesitated for a moment between a horse and a woman; but really at first sight, I scarcely knew which most to admire, The Golden Ball or his rider, though I soon determined in favour of the lady. Mrs. Shakerley is a French lady of high birth, and certainly (I must except none) the most graceful horse-woman I ever saw upon a horse. The Lady Eveline herself, on her white palfrey, could not have excelled her. Her hand, as well as her seat, is quite perfect, and I understand she has gone very well once or twice in Leicestershire. There was a Foreign Nobleman also in the field on this day who attracted my notice, and who, I thought, sat with much grace upon his horse. This was the Marquis Herrera, an American Spaniard, from Cuba, and heir, as I was told, to 30,000l. per annum. He was on a visit to Mr. Shakerley, and, having no establishment in England, contented himself with going out with the hounds on a Leamington

* Unfortunately for Warwickshire, hounds very seldom run over this country, there being no point for a fox to make. All England cannot produce a better; and we rode over some beautiful grazing farms, the property of Sir George Sitwell, a master of fox-hounds in the North.

back, which he rode gallantly for two days, charging no less than six gates in the time. An awkward fall, I understand, made him a little more cautious afterward; but Mr. Shakerley told me he meant to have a stud of hunters in this county next season.

The Marquis has, as I before stated, a most graceful seat on his horse; and (perhaps correctly enough) attributed the number of falls he witnessed in the field to Englishmen sitting so ill upon their saddles. Englishmen, in general, certainly, are bad horsemen, though not so bad at present as they were twenty years ago, when they rode with their stirrup leathers very much shorter than they now have them.

I have never been in France, neither have I seen much of French people; but I confess I was struck with the easy and elegant way in which Marquis Herrera rode up to Madame Shakerley, and addressed her in the field. There was a softness in his language which ours can in vain aspire to; and I do not wonder at its being asserted, that the Devil spoke French to Eve, in the garden of Eden, when he persuaded her to taste the forbidden, but no doubt delicious, fruit.

I might lose my charter (so kindly granted to me) were I not now and then to introduce a humorous anecdote, and my present subject happily affords one.—On one of the days on which the Marquis was with the hounds, he got into a field of wheat, and was riding about it without being aware that he was injuring it, when he was called to account by the owner of it, who was not in the best humour at the time. In short, he was armed with a large stick, and

threatened summary punishment. The Marquis, in French, was endeavoring to pacify him, and happened to make use of the word "*comment*" or "*how*." Now, we all know, that this word is pronounced *com-ong*, which the irritated farmer taking for *come on*, he immediately exclaimed—"yes, damn your eyes, *I'll come on!*" and put himself in attitude to fight. John Bull is a surly fellow; but if he had understood the Marquis, he would doubtless have accepted the proffered apology.

I abhor profaneness; but it is as much as I can do to resist a smile, when I hear the words "*damn your eyes*," vociferated from the mouth of a rough Englishman. They are truly English, and, translated into any other language, they are as harmless as a blessing. Lord Byron calls them

—"These syllables intense,
Nucleus of England's native eloquence."

On Friday the 16th, hunted with Mr. West's harriers, and saw a very pretty run. On Saturday the 17th, met the Warwickshire at Walton Wood, the seat of Sir John Mordaunt, when a fine day's sport was shewn. There was a burning scent; and with our first fox, the hounds ran away from every one for twenty minutes—the field being obliged to go around to a bridge over a flooded river. We found again about two o'clock, and, after three attempts to go away, he put his head straight for the Edge Hills—going over a very fine country of about ten miles extent. When the hounds got to the Hill—as is too often the case—they got upon a fresh fox; and having of course beaten the horses over this very severe ground, it was impossible to stop them, and away they went.

Mr. Hay followed the line of them till it got quite dark, when, not knowing the country, he was obliged to give up the pursuit; and though Will Boxall, the whipper-in, succeeded in getting hold of some of them, a part of the pack were out all night. Had it so happened, that the hunted fox had been killed at the bottom of Edge Hill, this would have been as fine a run as, probably, the present season may afford.

It so happened, from the several baffling attempts which this fox made to break from Bowshot Wood—the covert in which he was found—that very few got well away with the hounds. All the Warwickshire old hands were, to a man, thrown out, and some of them (amongst whom was myself) never knew which way the hounds were gone, until all chance of catching them was at an end. Vexatious as this was, it was useless to repine; but it proves what I have before said, viz. that it is better to go through a covert after hounds, at certain times, than to keep outside it, with the hope of a good start, which hope may never be realized.

It is scarcely fair to pronounce upon the merits of a case without ocular demonstration; but I heard it very generally admitted, even by those who went well themselves, that Mr. Francis Holland, and Mr. Patrick (a gentleman farmer from Worcestershire), on his famous little mare, Mr. Cockbill, junior, and Mr. Dews, had the best of this run—Mr. Holland and Mr. Patrick, perhaps, having the cream of it. Mr. Meyrick went gallantly on his favorite old horse Jack, but having over-marked him

a little in crossing a deep wheat field, he rather declined at the last. The horses, however, were all so distressed, that, when ascending the hill, not one of them would face a small fence until a little puff was afforded them, when Mr. Cockbill got over it. Mr. Wyatt, Mr. H. Campbell, Mr. Fellowes, and Mr. Sheldon, the flower of the Warwickshire riders, were all unfortunate in not getting away.

I met a party at Mr. Hay's this evening at dinner, to which we sat down at half-past eight o'clock—it having been half-past seven before Mr. Hay, assisted by Mr. Knightley, got what hounds he had possession of to the kennel. "This," said one of the party, "is a set-off against the pleasures of fox-hunting!" But there are few pleasures without alloy; and all disasters (one gentleman had been twice over head in water—all the brooks being *brimmers*) were soon forgotten in the charms of good fellowship and claret.

The next morning (Sunday) I accompanied Mr. Hay to the kennel—four miles distant from Wellesburne, where he resides—to learn the state of affairs, and we found that all the hounds but one had arrived, though several of them appeared as if they had been out all night. I had never seen this kennel before. Barring its situation*—too much in the dirt—it is quite sufficient for the purpose, and the stables very good indeed. In the latter were twenty-three hunters for Mr. Hay and his two men, and I consider them very well adapted for the purpose. There did not appear to be one low-bred horse among them; several of them quite thorough-bred;

* At Butler's Marston, about a mile on the right of the road from Warwick to Banbury, and about ten miles from the former place.

and, I might almost say, all possessing bone and substance, without which they are of no use in Warwickshire—certainly one of the deepest and most trying countries in England. They are in the hands of an excellent groom, — Morris, whom I remember when he lived in the service of Mr. Letchmere Charlton, and Mr. Horneyold.

I was glad to see Jack Wood* looking in good health; but I did not like him so well in his white jean coat, and on his feet, as I did last year, in the bit of pink and the black cap, on the old white mare. There, he was quite at home; one of the neatest handlers of a nag that I ever came along side of in the field, and, in all respects, clever. In his present situation, however, he is well placed; and I considered Mr. Hay's hounds very fit to go. As the fixtures for the ensuing week were for the Kenilworth country, a draft of about twenty-five couples were sent off, with the two whippers-in, to be in readiness for the next day, and we accompanied them as far as Wellesburne.

I very much like the appearance of Mr. Hay's first whipper-in, Will Boxall. He abounds in zeal, without which nothing can be done well. To a question I put to him, as we rode along with the hounds, he made me an answer which stamped him for a good one. "You must have been tired last night, blundering so many hours in the dark, were you not, Will?" said I. "Why, no, Sir," replied Will, "I was not; I was so afraid about the hounds never coming home." Thus Shakespeare says,

*"To business that we love we rise before,
And go to it with delight."*

On this day (Sunday) Mr. Hay came to dine with Mr. West, than whom—although he has descended in the scale, and become a master of harriers—he has no better friend to foxes, in his hunt. Mine host was most agreeably surprised to find in Mr. Hay, not only an admirer—which any man may be, or at least, may profess to be—but a connoisseur in his pictures—calling the different masters by their names, almost as readily as he would his hounds in their kennel. We have heard of a pearl before swine; and something like it is a fine picture before me. Though an admirer of the elegancies of life, "the gates of the Temple" have never been thrown open to me, and I know nothing of the Fine Arts. A beautiful painting, however, is pleasing to every one, and no fine room can be complete, unless several of them adorn its walls.

On the next day (Monday the 19th), I met the Warwickshire at Stoneleigh Abbey, that princely seat of Mr. Chandos Leigh; but the day and our sport were both so bad, that I have nothing to say. I had nearly twenty miles to convert—quite far enough at this time of the year—or I intended looking into Mr. Chandos Leigh's stables, which I am told are on a most magnificent scale. Mr. Leigh was in the field each day.

Although I have nothing to say on the sport or occurrences of this day, I have one remark to make respecting the country I was in. Warwickshire is not—neither do I suppose it will ever be—what Warwickshire was. — Berricot

* This alludes to Jack Wood, late huntsman to the Warwickshire, and now kennel-huntsman to Mr. Hay.

Wood—the best part of this draw, is now given to Lord Anson. Frankton Wood—the very best covert in those woodlands—is now drawn by Lord Anson. Ditto, Dubdell, a gorse on Sir Theophilus Biddulph's property, whence his Lordship has had such fine sport these two last seasons. It may be said they cannot be given to a better man—which I readily agree to; but WHAT IS BECOME OF THE MERIDEN COUNTRY—THE FINEST WOODLAND COUNTRY IN THE WORLD—THE COUNTRY THAT, WHEN MR. CORBET HUNTED WARWICKSHIRE, PRODUCED SUCH SPORT—SUCH REAL SPORT TO REAL LOVERS OF FOX-HUNTING? I answer—It is GONE! The Warwickshire woodlands are now termed the “Kenilworth-country,” which may be said to be a bad exchange. In short, Warwickshire is shorn of its beams; and they never, I fear, will break forth again.

The following is the history of Mr. Hay, as far as I have any right to inquire into it. His residence in Dunse Castle, in the neighbourhood of Berwick-upon-Tweed; and he commenced his sporting career by hunting the Holderness country. He then took to the Woore country*—formerly hunted by Sir Thomas Mosbyn, where he continued three seasons, and thence he came into Warwickshire. That he is a sportsman, no one can for a moment doubt. He rides very well up to his hounds, and his language—particularly his cheer in chase—is both enlivening and correct.

Whether he is a huntsman, Warwickshire will pronounce before the season is over, for his powers will be often put to the test. That he has the good wishes of the country, all persons admit, for he is entitled to them.

In society, the manners of Mr. Hay are particularly mild and agreeable, but his conduct with his hounds is firm. Having, at the commencement of the season, lost the chance of some runs, by the over eagerness of his field, he adopted the best method of preventing a recurrence of the disappointment. He addressed his brother sportsmen in a short but pithy speech, when on the point of finding his fox, and begged to explain to them the literal acceptation of those two little monosyllables—“HOLD HARD!” One word to the wise has ever been esteemed sufficient; and *two* in this instance had a most happy effect; for no field has been better kept than Warwickshire since that hour, and much to its credit he it told.

Where is the man who has not pressed upon hounds in his time; and where is the man, who, in the extacy of the sport, may not do it again†? But it is almost always to his own cost. Where is there a more pleasing sight than to see a huntsman go forth with his pack, and make his cast, unmolested by the crowd? *It is here that hunting is displayed!* On the other hand, what can be less pleasing to a true sportsman, than to see hounds working—and working perhaps, in vain—in the midst of the horses, with their huntsmen

* Comprising part of Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Shropshire.

† He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail; Rode o'er the hounds, it may be now and then, And once o'er several country gentlemen.”—BYRON'S *Don Juan*.

—and you know I would not offer you any thing else." No sooner said than done; away we went, and found the 'Squire of Offchurch and his pack by the side of the gorse, attended only by his whipper-in, and his friends Mr. Leader and Mr. Brigstock. As we kept it quiet, there was no one else present but Sir Loftus Otway, Mr. Rose the veterinary surgeon, Messrs. Yates and Cardwell, from Yorkshire, Mr. Gould, and myself.

The word was given. "Yoi—hark in, hark," said the 'Squire; when, in less than a minute, the sterns began to be merry. "Here's a scent," said one. "Here's something," said another. "Tally-ho by God," said Jack, "here he goes;" when, from just the outside of the gorse—fresh from his kennel, and fortunately without a hound viewing him—away went one of the finest foxes I ever saw in my life. The hounds were laid on to him in a body, and at it we went. My friend, upon the thorough-bred one, took the lead and kept it for the first ten minutes—charging, gallantly, every thing that he came to; but as ambition floored the Angels, poor mortal man cannot expect a much better fate. The good little mare was not up to "a double" that presented itself; my friend was floored, and Mr. Leader* (determined, I suppose, to be leader) rode over him, thorough-bred one and all. He did not even give the previous notice—

— "Take care how you fall, Or I'll ride over you, your blind gelding and all†."

Mr. Gould, like a good one, was

soon in the saddle, and none the worse for the escape he had had; though now obliged to exclaim with the Bard—

"Follow I must, I cannot go before."

Were all, however, to go smoothly in fox-hunting, it would be shown of more than half its beams, and a gallop in Hyde Park would do nearly as well. It is the

"Contusion—bazzarding of neck and spine,

Which rural gentlemen call sport divine," that gives it such extraordinary interest, and renders it a faint image of war. We had gone about another ten minutes, when more disasters attended us. We had a most infernally deep bottom to cross, with a brook whose banks were hollow and stinking, and whose waters were as black as Styx itself, with no Charon at hand. Here Mr. Gould and Mr. Brigstock both dropped short. After five desperate struggles, the thorough-bred one got out of it, and—as well-bred ones only do—went on again as if nothing had happened; but Mr. Brigstock's mare was not so fortunate, for she reposed in the brook for twenty-seven minutes. When he found she was planted, he waved his hand to me, and said "Good morning to you;" and he said it in so playful a manner, that if I had not been going professionally, I would certainly have stopped and assisted him. I give him credit, however, for going as well as he did, for he crammed at every thing (a good oaken stile into the bargain), on a mare, which, he told me before starting, he had purchased from that fine horse-man, Mr. Francis Charlton, who

* Mr. Leader expressed great concern at what happened—not being able to stop his horse. Sportsmen, however, should not ride so near to each other. There will be a coroner's inquest to a certainty, one of these days, from this method of riding.

† Irish Song—Kilbruddery Hunt.

sold her because he could not make her fence.

Another ten minutes finished as pretty a half hour (almost to a second) as I ever witnessed in my life. A hare got up, whilst at a trifling check, and *the pack did their duty*. They chased her in view, down a large wheat field—thinking no doubt they were going to taste her; but Mr. Leader and myself almost instantly stopped them, and brought them back to Mr. Knightley, who did me the honour to ask me what was best to be done? “Stop them, by all means” said I. “We have had a beautiful thing; but if we kill him (which doubtless we should have done, as Sir Loftus Otway viewed him, not two minutes before the hounds), we shall have the Warwickshire ‘Squires about us, and get goose.” Five of us then accompanied Mr. Knightley home, when more *flooring* took place. Luncheon awaited us*, and we floored a few bottles of Champagne in a very short time, and then rode back to Leamington, quite pleased with our “lark.”

Mr. Knightley’s pack consists of but twelve couples and a half; but, as Mr. Hay remarked, it must be a bad judge who finds fault with them. About two months ago, a Lancashire friend of mine asked

me to purchase a few couples of hounds for Mr. Fletcher, who hunts hares in the neighbourhood of Liverpool; and thinking these were just what were sought after, I wrote to my friend to inform him of them, and he never answered my letter. So much for wanting hounds!

I have a word to say on the subject of these hounds.—Mr. Knightley has as complete a kennel as any man need have for harriers. He has a fine country to hunt over; he has a good stable of horses; and yet are all these enviable possessions useless to him. “I wonder why?” methinks I hear my reader exclaim; but I will soon unravel the mystery. The hares are so abundant that his hounds cannot be let out of their kennel, and they had not been out of it for more than five weeks previous to the day I have been speaking of!! So far from seeing them so manageable, I trembled for the poor people’s jackasses in the neighbourhood.

As I proceed on the subject of the game laws, it shall not be my fault if I do not write down some of these vermin—not jackasses, but hares—for this is only a trifling instance, compared to some I have to produce, of the evils attending the over-preservation of them in a country.

* Amidst the numerous beauties of the inimitable Addison, he is no where more conspicuous than when he stoops to describe the various relations of social life. A just tribute to a kind master, or a faithful servant, did not escape him; and if he had lived to have seen the butler of Offchurch, he would have afforded him a theme. John Grumble—(evidently a misnomer, for with his round face, well-filled waistcoat, and bob-wig, he is the picture of content and good humour)—has lived in the service of the present Mr. Knightley, his father, and his grandfather, during the long period of fifty-three years, but is still able to do his duty. How well he performs it for the interest of his present master, the following anecdote will certify:—In the course of the last summer, Mr. Knightley had a party to dinner, and the weather was hot and sultry. On the other hand, the claret was cool and grateful, and the bell was often rung. After a short time John Grumble got slow, and the claret did not come to time. The bell rang again—“Claret, John,” said Mr. K. “Coming, Sir,” replied John. No claret came, and the bell rang again. “Where the devil is the claret?”—“Why, Sir,” said John Grumble, “I am sorry to say I have got something in the pipe of the key of the cellar, but I shall soon get it out again.”—John thought that ten minutes between the heats would be of service to his master (as also to the wine binn), and having dangled him, and his father before him, in his arms, the joke was taken as it was intended.

I find I am getting dull, so must try and enliven my reader with a bit of an anecdote, told us when at luncheon, in Mr. Knightley's best style. There is at Offchurch, this gentleman's fine old family-seat, a chestnut tree of such venerable appearance, and of such immense growth, that numbers of people—gentle and simple—come from Leamington, in the summer, to view it. It happened one day that a gentleman, having a strong Irish accent, and otherwise very characteristic of his country, came to visit it, and it also so happened that Mr. Knightley was on the spot, and did the honours himself. "How old is it?" said the gentleman. "About two hundred years," said Mr. Knightley. "Was it planted?" resumed the stranger. "That is more than I can tell," said Mr. K., who happens only to be in his twenty-fourth year. "Perhaps it was self-sown?" resumed the Irishman. "Perhaps it was," observed its owner. "By Jasus"—added the Irishman, after some consideration—"who knows but a bird might have dropped the acorn upon the spot: wasn't it very kind to drop it so near your house?"—"It *might* be so," replied Mr. Knightley; "but I was not aware that chestnut trees were produced from *acorns*."

It is a privilege of long standing, which Englishmen have assumed, to be facetious at the expense of their Hibernian brethren; but the Irishman is not without his 'pull,' in return. The Englishman may be more methodical in his language—more correct in his detail; but he possesses not the lively imagination—the playful fancy—or the happy retort of the Irishman. Why it should be so, however, I cannot say; but certainly the latter is prone to put the cart before the

horse, and some of his mistakes are highly amusing. One of the best Irishisms I ever heard of, took place a few years since in my presence. My highly-esteemed friend, Mr. George Fitzherbert, purchased a horse from an Irish gentleman for the sum of one hundred and ten guineas, and when the bargain was struck, was going into a house to draw a draft for the money, but was called back by the gentleman, who addressed him thus:—"Mr. Fitzherbert—you'll please to remember it was *pounds* I sold him for." "Oh! certainly," replied my friend, who brought him a draft for one hundred and ten *pounds*.

Talking of Irishmen, I was sorry to hear that the Earl of Clonmel is about to quit his seat in Warwickshire—his lease having expired, and the house he lives in being about to be pulled down. His Lordship has been a long resident in the county of Warwick, and Ireland herself cannot produce a more hospitable landlord. It would also puzzle that sporting country to find any one more devoted to hunting; and he generally possesses an excellent stud. He has now a horse, which he calls *Flint*—purchased from Lord Forester—as clever an animal to carry fourteen stone as I ever saw in the field.

Since I first knew Warwickshire, a great addition has been made to it in the town of Leamington. It now contains several resident sportsmen, who live very sociably together, and entertain their friends in the most hospitable manner. Amongst them is a gentleman by the name of Moray, from the county of Perth, a Major in the Dragoon service, and very well known in the gay world. The Major is a bruising rider, and by far the best mounted man I saw

in Warwickshire. In addition to the excellent stamp of his horses, their condition is quite perfect. In short I have no scruple in saying, that I never saw—four times in my life—six horses in any one man's possession in such a fit state to go as his are*. *They are full of flesh of the right sort*, and their muscles quite luxuriant. I say this with increased satisfaction, because these horses (almost as if in corroboration of what I have asserted in my last Letter on Condition), instead of being turned out in the summer, travelled eight hundred miles on the turnpike road, and were kept on hard meat. The Major assured me he never had them in such tune before, either with respect to their legs and feet, or their bodies. "I may blow them," said he, "but I cannot tire them." We congratulated each other on this happy result.

On the evening of the last hunting day I have been speaking of, I met a very pleasant party at dinner, at Major Moray's house. The Squire of Offchurch—after the sport he had shewn us—was in very high force. He sang for us at least a dozen songs; told us as many more good stories, in his very best style; and gave us some specimens of the modern Attic. Our pleasures, however, were not confined to our rude devotion to the joyous God, but were again renewed when we made our appearance at the Paphian Court. In the drawing room, there were two Ladies who delighted our senses in more ways than one. They sang duets, without the aid of music; and so sweet were their notes, that the words of the Bard might have been addressed to each:—

* I thought Mr. Meyrick's horses looking very well and fit to go; but he told me he believed he had given them more tares than did their good.

"Ask me no more whither does haste
The Nightingale, when May is past;
For, in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note."

There was something in the style of this friendly party that made it particularly gratifying to me. It was divested of that excessive restraint, and those exotic manners, which we too often meet with in the higher circles of the present day. Major Moray being a bachelor, there was no instrument in the room; but the ladies I have alluded to—sometimes accompanied by one of their husbands—struck up a song the moment they were asked; and they sang in their native language, and their native notes. Say then, ye Englishmen, and speak the truth—is not this to be preferred to the squallers of Italian we are doomed to hear in the fashionable world? Not one word of what they are singing are three parts of them able to pronounce or comprehend; and as for their hearers, it is worse than Hebrew to them.

I am free to confess, I am one among the many who are perfectly satisfied with this world, and have not the least desire to leave it, fearing, perhaps, that I am not deserving of a better. Be that as it may, such an evening as this, is a bad receipt to wean us from our nature, for I never spent a pleasanter. It was a Christmas jubilee; and substituting the morning for the even tide, brought to my recollection the song of Silenus, where, the Poet feigns, the sky was so pleased with the music of the songster, that it was sorry to see the evening approach.

"The heavens, delighted with the matchless lay,
To Hesper's beams unwillingly gave way."

The next morning I took my leave of the town of Leamington, and went to meet Mr. West's harriers, who shewed me another very pretty run. As I got upon my hack, about eight in the morning, I fancied myself metamorphosed to Melton Mowbray, or Leicester, for there were thirty hunters exercising in the streets; and I was told there are upwards of one hundred and fifty in the town. I was pleased and astonished with what I saw at Leamington. From the obscure village I so lately remember it, it has risen to a spacious and elegant town, and the accommodations, throughout, are uncommonly good. I took up my abode at the Bedford Hotel—just on the plan of the London hotels—where every comfort is to be found; but the Regent, which is opposite, surpasses every thing in the shape of an hotel that I have either seen or heard of. My friend Mr. Meyrick, no bad judge, was sojourning there; and he gave me to understand he wished for nothing better than the Regent at Leamington.

My next movements were directed homewards; but, as Horace says, life is short, and we should gather its roses while fate leaves them in our power; so to-morrow morning I shall take my departure for Shrewsbury Hunt.

NIMROD.

December 29, 1825.

BRIDLES FOR HARD-PULLING HORSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR valuable correspondent NIMROD recommends, for a hard-pulling horse, a similar bridle to the one with which Mr. Lindow rode the Clipper. They have ad-

mirable bridles to stop horses with at Newmarket—one called the Selim Bridle, and another the Antar Bridle, both of which have been used with great effect.

With my best wishes, I remain,
Sir,

A VERY OLD SUBSCRIBER.

PERDRIX BOREALIS, OR MARYLAND QUAIL.

With an Engraving.

THE bird here represented was killed in Bedfordshire, and was supposed to have strayed away from Holkham in Norfolk, where Mr. Coke, as we have been given to understand, is trying to naturalize them. This is the cock-bird. A description of the species is to be found in Shaw's work under the title above designated, and to which we refer our readers. It is also described, but not figured, in "*Latham's Birds.*"

BETTINGS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

OWING to the severity of the frost, which prevented gentlemen from trying their horses, the Betting Ring within the last fortnight has been exceedingly dull. Monarch continues firm in his place, 5 to 1 being eagerly taken, and the field but faintly supported. Tredrille slowly advances, although his party speak highly of him, and freely take the odds. The General cannot recover his lost ground, notwithstanding extraordinary efforts have been made to get him up again; and one sporting character, in particular, laid 18,000 to 1000 against him, and 1700 to 100 was taken many times over. Bolivar is quite gone, and it is doubtful if he will ever come again, and



PERDRIX BOREALIS, OR MARYLAND QUAIL.

Pl. Nat. Hist. Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist. Soc. New York.



very great odds are offered. Cedric is defunct for the present, yet several of the bettors keep taking the long odds, maintaining that ere long he must be a greater favorite. There have been more changes in the Oaks than either of the other races; and the three leading fillies, being equal favorites, are deeply backed. Pawn has rather the call, and is most fancied. Fillagree is warmly supported; and favorable accounts arriving have caused her to jump up astonishingly. The Sister to Moses and Bo-Peep are both in the shade, the odds being freely laid; this, however, is more owing to the bettors confining their speculations to the principal favorites than from the result of private trials or condition. Bedlamite is a little upon the advance, yet many of the best judges are against him, it being hinted that his legs will require more than ordinary care and attention. Belzoni, a beaten horse, has got up considerably within the last three weeks; and belonging to Mr. Watts, and training on, the bettors make him the rallying point, and have already laid immense sums upon his winning. Crusader is declining, the party being unusually timorous in their offers, and but poorly support him. Barataria bids fair to be a rising favorite, and the odds are occasionally taken: looking to the ease with which he beat Belzoni, and where they both stand on the betting list, he ought to be points higher. Z. B.

Tattersall's, Jan. 23, 1826.

DERBY.

- 4 and 5 to 1 agst Monarch.
- 11 to 1 agst Tredrille.
- 15 to 1 agst The General.
- 16 to 1 agst Gramarie.
- 18 to 1 agst Advance.
- 20 to 1 agst Panic.
- 25 to 1 agst Twatty.
- 25 to 1 agst Sophist.

- 25 to 1 agst Rowena.
- 28 to 1 agst Franks.
- 28 to 1 agst Munchausen.
- 30 to 1 agst Waterman.
- 30 to 1 agst Viscountess.
- 35 to 1 agst Bolivar.
- 35 to 1 agst Cedric.
- 35 to 1 agst Canvas.
- 35 to 1 agst Centaur.
- 35 to 1 agst Syphon.
- 40 to 1 agst Pluto's dam.
- 40 to 1 agst Pollio.
- 40 to 1 agst Tippiwitchet.
- 50 to 1 agst Brother to Scratch.
- 50 to 1 agst Barossa.
- 50 to 1 agst Henry Filly.
- 5 to 1 agst Lord Lowther's Lot.

OAKS.

- 6 to 1 agst Pawn.
- 6 and 7 to 1 agst Fillagree.
- 6 and 7 to 1 agst Mignonette.
- 11 to 1 agst Rachel.
- 12 to 1 agst Elizabeth.
- 13 to 1 agst Henry.
- 16 to 1 agst Bo-Peep.
- 16 to 1 agst Parasol.
- 18 to 1 agst Louisa.
- 20 to 1 agst Morcl.
- 20 to 1 agst Tears.
- 30 to 1 agst Cythia.

ST. LEGER.

- 7 and 8 to 1 agst Bedlamite.
- 10 and 11 to 1 agst Belzoni.
- 12 and 13 to 1 agst Crusader.
- 20 to 1 agst Barataria.
- 25 to 1 agst Calypso.
- 25 to 1 agst Brother to Miss Fanny.
- 30 to 1 agst Barefoot.
- 30 to 1 agst Grecian Queen.
- 35 to 1 agst The General.
- 40 to 1 agst King Catton.
- 45 to 1 agst c. by Walton—Phantom.
- 50 to 1 agst Mary Ann.
- 50 to 1 agst Tarrare.
- 50 to 1 agst Restless.
- 50 to 1 agst Redlock.
- 50 to 1 agst Decision.
- 60 to 1 agst King Cole.
- 60 to 1 agst Hardwick.
- 65 to 1 agst Panic.
- 100 to 1 agst Canvas.
- 100 to 1 agst Paul Pry.
- 100 to 1 agst Clothier.
- 100 to 1 agst Mulatto.
- 100 to 1 agst Tickhill.

1000 to 4 agst Tredrille, Rachel, and Bedlamite, all three winning. 1000 to 7 agst Henry Filly for the Riddleworth, Derby, and Oaks.

OATLANDS.

- 7 to 2 agst Stumps.
- 4 to 1 agst Surprise.
- 5 to 1 agst Triumph.
- 6 to 1 agst Wings.
- 8 to 1 agst Crockery.

RIDDLESWORTH.

- 2 to 1 agst Tredrille.
- 7 to 2 agst The General.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

THE QUORN HUNT.

IN consequence of the lamented death of Her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, the races at Croxton Park will not take place this year; but on account of the great interest and the heavy betting on the Coplow Stakes, an attempt is making to have the race over some other course. A difficulty, however, will attend it for reasons that are obvious.—Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds have not been an exception to the general lack of sport that has attended most other packs in this unfavorable season—at least up to a certain period; though they can boast of two remarkably fine runs, one in the Harborough country, and the other from Holywell Mouth, over the finest part of the Duke of Rutland's country.—We are happy to find by the Lincoln Paper, that that bane to all good fellowship among men—the public hazard table—is abolished from the town of Melton Mowbray, where we hope for the honour of the NOBLE SCIENCE OF FOX-HUNTING, it will never make its appearance again.

On the 29th December the Somerset subscription fox-hounds met at St. Audries, the seat of — Harvey, Esq. They unkenelled a dog fox near the park, which first ran over the Quantock Hills to Crowcombe, where being hard pressed he crossed the Vale to Willett; here he was headed, and by a cunning manoeuvre brought the hounds to a check for ten minutes; they however recovered the scent, and after a brilliant chase ran into him in open field near the village of Clatworthy, on Brendon Hill. The frost was very severe, and part of the country over which the hounds went was covered with snow.

His Majesty has remitted, by the hands of Sir E. Knighton, a subscription of 50l. to the Brighton Hunt, and has graciously signified his intention of giving the same sum annually.

Captain Jones's capital pack of Montgomeryshire Fox-hounds, which have been affording such excellent sport to the gentlemen and yeomanry

in the county of Hereford, on their return home stopped at Fato, and joined Mr. Smith's well-known pack. On Tuesday, Dec. 13, they met at Mocktre, and unkenelled a fox on Saddle Hill, which, after a run of one hour, they killed. On the Thursday they met again at Knighton, and found in a wood near that town. Reynard bent his course to Stowe's Hill, thence to Hopton Castle, Clun-gunford, through Burrow, Oakar, and thence to Short Wood, near Walcot, where the hounds killed him in fine style. On Saturday, 17th, they met at the Sued, near Aymestry, where they found two foxes: the hounds divided, the greater part of them following one fox to Aymestry, Croft, close to Leominster, back again to Croft, Gatley, thence to the Hay Park, and from that place to the seat of T. R. Salwey, Esq. where Reynard, being so hard pressed by such staunch opponents, was obliged to "surrender," to the great joy of a large field of sportsmen, without a single check for upwards of two hours and a half. Seven of the hounds took the other fox away round the neighbouring woods, where, after a gallant run of five hours, Reynard was obliged to yield to his merciless pursuers. The last, but not the least, day's sport of this formidable alliance of fox-hounds, was on Tuesday the 29th Dec., when they met at Clunbury Hill, and found in a plantation belonging to the Rev. John Locke. Reynard did not seem to relish taking to the open field, but being so firmly pressed, was obliged at last to be off with himself; going at a brisk pace over Clunbury Hill, through Purslow Woods, Clunton Coppice, through Soudley, over the Black Hill, thinking to gain that strong fortress for foxes, the Rock of Hullibury; but the hounds kept so close to his brush, that he was obliged to relinquish that attempt, and bending his course towards Radnor Wood, the dogs ran into him while crossing the bottom, near J. Morris, Esq.'s, of the Hurst, after a run of two hours.

This month, as Stephen Stubberfield, gamekeeper to Sir Charles Lamb, of Beauport, near Battle,

was looking after the game in the preserves with a single harrier, he unkenelled a fine dog fox, which, after a chase of fifty minutes, the harrier came up with, and a sharp battle ensued between them, and continued till the gamekeeper arrived at the spot, and put an end to it by shooting the fox, which weighed twenty pounds.

Melton Mowbray Hunt.—"It affords us much pleasure to state that the present season is not marked by any of those ruinous propensities for gaming on the part of our distinguished visitors which were seen in some former years. We can confidently assert that the principal gentlemen at present residing among us, highly disapprove of a system so illegal and unjustifiable. There are no gaming houses, otherwise termed "modern hells," now open; no allurements is presented to those situations which inevitably overwhelm the less fortunate in loss or disgrace. Indeed, we never observed more regularity, or more consistency of character—all is harmony, all is peace."
—*Lincoln Paper.*

The Turf.

Winchester Races promise a most extensive list to the Stakes. The names of twenty subscribers appear to the Great Produce of 50gs. each, being an addition to the sport for the first day, which previously consisted of four Sweepstakes, besides the King's Plate of 100gs. To the Cup of 100 sovs. the Hursley Park Stakes, the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Plate, on the third day, is to be added a Town Purse, for all ages, two mile heats, by voluntary subscription of the inhabitants of Winchester and the county. Sir William Heathcote, Bart. has accepted the Stewardship of these races.

The Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Leeds, and the Earl of Darlington, are appointed Stewards for the ensuing York races.

Warwick Races.—The Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each for 1826, which closed the 1st of January, is, perhaps, unequalled by any similar one in the kingdom—there being thirty-seven subscribers. The new

Foal Stakes of 50 sovs. each, has also to boast a large nomination.

The Nominations for the Oxford Gold Cup, 1826, are as under:—

Lord Chetwynd, Cricketer.....	4 yrs old.
Mr. Anneley, Brother to Hesperus.....	4 yrs old.
Mr. C. Peers, br. h. Picton.....	aged.
Mr. Fane, b. g. Jacko.....	4 yrs old.
Mr. Coker, b. g. by Gainborough.....	4 yrs old.
Mr. Lockhart, b. f. by King of Diamonds.....	4 yrs old.
Mr. Ashhurst, ch. c. Comedian.....	4 yrs old.
Mr. F. Craven, b. h. Triumph.....	6 yrs old.
Mr. Molony, br. h. Cinder.....	6 yrs old.
Lord Macclesfield, b. f. Pastime, 4 yrs old.	
Lord Churchill, b. h. Sir Gray.....	5 yrs old.
Lord Abingdon, ch. m. Reality, 5 yrs old.	
Mr. Langston, ch. c. Burgundy, 4 yrs old.	
Mr. Theobald, ch. h. Cydnus.....	5 yrs old.
Mr. Mytton, b. h. Longwaist.....	5 yrs old.
Mr. Gore, br. c. The Moor, by Muley.....	4 yrs old.
Mr. Mills, b. c. Trinculo.....	4 yrs old.
Mr. C. Day, ch. f. Miss West.....	4 yrs old.
Mr. West, ch. h. Claude Lorraine.....	6 yrs old.

Lord Kennedy has purchased Mary Anne (entered for the St. Leger Stakes), own Sister to Streatham, of Mr. Bailey, of Hull.

The Turf in America.—The celebrated race-horse Eclipse, that won the 20,000 dollars, against the Southern horse Henry, two years since, has been purchased by a gentleman of Hoboken, New Jersey, for 10,000 dollars; the object of the purchase is exclusively for the improvement of the breed of horses. Eclipse is at present in Trenton.

Shooting.

Some years since the Marylebone Cricket Club went to Nottinghamshire, to be beat by eleven of that county at cricket; and on Tuesday and Wednesday, January 10 and 11, twelve of the Ashton and New Harts Club met the like number of Leicestershire, Derby, and Nottinghamshire shots, at Fairfield, near Bicester (half way), to be beat for 300 sovereigns, at 13 pigeons each. The match was made on the medal shooting day among the Clubs, and a deposit of 100 a-side, was put down. The Clubs were backed freely at 6 to 4, and great interest was excited. The shooting was as follows:—The counties killed, first day, 116; second day, 115—total 231. The Clubs killed,

first day, 116 ; second day, 100—total 216.

The four days' pigeon shooting between nine members of the Woburn Club against Oxfordshire and Leicestershire, was decided in favour of the counties, at eleven birds each, Jan. 7, on Ashton Moor, Bucks, as follows:—The counties killed, 281 ; the Club killed, 277.

Mr. R. A. Arrowsmith (not the great pigeon shot), when shooting against a gentleman of the name of Dennison, Thursday, January 5, between Chobham and Bagshot, killed 42 head of game, at single shots, in 44 discharges, out of which were seventeen hares.

On Thursday, December 29, the Etonian Pigeon Shooting Club had their annual dinner at the King's Arms, Eton ; previous to which a match took place in the Brocas, at nine birds each, between four of the Club, which was decided as follows :

G. Williams..... 8	J. Duckett..... 6
T. Holman 6	T. Tarrant..... 7
14	13

Several other matches took place, after which the whole of the members sat down to an excellent dinner, and the evening was spent with the greatest good humour and harmony.

The return pigeon match, between eleven of Hampshire and eleven of Berkshire, at eleven birds each, was won, on Sunning Common, on the 11th of January, by Berkshire killing 88 birds, and Hampshire 86.

A grand match of snipe and woodcock shooting, of three days, was finished on Monday the 9th January, in a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, between Mr. Rogeson, of Bentley-green House, near Colchester, Captain Pantton, and Mr. Hollingsworth, belonging to the Hats Club, who should bag most. The scene of operations was on the bank of the Chelmer river, each taking different ground, and having an umpire chosen by the opposite party. The birds produced were as follows:—Mr. H. killed in three days 18 woodcocks, 19 snipes ; Mr. P. 19 woodcocks, 14 snipes ; and Mr. R. 13 woodcocks, 20 snipes. Capt. Pantton had 26 shots ; Mr. Hollingsworth, 29 ; and Mr. Rogeson, 27.

A sporting match at pigeons, with double-barrelled guns, was shot in the Chobham and Bagshot inclosures, on the 25th January, between five members of the Heston Club, with five of Berkshire, against the like number of the Ashton Club and Oxfordshire, for 200 sovereigns, which was decided thus, at nine birds each, doubled—Ashton, 118 ; Heston, 113.

The four Clubs—Ashton, Heston, New Hats, and Midgham, met on Saturday morning the 14th January, on Ascot Heath, when nine members from each shot for a gold medal and silver tankard, with double-barrelled guns, two pigeons having been let loose at once. There was a very strong muster, the frost having stopped hunting, and this match finished as follows:—Ashton killed 10, Midgham 10, Heston 9, and Hats 8. In shooting the ties at four birds each, the Ashton Club won the medal, and the Midgham the cup, as second.

During the severe frost Mr. T. Jolliff killed at Fishbourn mill, Sussex, no less than twenty-one widgeons at a shot ; and Mr. James Read, at Lynton, bagged also at one discharge twelve widgeons, five ducks, two sea-pheasants, and one plover.

CURLING.

On Thursday, January 5, the elegant silver medal, annually given by Sir George Clerk, Bart., of Penicuik, M. P. &c., was played for on one of his ponds at Penicuik-house. The day being favorable and the ice fine, an excellent opportunity was afforded for a display of the respective merits of the players. After a general keen contest, the state of the game at the last mode of trial, was on a par between the following individuals—viz. Dr. James and George Clerk Renton, Esq. ; Mr. Thomas Aitken, Walston ; Mr. James McLean, Nine-mile-burn, and Messrs. Harper of Brunstain Castle. The medal was gained by one shot a-head of the above competitors, by Mr. Andrew Harper, jun. After the termination of the contest, the members dined in the King's Arms Inn, and spent the evening in that innocent and social manner, of which this amusement is characteristic.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A fine specimen of the Great Bittern (*ardea Stellaris* of Linnaeus) was lately shot by a gentleman at Milton, and is now in the possession of Mr. Withers, of Devizes.

A most extraordinary *lusus natura* was found, just killed by a stoat, by a gentleman whilst shooting a few days since near Hereford. It is undoubtedly of the hare species, measures only four inches and a half from nose to end of tail, and has two distinct carcasses—the one possessing perfect construction, with liver, lights, heart, &c.; the other containing two entrails only, and having four hind legs, and two fore ones.—*Bath paper.*

A white blackbird was shot by Mr. Minor of Shawbury, Salop; it has been stuffed, and is now in the Museum of A. V. Corbet, Esq. of Acton Reynald.

Singular Attachment.—The following instance is very singular, if not unprecedented:—A few weeks ago, Thomas Rae, blacksmith, Hardhills, parish of Brittle, purchased a lamb of the black-faced breed from an individual passing with a large flock. It was so extremely wild that it was with great difficulty he had it separated from its fleecy companions, and put it into his small field in company with a cow and a little white pony. It never seemed to mind the cow, but soon exhibited manifest indications of fondness for the pony, which, not insensible to such tender approaches, amply demonstrated the attachment to be reciprocal. They were now to be seen in company in all circumstances, whether the pony was used for riding or drawing. Such a spectacle, no doubt, drew forth the officious gaze of many—and when likely to be too closely beset, *matilie* would seek an asylum beneath the pony's belly, and pop out its head betwixt the fore or hind legs, with looks expressive of conscious security; at night too, it repaired to the stable, and reposed under the manger bed before the head of its favorite. When separated, which only happened when effected by force, the lamb would raise the most plaintive bleatings, and the pony responsive neigh-

ings. On one occasion they both strayed into an adjoining field, in which was a flock of sheep; the lamb joined them, at a short distance from the pony; but as soon as the owner removed him, it quickly followed without "casting one lingering look behind." Another instance of the same description happened when riding through a flock of sheep—it followed on without shewing the least inclination to remain with its natural society. The lamb is now in possession of Mr. Cunningham, teacher.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

The Supreme Director of Chile has transmitted through Mr. Nugent, our Consul-General to that State, a beautiful horse and a mule of a very peculiar description, as presents to His Britannic Majesty. The horse is milk-white, of the most perfect symmetry. The mule is of the much-sought cream-colour, and streaked exactly like the zebra, which it resembles in many other respects, particularly in the ferocity of its spirit. The horse and mule are forwarded to the King's Mews.

POACHING.

This crime has lamentably increased during the winter.

At the late Stafford Sessions two athletic young men (Wm. Thomas, *alias* John Emery, *alias* Wm. Barnett, and Robert Wood) were convicted of being in Lord Anson's grounds with intent to kill game, and both sentenced to seven years' transportation. The singularity of an aged female forming one of the party on the night-watch—her intrepidity—the bloody and cruel conduct of the poachers—and the narrow escape with life of one of their victims—gave a deeper interest to this case than any which has come under our cognisance for some time past.

Mary Pinnett, the old dame alluded to, deposed to going with her husband, Nicholas Pinnett, who is a wood-ranger at Bentley, and her son-in-law, James Boulton, to watch for poachers on the evening of Monday the 28th of November last. "We went out about ten and returned at

eleven; after waiting about ten minutes, we started again, and went round the coverts belonging to Lord Anson. Soon afterwards we heard the report of a gun in Herbert's coppice, and on proceeding in the direction from which the sound came, we met a man in a field adjoining the coppice; I collared him (a laugh); I asked him what he was doing at that time of night? he said he was "going;" he then said, "loose me, woman; are you going to rob me?" I said no, man; and asked him for his name, which he said was Emery: this was about two o'clock. I kept the man collared, and sent my son-in-law to the constable's. Soon after, the man whom I held called out, as if to some companions, "— and — your eyes, if you don't come over I'll confess;" upon which Robert Wood and another man jumped over the hedge out of the coppice, and knocked my husband down; they then beat my husband with Robert Wood's gun until they broke it, and afterwards with his own gun, till they broke that too; they then jumped upon him; upon which I went to his assistance; they then turned from him to me, and knocked me down with a hedge stake. I got up and was beaten, and knocked down again several times. Before going away, they gave my husband a heavy blow on his head with the broken gun. They took my husband's broken gun with them, and left their own behind. Directly after they ran away, I went up to my husband, and found he was not quite dead; but covered all over with blood. My husband has been compelled ever since that time to keep his bed; he is quite incapacitated from attending here, in consequence of the severe wounds he received that night. I know the prisoners at the bar to be two of the three men who committed the offence."—Witness's husband had several of his ribs broken, and was otherwise much injured.—The evidence of this heroine was fully corroborated: and Edward Squire, who took Barnes into custody, stated that the prisoner, on his road to the Magistrates, confessed being out poaching on the night in question; adding,

that "the old woman came up and shook him well; she had sixteen times more spirit than the men."

The newspapers detail many other cases during the last month, of the depredations of gangs of poachers.

DUELLING.

A duel took place the 21st of January, on Hounslow-heath, between Messrs. H—r—l and L—v—e, in consequence of a quarrel which originated respecting a bet at the late pigeon match between the Counties and the Ashton and Heston Clubs. Mr. H. was severely wounded in the arm in the first discharge.

SPORTING ACCIDENTS, &c.

Death of Lord Arthur Paget.—The *York Herald* of December 31, says:—"It is this week our painful duty to record the premature death of Lord A. Paget, of the 7th Hussars, stationed at Beverley, which was occasioned by an accident whilst hunting a short time ago. It appears that his horse failed in an attempted leap, and fell upon his noble rider. He was speedily removed, and every attention paid to him, but with little hopes of his recovery. A few days ago an express was sent off for his distressed parent, the Marquis of Anglesey; but before his arrival the youthful Lord had departed to another state of existence." On Monday January 16, after the funeral had taken place, the charger of the deceased young Nobleman was shot in the Barracks, and buried behind the Infirmary.

During a brilliant run of three hours and a half with the Helston hounds on the 19th January, when a gallant fox was killed at Nine Maidens, Wendron, a lamentable accident happened, which cast a gloom over the achievements of the day. Just before the hounds had run in to reynard, Captain Gilbert, of Nansloe, endeavoring to outstrip the field, made a desperate attempt to leap a topping hedge, but failed; and his horse falling, he dislocated his neck, and expired instantly.

Mr. Evered Topham, of Eltham, in Kent, was accidentally shot by his uncle, Mr. S. Topham, on the 4th

January. An inquest was held on the body by the Coroner; when Mr. Samuel Whitaker deposed, that on the day preceding (Tuesday) witness was on a visit at Mr. Topham's house; and that the witness, the deceased, and his uncle, went into a paddock at a small distance from the house, with their guns, for the purpose of shooting pigeons, which were to be let out of a cage. After some preliminaries, shooting commenced, and several of the birds were shot. The deceased was in the act of opening the cage, when the pigeon escaped, and the uncle discharging his piece before the deceased was out of danger, lodged the contents in his head. The deceased instantly cried out, "Oh, my dear uncle, you have killed me!" Surgical aid arrived in a short time, and every thing was done for the deceased, but of no avail, as he expired in about two hours and a half after the calamity had occurred. The Jury brought in a verdict of "Accidental Death," with a deodand of 11. on the gun. The deceased was the son of the late Colonel Topham, and a promising young man of nineteen years of age.

On the 2d of January, a man named Platt, employed in a factory at Stayley Bridge, went out to shoot sparrows, when his gun accidentally went off, and the charge entering his chin, it passed up through his head, and caused instantaneous death. He was seen levelling his gun at some sparrows a short time previous to the accident, but they flew away before he had time to discharge his piece. It is supposed he had put his gun on full cock, and had incautiously allowed it to remain so.

On the 27th December, J. Royle, Esq. went out shooting with a friend, accompanied by two of his sons, in the woods skirting the town (Myneddbach), and whilst entering the covers, the gun, which had a percussion lock, and which he had not been in the habit of using, unfortunately exploded, and the contents passing from under his chin through the head, caused his instant death.

A few days since, as Farmer Brook,
VOL. XVII. N. S.—No. 101.

near Torrington, was out shooting, and was passing through a brake, the gun accidentally went off, and the contents taking an oblique direction, entered his breast, and carried away a part of his lungs. Surgical assistance was immediately procured, but little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Moss, the tinman, who until his late defeat in combat in the West of England with young Flowers, (*see* p. 283,) was considered the champion of provincial boxers, was drowned while skating on Monday, January 16, near Bristol.

Humphrey Sutton, Esq. of Merton, when out shooting with a party the 4th January, on the Rendlesham Manor (Mr. Copley's), near Dorking, met with a serious accident in following a gentleman of the name of Denham through a hedge. Mr. D. fell back into a ditch, and his gun went off and lodged the contents in Mr. Sutton's side. The sufferer remains in a very precarious state.

On Saturday January 9, at Ship-lake, near Reading, Captain Methuen and a gentleman of the name of Hartington, were beating a turnip field for game, when a hare got up, and the Captain discharged his gun, the contents of which entered the head of Mr. Hartington who was covered between two hedges. The wounded gentleman fell, and he was conveyed back to Ship-lake with no hopes of recovery.

OBITUARY.

Richard Bridge, Esq. of Langdon, near Beaminster, Dorset, a venerable and celebrated sportsman, departed this life a few weeks ago. This gentleman's name has already appeared in our pages, having been one of the very few who had the good fortune to be in at the close of a celebrated run with Mr. Farquharson's hounds, when the fox ran forty miles, and out of a field of seventy, five only saw the end of it. The fox got to earth, but was dug out alive.

Died, on Friday January 13, in Dagger-lane, Hull, aged 77, John Cade, better known by the name

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of "Jockey John." Cade was the rider of Colonel Sotheran's b. c. Bourbon, by Le Sang, out of Queen Elizabeth, by Regulus, when he won the St. Leger in 1777. No person was better respected than poor Cade; being equally distinguished for a kind disposition, and a quiet, inoffensive deportment.

SPORTS ON THE ICE.

Skating Match.—A race for eight sovereigns between sixteen of the first-rate skaters in the country took place near Parson Drove, in the Isle of Ely, on Tuesday, January 17.—The spirit with which the sport was likely to be conducted, together with the extraordinary fineness of the day throughout, induced an immense concourse of persons (many from a considerable distance) to assemble at the place appointed; and among the number present (which was computed at not less than 4000), not one departed who did not appear highly pleased with the day's amusement, the races being generally well contested. An excellent female skater was also an additional and rather a novel attraction to the visitors.

A skating match also took place at March, between eight men, which was won by Mr. Bavin, of Wimbington.

Another skating match took place January 14, at Chatteris, for a purse of ten sovereigns. Sixteen started for the first heat, one mile. The winners were—Young, Farrow, Berry, Richardson, Jarmin, Plowright, and two others. In the second heat the four first-mentioned were the winners: in the third, Young and Berry. The match was won by Young, who is perhaps the swiftest skater in England. He performed the three miles in less than nine minutes.

A skating match of one mile, over Louth Lake, near Welwyn, Herts, took place on Saturday, Jan. 14, in a sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, between Messrs. Rowbottom, Mellish, Captain Sims, and Throgmorton, adepts at this agile sport. There were six turns in the mile, and the first and second were to contend for the prize. It was decided thus:—

Mr. Rowbottom performed his mile in three minutes and fifty seconds, beating Mr. Mellish by a few yards only. Captain Sims was more than 150 yards in the rear, and Mr. Throgmorton fell early in the race. The two successful skaters started again in half an hour for the 40 sovereigns, and it was a match of much skill. Mr. Rowbottom took the lead, but Mr. Mellish passed him at the half mile, when the contest became very vigorous, both keeping together, until Mr. Rowbottom made a push in the last hundred yards, performing this mile in three minutes and thirty-nine seconds, and won the stakes.

Flintshire Cricket Players.—A grand match at cricket was played on the ice of Hanmer Mere, between the players of Gredington and Hanmer, on Monday, Jan. 16. The company began to assemble from Hanmer and its vicinity, about nine in the morning, and continued till noon, when they were plentifully regaled with large tureens of turtle soup, which was regularly served out by Mr. Sparrow (on the ice); after which the players resumed the game, and continued till evening, when they retired to the Hanmer's Arms, and partook of an excellent supper, with a plentiful supply of good cheer. The evening was spent with the greatest conviviality and joy; the healths of the noble families in the neighbourhood, and the younger branches, were drank with the greatest enthusiasm. The parties then broke up, with a challenge to all England to play either on land or water.

Among the various novel performances to which the late intense frost gave rise—(and, among others, that of Mr. Hunt, jun. driving his father's van with four horses over the Serpentine in Hyde Park, and back again, was most conspicuous)—none perhaps excited more risibility than that of a party of good ones at Shirley, Surrey, who on the 14th of January mustered their cricketing forces, and played a double cricket match on the ice, in one of the mill ponds at that place. The novelty attracted many spectators, and, as may be supposed, af-

forded much merriment, from the *sliding* and *backsliding* of the parties—their spiked shoes being of no avail.

Dugliss.

On Wednesday, the 4th of January, a match was said to have been made between the supporters of Ward the Champion, and Peter Crawley, for 200 sovs. aside, and a deposit of one sovereign paid down: but it was generally considered as *chaff*. Since then, however, something *official* has appeared, which *may* bring the parties to *join issue*. Jem has put forth a circular, to the effect, that, having lately recovered from a severe indisposition, he retires into the country for a month or two, and when he returns he shall be ready to fight any man in England. Peter rejoins, that as he wants to be *doing business* he wishes Jem to make a deposit before he starts for the country, to fight him in April or May.—Here the matter rests.

If, however, the London Ring is in a stage of abeyance, some *tightish* work has been performed in the country. At Manchester there has been a provincial touch, which would do honour to Moulsey, between Bob Luckman, a *tyke-man*, and John Bouek, a *rat-trap*. Twelve pounds aside were deposited, and Korsal Moor, near Manchester, was fixed on as the scene of action.

Round 1. Bob shewed science, Jack looked awkward, yet confident, and in fact both men seemed full of confidence. The Rat-catcher was as sharp as a ferret, though not sufficiently so to avoid a home hit in the ribs, which he did homage to by “prostrating himself to the earth.”

2. Bob was *piping* a little, but said “nothing was the matter,” and meant mischief. The Rat-catcher’s mug napt “a pretty considerable run-one,” which made him *squint* nine ways at once; but he returned in prime style, and had altogether the best of the round.

3. Jack now stood up as stiff as bricks and mortar, but it was perceived his right hand was gone. Bob became as down as a hammer to this advantage, and gave the Rat-catcher

such an out-and-out one on his *sensitive plant*, that his nob was placed on the roly-poly system, and he appeared quite *abroad*.

4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. “Bob will become a second Rough Robin!” was the cry. One of Jack’s ogles was in complete *mourning*, but he was tough, and cut up well. The left hand of the latter was very troublesome to Bob’s index, but Jack at length became so exhausted that he fell down.

11 and 12. The Rat-catcher was told out, as he could not answer to the call of time; but Bob said he was in no hurry, and liberally allowed five minutes for *ratty* to get his wind.

13 and last. Jack tried it on again, but it would not do. Bob put in a *finisher*, which made the Rat-catcher measure his length upon the ground. When asked if he would have any more of it? he replied, “O no! I calculate I have had quite enough!” and “O, Yase!” was admitted by all the spectators.

The above battle gave general satisfaction, and it was pronounced one of the *gamest* things ever witnessed out of the London Ring.

A most tremendous battle was fought on Saturday, Jan. 7, at Walsingham Marshes, between Warminster and Devizes, for 10l. a-side, in which Moss, the tinman and the Champion of the Provincials, was beat “to death’s door.” The winner is young Flowers, son of the blacksmith (who was twice defeated by Moss), a fine young man of 12 stone 4lb., nineteen years of age, and designated, in the West, as the Jem Belcher of the day. Moss, who is thirty-four, was backed at odds, and he made a formidable rush at going in the first round, and hit the young one heavy on the head, which was returned on the *os frontis*, producing claret as if a bottle had burst. This led to one of the most formidable hitting rallies ever seen, which lasted ten minutes, when the young one was felled by an immaterial, but heavy, blow upon the chest, meant for the throat.

2. The young one cut out the work, and made a lunging right-handed

blow on his adversary's left eye, who grassed him in return.

3d and 4th rounds were contested inch by inch, and hit for hit up to each other's heads, like game ones, deluging the ring with claret hue. In each round both went down weak, but Moss was blind of one ogle, damaged in the other, and had the worst of the fight.

5. Punishment had no impression on Flowers, and the strength of his adversary's hitting was diminished by immense loss of blood. He was hit down in this round by a severe blow on the jaw, which bent it, after a severe rally, and he had no chance after, as youth and true courage won it in the 9th round, in 52 minutes. Moss was carried senseless away.

Nearer home, also, something has been done—just by way of *keeping the hand in*. A long and gallant fight took place on Friday, January 13, near Copenhagen House, between Tom M'Intire, a bonny Scot, and Ellick, a Patlander. Harry Jones and G. Owen seconded the "*gude mon*," and Donovan and another *Patlander* picked up the "*darling boy*." The men were pretty equally matched in point of weight—each being about ten stone and a half. Ellick had most science, and he accordingly paid *striking* compliments to the frontispiece of M'Intire, who, however, exhibited a courage and determination worthy of his *sansculotte* sires of old. The fight commenced at about eleven o'clock, and was not concluded till nine minutes past one, when Paddy was nearly worn out, and his hands having given way, he was obliged to resign the contest. The winner received most punishment.

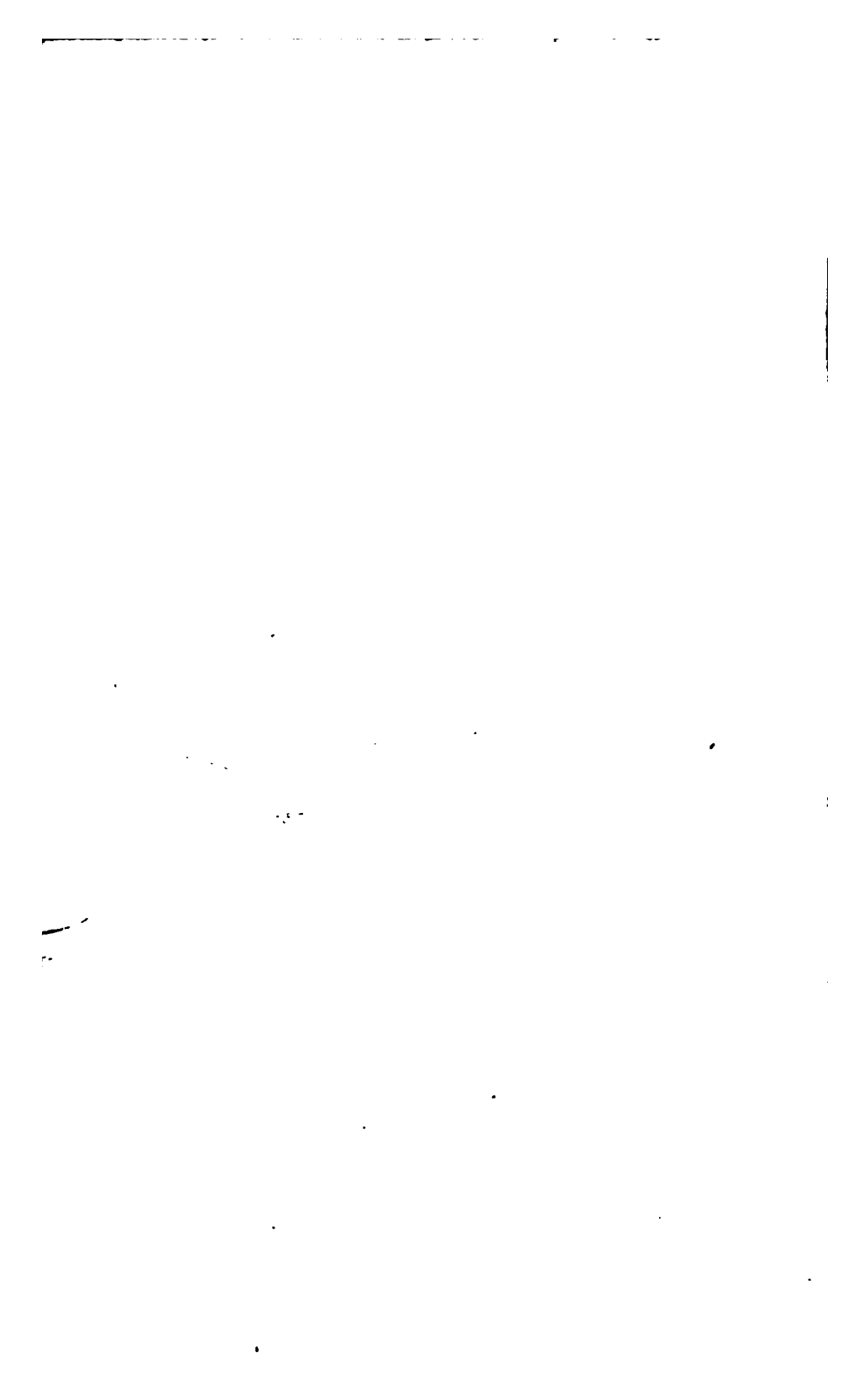
Fatal Combat.—Jonathan, a sawyer, and T. Theobald, a workman on the River, having quarrelled at their dinner hour at a public house at Limehouse, January 14, they

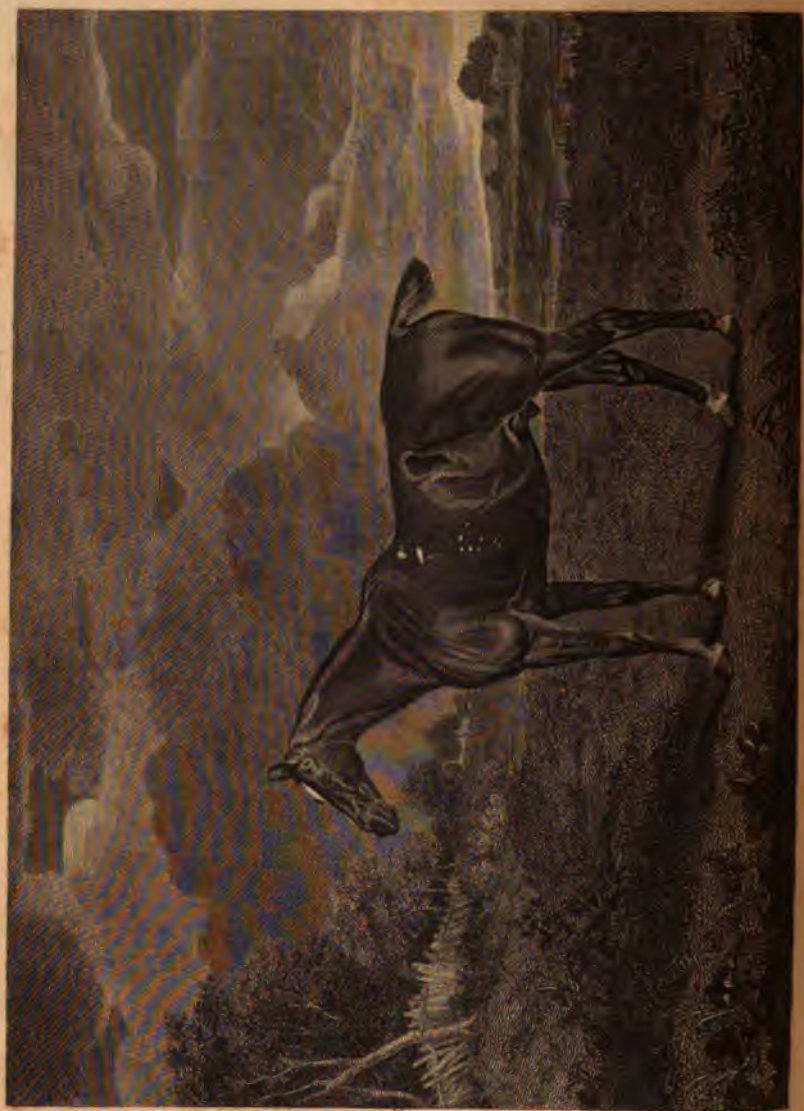
agreed to fight for a crown, and immediately went on board a lighter and set-to, with their seconds. A smashing battle of one hour's duration took place, chiefly in favour of Jonathan, who, however, received a finishing round blow upon the head, with a heavy fall, and died in the lighter. The other parties absconded.

On the 31st of December a fatal encounter took place between David Elliot, an excavator, and Dennis Kelly, in which the former was killed. At an Inquest held on the body, Jeremiah M'Carty deposed, that he, in company with the deceased, a man named Kelly, and several others, proposed to adjourn to the Half Moon, for the purpose of playing at skittles and otherwise amuse themselves, it being holiday time; in the course of play a dispute arose between the deceased and Kelly respecting the play, and after a number of words had passed between them, it was agreed they should go out in the field and settle it by fighting. This was no sooner proposed than put in practice; witness did not back either man; but stood and looked on; after the parties had been fighting above forty minutes, witness and some others endeavored to put an end to the fight, as both men were much exhausted. This, however, the deceased refused, although his opponent was inclined to do so. About ten minutes after this the deceased was struck a violent blow in the neck by his antagonist, which felled him to the earth, apparently dead; on time being called the deceased was still insensible, and in consequence the battle ended. The deceased was immediately taken home and bled, but died on Sunday evening. The Jury returned a verdict of "*Manslaughter*" against Dennis Kelly, and a warrant forthwith was ordered for his apprehension.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR friends, who have been discussing in these pages the merits of Northern and Southern horses, and the meaning of the terms "*near*" and "*off*" side, have favored us with several further communications. We have given one letter on each subject in the present Number; and here, being very much pressed with other matter, we are under the necessity of closing the discussion.—"*Harrowensis*" we think deficient in interest; the *Old Cock* anecdote is very old indeed; and when "*A Racer*" reached our starting-post, the lists were quite filled for the present Number.





THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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Embellished with,

I. PORTRAIT of COGNAC, Painted by FERNELLI, and Engraved by COOK.

II. Dog and Fox.

COGNAC.

Painted by FERNELLI, and engraved by
COOK.

WE are happy to have it in
our power to embellish our
Work with the portrait of this
celebrated hunter; and strongly
recommend such of our friends as
come under the denomination of
"Welter weights," to keep his
form in their eye. Cognac is the
property of that well-known hard-

rider, James Maxse, Esq., one of
the members of the Melton Old
Club, who, though weighing more
than sixteen stone, has ridden him
nine seasons in Leicestershire—this
making the tenth. He is got by
Noble, but how bred on the mare's
side, Mr. Maxse was never in-
formed. His appearance, however,
we are told, denotes high blood;
and his speed, under great weight,
is said to be most extraordinary.

O o

SPORT WITH THE MELLERSTAIN a. ROUNDS.

By NIM NORTH.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IT is a long time since you have heard from me, and indeed I plead guilty to being very lazy; but it is a hard frost; and NIMROD (in a letter I have just received from him) says I must tip you a stove: so here goes.

I am very happy to see that NIMROD has taken our side of the question on the Game Laws. I shall not enter into much argument as to the propriety of legalizing the sale of game; but I do most sincerely hope that the advocates of that measure will never succeed: we shall have little or no game; and, what is much worse, fox-hunting will be at an end—foxes will be in a great measure exterminated. Every one who rents the game will do his best to destroy them; and even allowing that he would not do so intentionally, it is natural to suppose that a man who kills game for the sake of profit will do it in the least expensive manner; and, instead of shooting, will set steel-traps for that purpose; and the consequence would be that the foxes would necessarily be caught also.

As to France, there is no country where poaching is carried to a greater extent; for the simple reason, that they have an easy and legal market for the produce of their robbery: and, except in places where it is defended by a regiment of armed *gardes*, game is both scarce and wild. The French game laws are something like what they wish to introduce here, which God forbid! The game is the property of the owner of the soil, and is legally sold in the open

market; and any person may shoot who has the permission of a proprietor, and a *porte d'arme*. The consequence is, that in those places that are not strictly preserved, or the property a good deal subdivided (as it is in most of the open ground), you meet with a fellow in a cap, with a *fusil à deux coups* and a bob-tailed pointer, every hundred yards; to say nothing of *Monsieur Le Garde Champêtre*, with his cutlases and perpetual "Qu'elle droit avez vous de chasse ici donc?" Whenever this occurred to me, I always forgot my French, and put a five-franc piece in my mouth, which generally succeeded in answering the question as I wished. As to the *porte d'arme*—to a stranger it is trouble enough to get one. First, you must have permission upon *papier timbré* from a proprietor of so many *arpents*, which must be verified and stamped again by the Mayor of the Commune, and a stamped certificate also from him that you are a *bon sujet*, and fit to be trusted with such a terrible instrument as a gun. These must be sent to the *Sous-Prefet*, from him to the *Prefet*, and at last comes your *porte d'arme*, stamped and restamped with their everlasting double L; and you may sally out with what appetite you may to commence war upon the hares and partridges. I have known some people so disgusted with the trouble of getting a *porte d'arme*, that they would not use it after they had succeeded. As to the *procès-verbal*, (although I had probably more extensive permission than generally falls to the lot of an Englishman in that country,) I had about one a month. But enough of this! Thank God! I am in England now.

Oh! how I do most cordially join in that wish, that there was

but one pheasant in the world, and that I had the carving of him at dinner! I would grind the very bones into powder (if my dog would not eat them), in remembrance of hours of disappointment, and days, dire countless blank days. Curse the pheasants! they came from a pampered, luxurious country, and, like the effeminate inhabitants of that country, they would help to make us so: they are the greatest enemies to the most noble and manly exercise that ever existed. I do not want to be selfish, or to interfere with people's shooting; but let them not interfere with us. I do not mean to say shooting is a selfish amusement; far from it: but when shooters destroy foxes, then it becomes selfishness; and, for the amusement of one or two individuals, you destroy the sport of a whole county. I do deplore, with NIMROD, the spirit that exists; it is selfish, and it is in a great measure uncalled for. Foxes destroy but few pheasants. I do all I can to encourage foxes about me; and I have as much, and (except Lord Tankerville) more game than any one in this part of the country. Sir Carnaby Haggerston never allows a fox to be killed; and Kyloe plantation is a certain find at all seasons; and yet Fenwick wood, which is within an hundred yards of it, swarms with pheasants. But it is vain to argue: I wish I were King, Lords, and Commons for seven days—"Oh for an hour of Old Dandolo!" But I am running riot: I do not mean to give offence to any one, but *facit indignatio versum*—I feel, and therefore express myself strongly.

Now for two or three of your correspondents.—A TYKE, in the January Number, says, "Last, though not least, X.Y.Z., the sire

of that excellent horse Dr. Syntax." A slight mistake—the Doctor was got by Paynator, not by X.Y.Z.

I congratulate CHASSEUR upon his return to England. Let those object to fox-hunting that choose. Depend upon it, there are only three sorts of people that do so: those *qui damnant quod non intelligunt*; who condemn what they do not understand: those who cannot do the trick: and those who come under the description of Balzac, who says, "If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring and youth—the former from the year, and the latter from human life."

FORESTER says, should it be the wishes of your readers he will continue his labours. Can he doubt it?

By the bye, Mr. Editor, what a beautiful print of Maniac! Who can look at it, and not feel the blood warm him? It makes me almost a maniac. Who says thorough-bred horses cannot leap? I seldom ride any thing else; and I do not think any person will say my horses cannot leap. I have one in my possession at present that can jump any thing, creep, fly, bruise, or screw. Those that know him can testify I am not boasting. I had a horse, half-brother to Maniac (being got by Sir Harry Dimsdale), the most brilliant jumper that ever was saddled; and yet thorough-bred horses cannot leap! Bah! nonsense! they can leap, when a cocktail is crying out for his black mamma to come and help him in vain.

I am sorry to hear the general complaint of bad sport. It has not been so with us, Mr. Baillie has had a succession of better runs than

I have in general witnessed in this country; and although, as I once before mentioned, I am of opinion that the detail of a fox-hunt to those who were not present, is something like the smell of a good dinner to a man who is not invited; yet, as it affords a comparison with other hounds, I shall proceed to give you some account of this campaign with the Mellerstain Hounds. Of course I shall pass over the moderate days, and also those (which from illness and other causes were more than I liked) where I was not present.

On the 27th October, I went to join them at Gatehough; I made a mistake as to the place, and rode about twenty-five miles to Gatehough near Yetholm, and after waiting for half an hour, and seeing no symptoms of hounds, I began to make inquiries, and found I was in the wrong box; so had to trot across the country twenty odd miles farther to Gatehough, which is a covert on the banks of the Tweed near Earleston. They had been running for some time, and, after a very extensive ring, had, luckily for me, just gone to ground in the banks. Found again at Black Hill, and killed after a sharp burst of a quarter of an hour. On the 29th, met at Had-don Rig, one of our best coverts, from which we had the famous run two years ago which I described in a former letter. Found immediately; and after running two or three rings in the covert, broke the old way to the south, but was headed by a boy, and turned north, then east to Cornhill, where we lost him. It was a pretty thing while it lasted, over our best country. We chopped another fox in Cherry-trees plantation. It was some time before the hounds could be

induced to tear this fox, from having killed him in cold blood. On the 2d November, a very quick thing from Rutherford to Ancrum Wood Head, turned to the right, and ran to ground in a drain.

On the 14th November, met at Nisbet whin, a covert by the road side, between Wooler and Berwick. Found directly, and broke down to the west, over the beautiful vale of Wooler (which I have always said would be the finest thing in the world to have a run across), towards Ewart; then turned up, crossed the turnpike over Doddington moor, to Doddington plantation. Up to this time it was superb. Here they changed foxes, and unfortunately hit upon one that had gone away some time; took over Doddington moor, Horton moor, and lost him near Hasleridge. He was too far before us. Found again in the Kimpen Moss, came up to Barmoor, then back through the Moss, away by the Horse bog, over Broomrig hill to Ford Dean, thence to Watchlaw, and killed in the Woodend after a very good run indeed. From the severity of this day, and want of condition, many horses were knocked up, and three died the same night.

On the 16th met at the Horse bog. The hounds were speaking in the covert (which is a sort of a low brush-wood in a bog) for a considerable time, and then came out among the rushes, and hunted within a yard of the place where the fox was lying; I believe some of them must have actually touched him. He at last jumped up in the middle of them like a hare, and had a hard race for it, as it is an open moor for some distance, and I thought it impossible he could have saved himself. He however

succeeded in reaching Barmoor plantations, and went through by the lodge, down by Barmoor mill to Bowsden, then turned east to the Licker, and over to Haggerston, where we lost him in the large plantation. The whole of this run was very fast, and almost without a check. Found a second fox in Berrington Dean. Hung in the Dean for some time, then broke to the north, headed back to the south, away for Woodend, skirted the covert ("too hot to hold"), turned south-east by the Back March, Holm Meadows plantations, Barmoor mill, Bowsden, and Bowsden moor, then back by Woodside, and killed in the Woodend, after a capital run of one hour and thirty-five minutes. One day this week they had a burst from Twisel Castle by Pallinsburn to Flodden hill, and ran to ground in a drain. I was not out; but I understood it was very fast, and that nobody was with the hounds except Mr. George Baillie on The Bride.

On the 25th met at Roddam Dean, which is generally reckoned a bad place; but as I was standing in the turnip field on the south side of the Dean a hound spoke, and in the next minute every hound in the pack was at him. He broke immediately within a hundred yards of me, in a devil of a hurry, and close at him out came the pack. Away! away! no time to look, as hard as we could spin, over the stone walls, down to the road that leads on to the moor, then west over the moor to the enclosures, turned south down to the road, where, just as I thought I had got rid of them all, I found that devil Peter* waiting for me with the gate in his hand; then

over the haugh to Breamish mill, crossed the Breamish, and right up Fawdon hills, where we checked, owing to some sheep, for about a minute. Mr. Baillie told me afterwards it was the prettiest thing in the world, as he was coming down the road, to see the water flying in spray as the hounds dashed through the river; then for a few minutes nothing but the dark side of the hill, and in the next moment the figures of the horsemen who had succeeded in gaining the summit betwixt him and the clear blue sky. We soon hit it off, and went over the beautiful green hills at a most tremendous pace: on clearing them, we got into the most delightful country possible, with large fences and many grass fields, turned to Ryle, then to Lorbotlle and Yetlington, where the fox was headed by Mr. Claverings Butter, when the hounds were within three hundred yards of his brush, which occasioned a rather long check. Up to this time there were only two with the hounds—Major St. Paul, who was going well upon The Apollo, and another, but the check let some of the beaten men up. On recovering the scent we went by Callaly then to Thranton plantation (a large covert on the South side of Whittingham, which you see from the road, from which the fox was luckily headed by a blessed old woman who was gathering sticks, and we ran into him in view near Eslington (a seat of Lord Ravensworth's) after a most superb run of one hour and twenty minutes. It was altogether one of those things in which you went mad with delight, and that makes you forget pheasants, trapped foxes, blank days, and all the other miseries of life; and which, if you suc-

* The Whipper-in.

ceeded in meeting with every day, would make fox-hunting too good a thing for this world.

The next thing worth mentioning was on the 9th December. Met at Fogo Muir, found immediately, and six couple of hounds broke away with one fox, while the rest of the pack were running another in covert. I arrived one minute too late; and before I could change my horse the hounds were half a dozen fields off. Ridiculously enough in so doing, (and which verified the old saying of "most haste worse speed,") my hack was so like the horse I was going to ride (being both bays with white faces), that I jumped upon the same horse I had just alighted from, which lost me another half minute; so, from the pace they were going at, I had difficulty enough in catching them. We went from Fogo Muir to Stichell, which, the shortest way you can fly, is ten miles (and we did not go the shortest), in forty minutes, where we lost him, owing to the number of fresh foxes in Stichell whin. Will Williamson (who came over with some of the Lothian men to look at us) said he never saw six couple of hounds go such a pace, or carry a scent in the manner they did in his life. Everybody seemed to be going well and doing their best—Lord Maitland, Mr. Balfour, Will Williamson, George Baillie, Charles St. Paul, two Scotts of Harden, and, above all, Robert Baillie upon Queen Mab, whose riding was not to be excelled.

On the 10th I went to Dunse to have a peep at the Lothians and see the entry for this year, and they really do Williamson an infinite deal of credit. There is a litter got by old Hannibal that are quite perfect, particularly a dog called

Hazard. He is as complete a made fox-hound as you can wish to see. The day was very unfavorable; and at Elmford, where we threw off, the fog was so dense you could not see ten yards before you. I think there is something very fine in riding on these moors in a fog. You are obliged to go such a pace to keep with the hounds, and you never know where you are for two minutes together, and the horse-men loom so in the mist that you could almost fancy them to be the spirits of Ossian riding on the clouds that envelope you, rather than mortal hunters like yourself. They had a very long and severe day, and lost him at last; but I did not partake of it, as my horse fell when going at full speed, and hurt himself so much that I was obliged to go home.

On the 12th met Mr. Baillie at Chapel—a burst of forty-five minutes without any check to speak of, by Carliston Gulley to Dry Grange, and killed. On the 21st met at Bergem—Found in the whin, and for about twenty minutes were going as fast as we could lay legs to the ground towards the race-ground at Kelsae, then checked and turned up to Newton Don, where he had waited in the banks. He then broke towards Stichell, but did not enter that covert, and we lost him at the end of three hours on the moor near the Greenlaw road, after a severe run, occasionally very fast. On the 23d met at Twisel Castle; and, after running up and down the banks for a considerable time, a fresh fox got up near the bridge, and ran up the Tweed to near Cornhill; then broke across the country by Pailinsburn Heaton, crossed the TIL below Tindal House, away to the

right of Duddo Tower, and Greenlaw Walls: here the fox had run down a ploughed field, and, being headed, had turned back, and then gone along a grass field that lay next to it. Three hounds (old Plunder, Frolic, and another bitch) had flung forward, while the other hounds were going down the plough, and hitting upon the scent went away at such a pace, that for the last four miles the fox and them were seldom out of the same field: they went by the Lough across Berrington Dean, and ran into him in the open moor near Felkington, at the end of an hour and a half best pace, after they crossed the river. There were only two riders and the above mentioned three hounds up when they killed.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think few packs in England will shew a better detail of sport than this I have indited for you; particularly as they had a great number of good days, at which from illness I was not present; but this frost has pulled us up, which I am not very sorry for, as my stable is very near aground.

Mr. Baillie's entrance of young hounds is very good, particularly a litter got by old Jolly Boy, and the whole pack is uncommonly steady this year: indeed, I do not know of any hounds that I am more pleased with, as they can either hunt or run as occasion calls for it. As to the riders, we have the addition of young Mr. George Baillie, his brother Robert, and Mr. Allgood of Chatton. Mr. A. is well named—his manner of riding to hounds is *all good*. Mr. G. Baillie has turned out, what I said he would in a former letter, a bad one to beat; and Mr. Robert B., for so young a man, is quite

uncommon. But if we have gained these, we have also lost one, the foremost and the best—I mean the Honorable John Elliott. I know I am transgressing in mentioning his name; but as he has gone to resume his official situation in India, I cannot forbear this parting tribute, as we shall not soon see his like again. Notwithstanding his weight, nothing could stop him; and his eye and judgment were not to be surpassed. How often have I seen him, spite of sixteen stone weight, sailing in the middle of the hounds, cheering them in extasy, while he seemed to forget there was such a thing as a fence in the country! How often do I miss him, when work is to be carved out, and his merry jest at the covert side! He took the Harewood hounds in his way to town, and, I fancy, electrified some of the Yorkshiremen.

Even while I write I rejoice to see symptoms of a thaw. Visions of coming sport begin to dance before my eyes. May they be realised, not only to myself, but to all my brother sportsmen—to whom I wish a merry and happy new year.

NIM NORTH.

January, 1836.

RIDERS TO HOUNDS IN DEVONSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Perceive in your last Number, that the request of SNAFFLE has been complied with, and that a list of the South Devon performers has been forwarded to you by the FOX-HUNTER ROUGH AND READY. Allow me, therefore, to make a few remarks upon his communication.

I will not pretend to offer any

comment upon the qualifications of those whom he has thought fit to mention—some of them certainly doing the trick with no small degree of credit to themselves: yet, his judgment of good riding may in some manner be questioned; as, by his own account, we are informed, that, at a late race which took place at Tavistock (*vide* the Number for November, p. 28), a person was greeted with applause, *loud and long*, and met likewise with his most unqualified approbation, for having jumped over a bar *only* four feet in height. Enjoying, as he assures us he does, *fox-hunting in Devonshire in the full plenitude of its delights*, he ought to be better acquainted than I am with the names of those who usually attend Mr. Pode's fixtures:—yet I would fain ask him, what place in the field he allots to *Mr. Lyne Templer* and *Mr. Erving Clarke*, both of whom are in the habit of occasionally hunting with Mr. Pode? In any country they would be first-rate performers, and are certainly equal, if not superior, to any of those the FOX-HUNTER has mentioned. Besides, he is much mistaken if he imagines that there are no good workmen in the West of England, excepting those who have the *felicity* to reside in the immediate vicinity of Devonport. Had he paid his promised visit on *Broadbury*, he would have seen some bruising riders even in that part of the county; and might have found too, notwithstanding the boasted abilities of his *orchard-fed* *prad*, Mr. Heysett and the Rev. J. Luxmoore perhaps more than enough for him. Among those who attend the Chumleigh Meetings may be named (some of whom I have had occasion to take notice of before), the Rev.

Henry Taylor, John and William Russell, Messrs. Robert Woolcombe, Michael Russell, Phillipps, Herring, &c. &c. It gave me no little satisfaction to find that *Nimrod* mentions Mr. Buck as being a "*crack-man of the West*." In a former letter I happened to name that gentleman; praise, however, from such an humble quarter cannot much avail—yet, when proceeding from the pen of that "*Judson Sidus*" of sportsmen, it cannot fail to be highly gratifying.

I had hoped, Mr. Editor, to have been able to have given you some information respecting Mr. King's fox-hounds; and I purposely paid them a visit a few days since—but, unfortunately, Mr. King, who hunts the hounds himself, was indisposed, and the day's sport was in other respects so very indifferent that it was impossible to form any judgment of them. Your *Rough and Ready* correspondent says, the hounds have been selected from the most *fashionable* kennels. Had he said the *best* kennels, the expression would have been equally correct, and still more to the purpose. What little I saw of them makes me very anxious to repeat my visit, which I hope soon to be able to accomplish.

Returning the same liberal wishes to the FOX-HUNTER ROUGH AND READY, as he has been so kind to bestow upon me, I am, Mr. Editor, yours most obediently,

A DEVONIAN.

Brenton, Feb. 17, 1826.

P.S. I have no doubt but that I was misinformed respecting the pedigree of Mystery and Harasser. Be that as it may, FOXHUNTER is no sportsman if he disputes the brilliant performance of those hounds on the day alluded to.

ON ARABIAN AND OTHER FOREIGN CROSSES WITH ENGLISH BLOOD, AND ON BREEDING FOR THE FIELD, THE ROAD, AND THE CARRIAGE.

"Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti."

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING been frequently asked for my opinion relative to probable improvement in our present blood-stock, by having again recourse in our studs to the Eastern horse or mare, I feel induced to commit to paper some few ideas of my own on this subject. The consideration of this will also lead me to touch on other breeds than the race-horse, and for which this country is so celebrated.

With regard to race-horses, one question has arisen, and has been stoutly argued on both sides—Has the breed of blood horses degenerated, or not? The LAUDATORI TEMPORIS ACTI, with common consent, aver that it has; and without loss of time drag out by wholesale Highflyer, Eclipse, and Flying Childers; while, on the other hand, the youth of the present cannot imagine anything superior to the blood of Sorcerer, Rubens and his brothers, and the family of Penelope. Truth, however, stands between both opinions: and although I may allow the palm of superior merit to the ancient, yet it must be borne in mind that, in those days, for one good horse bred and produced in public, there were at least ten bad ones. Now, although there are infinitely more colts reared than formerly, still the ratio of bad ones in proportion to the good seems not to have at all increased. In my humble opinion there is just as good material to breed from as

formerly, if properly worked up: i. e. careful selection of mares, and putting them to proper stallions. The only art which seems of late years to have been lost is, what the late Sam Chiffney called *training a horse's legs to stand*. Having already touched at length on both these subjects, I shall proceed to ideas on the introduction of foreign blood.

Why that very blood succeeded so well a century or so back, and that it never answers now, has never yet been satisfactorily explained to me. That we do not import the same animal as formerly, is a very erroneous idea. Barbs, Egyptian, and Turcoman horses are still sent over; and much doubt still exists as to where the Darley and Godolphin Arabians, as they are perhaps falsely called, came from:—it is only *certainly* known that they were Eastern horses. That the English, so called, *thorough-bred* horse is descended from pure Eastern blood is impossible. The first of that blood came in with the Crusades, then crossed with the small mountain horse or pony, which has produced among the Welsh and Shetlanders that spirit, blood-like look, but, above all, their great capability of enduring fatigue, so peculiar to the Eastern horse. Their long shaggy coats are owing to the climate alone; so much so, that by dint of good *grooming* and warm stables, I have seen a Welsh pony with as fine a coat as a *race-horse*.

On the extinction of the House of Tudor, and when defensive armour became less cumbersome, a lighter sort of animal became necessary for our cavalry. James the First imported a vast number of what were called *Royal mares and stallions*, chiefly from Barbary.

P p

A *strong dash* of English blood was thrown in, but purified by again breeding in and in with the Eastern horse; till at last the English race-horse was produced. From their rarity formerly, the foreign horse had the best of mares put to him. Now if such breeders as the Duke of Grafton or Lord Egremont were to send their best brood mares even to the choicest Arabian in England, they would be called fools for their pains. The only sort of mare likely to suit the Arabian or Barb is the large coarse sort. But their often falling into the hands of farmers, their pedigree being easily lost in the change of hands, they are either put to some brute of a horse, going round the country as a *real Yorkshire horse*, loaded with artificial fat to conceal his bad points, or else are sent as *half-bred* mares (to save the two or three guineas) to some racing stallions; and hence comes the breed of *cocktails*, as they are called—nine out of ten of them being thorough-bred, with no *established pedigree to prevent their starting*.*

Were I to breed from Arabians at all for the turf, I would breed them pure, without intermixture of English blood—putting the natural Barb mare to the Arabian—and from the effect of climate, and care when young, they *might*, in the *third* generation, be able to cope with our own race-horses. This, however, remains to be again tried in *modern times*, as the progenitors of our English racers were many of them thus bred.

I knew formerly a very remarkable instance of what Eastern blood bred in and in can do in this coun-

try. It was in the case of a pony mare, not more than *twelve* hands high (the property of a Nobleman residing not *one hundred* miles from South Wales), who at a feather weight would beat any of his race-horses four miles. She was got by Lord Clive's *Arabian Billy*, her dam by the *same horse* out of a Welsh pony mare. Speed was not the only good quality of this little animal: she could not be thrown down; her slow paces were excellent; and not a turnpike gate could stop her when determined to get home. Like another extraordinary mare of her owner's, Victoria, she would never stand when put to the horse.

Although I would not be tempted to breed from Arabians in a racing establishment, yet for half stock, such as hunters or hacks, I would sooner put my mares to a *full-sized* Arabian of good shape and make, than to any horse I know. It is no reason, that, because a horse cannot get race-horses, his stock should not become first-rate hunters. Such a horse as Sir Peter, who got the best *racers*, *hunters*, and *coach horses*, in England, appears but seldom. Julius Cæsar, though he never got a racer of any form at all, yet was the sire of many of the best horses in Leicestershire for several years. A still more extraordinary fact in the progeny of a stallion was in Brigliadoro, own brother to Victoria, and known by his proprietor to be not inferior in speed to his sister: his half-bred stock from country mares were faster, and shewed more blood, than those from thorough-bred mares. A son of his, belonging to an intimate

* I think, after all, the best qualification in a Hunter's Stakes would be, the horse never having started, paid or received forfeit, excepting for those kind of stakes; and a certificate of having been in at the death of a certain number of foxes; and let nothing be said of their being *half-bred* or not.

friend of mine, (which I wished to purchase three or four years ago, but from a weakness at times in his loins I was obliged to decline buying him,) was a strong proof of this. His owner had then *Gas* in his possession, who had been winning plates and cups at the same age; and it was affirmed as a fact, that at even weights the *cock-tail*, if well, could always beat him for a mile. I should certainly have set him down as a thorough-bred one, had I not seen his dam. She was a Yorkshire mare, got by *Screveton*, very probably, from her colour, lofty action in her trot, and large *Roman nose*, out of a *Cleveland bay* mare.

To return to Arabians:—Their cross with the Welsh pony, or New Forest, are almost certain of producing first-rate hacks. I have rode one or two of them, and was never better or safer carried in my life. The finest Arabian I ever saw was the *Wellesley Chestnut*. His great height—standing nearly fifteen hands three inches—was remarkable for an Eastern horse. He was, unfortunately for the breed of the country where he latterly covered—Herefordshire—old and worn out; he would or could not hardly cover a mare. The few, however, of his get were certainly capital, masters of great weight, perfectly safe in the detestable woods of that beautiful country, and capable of enduring great fatigue. A grey mare, got by him out of a mare of Lord Clive's Arabian, at five years old was sold to a dealer for nearly a hundred—(a price enormous in that country, where even the finest mares are more given away than sold)—and which dealer in a few weeks got nearly double his price for her.

Lord Clive's Arabian, though a little horse himself, got some very superior horses, by no means deficient in size.

I think I have said enough of Arabians and their crosses: I will now make some remarks on the breeding of carriage-horses. In London there is no class of horse, which (with the exception of a first-rate hunter) will fetch a better price or a readier sale than the better sort of carriage-horse—a clever pair of which, at five years old, will often cost three hundred guineas. To the breed of these so valuable animals very little attention, except in some parts of the country, is ever paid. Indeed some of the finest coach horses I ever saw were bred by accident. A farmer becomes possessed of a large roomy mare, with some blood in her; to oblige his landlord this mare is put to a blood horse, which the landlord may have just introduced into the country, and thus a very valuable carriage-horse is produced. The mare very probably is used for harness about his grounds; and the next year—partly allured by the *saving of a guinea*, and the size of some elephant of a horse, parading the streets of the market town, in all the glory of fat and red ribands in his tail or mane—he puts his mare to the *Nimble Britannia**, or some such high-sounding name, and a very mongrel cart-horse is the certain result. At the expiration of some three or four years the farmer finds himself in possession of an animal by the blood horse, for which he receives a large sum of money: but having taken no heed to the future, the mother that has produced it is dead, or fooled away. Instead, however, of

* I once saw a mountain of a beast cover under this name in Devonshire.

repairing his error, by again putting a mare to *the proper horse*; he goes on as dully as before, considering his first colt as a lottery ticket, which nothing but a God-send will put in his way again.

Good example in many things goes a great way; but it seldom goes far among horse-breeders, particularly farmers: for, though they may have the most shining lights constantly residing in their own parish, yet will they follow the example of the "deaf adder, that refuses to listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." I knew a remarkable instance of this in a friend's tenant (now deceased), who lived on the borders of Shropshire. Being not only a large holder of land, but also acting as agent and land-steward to a very large and widely-distended property, he was necessarily obliged to ride considerable distances in *very bad roads* and in a *short space of time*; and with his nags, though well bred and of good size and bone, yet from his *welter weight*, riding twenty stone, a sinew or so would frequently give way. Finding himself in the immediate neighbourhood of excellent blood stallions, he gave up his old prejudice in favour of geldings (too common in that part of the world), and rode mares instead; by which he made a saving of at least 50 per cent.—a *mare*, with all the good points possessed by a *gelding*, costing half the price at the same age. These he bred from; and for a few years preceding his death, he more than cleared his rent (though by no means a low one) in the sale of his colts at the annual fairs in the vicinity. Notwithstanding, his example was but very *partially followed* by his neighbours, although the large sums fetched by his colts

were the common topic of conversation. I must, however, add one thing to his praise—having caused a good colt or filly to be produced, he *kept it well* for the *first year or two*.

Owing to the very great improvement made lately in the mode of culture, and the machinery used for agricultural purposes, a large lumbering sort of cart-horse, whether for the plough or the wagon, is less, or rarely, required: a far lighter, and in consequence a more active, animal must come into play. The fact is, that if the *lighter animal* can get over in *eight* hours what the old heavy animal would do in *twelve*—and that with infinitely more ease to themselves—of course they are by one third of the original cost more valuable; not only that, but mares of the light sort may produce the most valuable sort (we all know it does no harm to work a mare that is bred from *in moderation*) of colts, while the old-fashioned at best will produce but a sorry cart-horse.

The most valuable sort of mare for the purpose of draught, and also to breed from, is the *Cleveland bay*, a race at all times rather difficult to be met with, and, from being much bought up by foreigners, growing more scarce every year. Next to these come the real Suffolk punch.—The reputation of the former blood is already established as the dams or grandams, by one or two crosses of a thorough-bred stallion, of the finest coach-horses in London—that is, if I might so express it, in the world.

The farmer ought not to have any thing idle about him; and thus his brood mares may be turned to some account in the work of his farm; and, if *not overworked*, I

will venture to say their produce will be all the better for it, particularly in mares of a gross, foul habit of body, which youth and exercise will carry off. I knew a mare of this breed (the Cleveland), which, although unfortunately she bred *fillies* generally on an average, netted upwards of *fifty pounds* a year for her master by her produce alone. Nor was this mare idle: the gentleman who owned her had a very large farm—*twelve hundred acres*; and, in consequence, employed a number of cart horses: he assured me his Cleveland mare would, and did, do more work than any of his other draught horses. At his death, when stock was very low in price, she was sold for *double* the price of the others, though a very old mare. The work of this farm was afterwards carried on by mares bought out of the heavy coaches; and it was surprising to see the quantity of ploughing they would get through in a day, from their superior activity and lightness. These mares were put to the horse, and their produce the first year, which I saw, bade fair to prove a mine of wealth to their owner, *provided* they had had *proper care* taken of them: but a paltry piece of economy spoiled all. These colts, if alive, must now be rising four, and may fetch at a fair *50l.* or *60l.* each. Had they been carefully attended the first two years, they would have brought at any of the fairs double that sum. So much for *stinginess*, the great bane to many breeders of horses!

I am an advocate for early breaking; and no breaking is so good to a colt intended for harness as light plough and harrow work. It teaches them to pick up their feet and bend their knees properly, and can never injure their feet or legs.

Let the three-year-old colts be gently broken in during the early part of summer, and make them assist in farming work during the autumn. In the winter rising four, when they are generally sent to London, they will be thus found almost in condition, which will add to their price most considerably in the horse market.

Let not farmers be afraid of a glut in the market. The demand for good horses of every kind in England, and also the Continent, is daily increasing; and if a farmer can once get his name up as a breeder of good horses, he will never be without a visit from the leading horse-dealers in town and country.

Next in point of value to the Clevelands are the Suffolk mares. Their chesnut colour is perhaps not so good as could be wished; but a good horse can never be of a bad colour. Their value in the farm is well known—as brood mares but little. The uncle of the present Duke of Richmond, however, I have heard, bred some first-rate carriage horses, by putting Suffolk mares to his well-known winner of Hunters' Stakes—Gay. To avoid a dissonance of colour, I should prefer putting this kind of mare to a chesnut or grey horse, which last would give a very fashionable colour—that of a roan—if it broke from the colour of the mare. Since few people like to drive mares in their private carriages, if they have good action and shape the fillies of this breed will always suit the foreign market; and, by being again crossed with full blood, will produce most excellent hunters. What the three-cross from the Cleveland bay will do, I have already mentioned in a friend's stud.

I see by your December Nunti-

her, that Mr. Andrew Knight has been lately importing some stallions and mares from Norway. I hope he will succeed better with them than the rein-deer which were brought over by his son. The celebrity of the posting in Sweden by horses of this breed, I have often heard spoken of, and of their extraordinary fast trotting, rivaling some of the great feats in that way performed by the favorites of the *BIT OF A JOCKEY* and his friends. That they perform well in *their own country* I have few doubts; but whether they will do so well in *this* I have very many. Mr. K. has long been known, and most justly celebrated, for the rearing and bringing to perfection of fruit trees and neat cattle: how he will succeed as a horse-breeder remains to be tried. But, let him fail or succeed, he deserves very great credit for his patriotic motives in bringing over these horses. Were I a grower of apple trees or pine-apples, there is no one to whose opinion I would bow down sooner than Mr. Knight's; but on horse-flesh his opinions are paradoxical in the extreme. He has no *penchant* for racing or fox-hunting, and is one who dislikes blood stock beyond all other. Nay, I have it from *very good authority* (or I should never mention it here), that in one sweeping clause he has condemned the whole race of English horses as perfectly worthless. How, with these paradoxes and prejudice against the opinion of the world, his new breeding establishment will get on, I leave others to determine.

If, in my opinion, there is one *more perfect animal* in the world than another, it is the *English thorough-bred horse*. I assert nothing without proof. In the burning

plains of the East, and the icy climate of Russia notwithstanding the disadvantages of travel and sea-voyages, they have invariably defeated their antagonists on native ground. Witness the uniform beating the English horse has ever given to the Arab at Calcutta and Bombay—with the late signal defeat of the Cossacks by two broken-down English race-horses, with fraud and highly-excited national prejudice against them. As long as they pay proper attention to their mares—to the care of young stock afterwards—and having in their immediate neighbourhood such stallions as *Spectre*, *Snowdon*, *Master Henry*, and the *Stud of Ludford*, the descendants of the warlike Silures have little cause to recruit their breed of horses by foreign aid. Indeed, that anxiety to tamper with our already valuable breed, by the intermixture of foreign blood, savours much of what has within some few years been adopted in our cavalry. When our light dragoons had overcome the lancers, and our heavy cavalry had rode out and laughed to scorn the *cuirassiers*, straightway were these corps equipped in the very arms and accoutrements (so proved to be useless) of their *vanquished opponents*!

Whether it be the change of climate, or the fault of the breed itself, attempts at producing good stock in the country from mares from the North of Germany and Denmark, have utterly failed. Notwithstanding the excellent good qualities possessed by mares which have been imported—and by very good judges—if there are so many advantages to be derived by taking those strangers to our studs, how is it, in the very country they come from, they always have failed, al-

though for a number of years English mares and stallions have been exported to them? The common cart horse may perhaps form an exception, and these foreign blood of the right sort greatly improve. Travellers in France, if fond of a complete piece of horseflesh for the purpose of heavy draught, will find some excellent specimens in the stallions (I believe the best come from Picardy), which drag a diligence, *weighing* God knows how many tons, at the rate of five or six miles an hour for *thirty miles* together. An iron roan is their prevailing colour; and a very good specimen of the animal may be seen in an engraving of French post-horses in one of your Numbers of last summer*. Two or three stallions of this description attending the different markets of their respective neighbourhoods will do some service, particularly if they could supersede those *mountains of horseflesh* which now infest every country town in England.

If I was to breed for roadsters and hacks alone, and forced to have recourse to foreign blood, that blood must come from the South of Europe, not the North—from the active and blood-like gallows of Calabria or Sardinia, in preference to the Cossack or Norwegian. In answer to those whose only objection—and a common one too—is to smallness of size of the Eastern stallions, I can only mention that about twelve years ago I saw landed at Naples, by General Sir H. Montresor, four grey Egyptian horses, all of which were equal to barouche and light chariot work, and had, I believe, been used for that purpose. The two leaders were purchased by King Joachim, and sent to his stud

at Periano: *à-propos* of which, when I saw it, their ideas of a stud were singular enough—the number of brood mares hardly exceeding the number of stallions—sixteen or eighteen—as if in imitation of the stag and the hind, the horse and mare always paired.

Before I bring this letter to a close, let me thank your various correspondents who have taken part in the controversy “North *versus* the South,” for the amusement they have afforded. To which the crown of victory belongs it would be hard to decide—as *each party* has laid claim to *each other's blood*. I will, therefore, say with Virgil—

Non nostrum, inter vos, tantæ componere
lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, et hic—

i. e. a Stud-book to one, and a Racing Calendar to the other—since a careful look over these books would have saved many an egregious blunder. TYKE, in mending one blunder (making Whisker a North-country horse), has made a worse, in making XYZ the sire of Dr. Syntax!!! However, these disputes are more interesting to us moderns, than whether Highflyer was beat or not, or whether Eclipse was rode by Jack Oakley or John Singleton.

Wishing you, Mr. Editor, and my fellow-laborers and readers, all the compliments of the season, I remain, yours always,

THE OLD FORESTER.

Jan. 18, 1836.

ANSWER TO INQUIRY RESPECT- ING LICE IN DOGS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IN answer to a question put by your correspondent “G. M.” in your last Number, as to the

* See *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xvi. p. 101.

"infest and most certain remedy for lies in dogs." I have found the two following simple remedies equally efficacious:—First, Rub the dog thoroughly over with sweet oil. Secondly, Common soap and warm water, made into a strong lather on the dog, and left on him for a day, will be sure to kill these vermin, and they will be seen dead the moment the soap touches them.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
your constant reader,
CARLO.

N. B. The sweet oil should be well rubbed in before the fire.

GREYHOUND PEDIGREES.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

WHEN it is considered what perfection the amusement of coursing has arrived at, and what care is observed in general respecting the pedigrees of celebrated greyhounds, it has been to me a subject of no little surprise, that a contradiction with regard to the pedigree of perhaps the most famous greyhound that ever ran in England should have appeared in various publications at different times without having been noticed or cleared up. In Daniel's *Rural Sports*, and in Egan's *Sporting Anecdotes*, we are told, "that Snowball was *Yorkshire* on the side of his dam;" whereas we are informed by an author, who wrote a treatise, which was published by Valpy in 1816, solely on the subject of greyhounds, that the "dam of Snowball was a Berkshire bitch, given to Major Topham by Sir W. St. Quintin." If this latter account be true, his blood had nothing to do with Yorkshire; and, consequently, that county has no

right whatever to the honour attributed to itself in consequence of the superiority evinced by the above celebrated greyhound and his descendants. If any of your correspondents are able, and will be so obliging as to elucidate this matter, and state such other particulars as they may be acquainted with relative to the pedigree of Snowball's dam, they will be conferring a favour upon a wellwisher to your instructive and very amusing publication.

In the last Number of the *Sporting Magazine* I observed an account of the Stud of Mr. Wilson, with pedigrees of the mares; and, in some instances, mention is made of the most distinguished produce. Were you to procure, and insert in the same manner, during the summer months, when you have not quite so great a press of sporting matter as at the present season, an account of the studs of some of the most celebrated breeders of greyhounds, I will venture to affirm that such communications would be particularly interesting to other coursers besides myself. I mean more particularly an account of brood bitches, with any of their offspring that may have distinguished themselves, adding the name of the sire. To insert *all* the produce would take up too much space, and would, at the same time, be neither interesting nor necessary. By this mean, I take the liberty to suggest, the *Sporting Magazine* would in a few years become a complete book of reference with regard to the blood of most of the best bred greyhounds in the kingdom—in fact a kind of Greyhound Stud-Book—and would reduce coursing, or rather breeding of greyhounds, to something more of a system than

is at present. The above plan, I am aware, Mr. Editor, you cannot pursue with effect without the assistance of the proprietors of greyhound studs.

Perhaps he will excuse me, when I presume to hope that the OLD HAMPSHIRE COURSER, the NIMROD of the long-tails, will lend his experience and powerful aid. I

think I am not wrong in asserting that an account of his own stud would be interesting to many, who may, like myself, reside at a distance from him, but who are not strangers to the names of Guinea Pig, Glory's Son, Gem, and Garnet.

Some such plan as the following might perhaps answer the purpose:

Stud of Greyhounds belonging to A. B. Esq. 1826.

Eleanor, blk. b. (bred by Mr. Cripps), got by Champion, out of Calypso, &c.
Miss . . . blk. b. . . . by Magnet, out of Gem, by Glory's Son, &c.
Broeze . . . f. b. . . . by ———, out of ———, &c.

After having given full pedigrees of the brood bitches, the best of the progeny might be given as follows.—

PRODUCE OF ELEANOR

Year.	Colour.	Name.	Sire.
1824	blk. b.	Emerald	Briton (son of Platoff, out of —.
—	bl. d.	Evergreen	Ditto.
1825	blk. d.	Pilot	Platoff.
1826	br. d.	Reginald	Racer.

PRODUCE OF MISS.

1824	blk. b.	Modesty	Gas (son of ——— out of ———.
—	y. d.	Mercury	Ditto.
1825	bl. b.	Magic	Magnet (son of ——— out of ———.

PRODUCE OF BREEZE.

1824	f. d.	Gohanna	Glowworm (son of Platoff, out of ———.
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It will be perceived that most of the names in the above are fictitious, but it will shew what I mean to suggest.

By inserting the above when your pages are not occupied by more valuable communications, you will greatly oblige me.

With every cordial wish that the *Sporting Magazine* may ever be supported in the manner it so well deserves,

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant, LEPORARIUS.
Jan. 26, 1826.

LETTER TO NIMROD.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Enclose you another letter from my kind and entertaining Correspondent on the other side of the water, and only hope it may not be the last. The use of pen and ink is much too low an occu-

pation for me in Shropshire, where, as the song says,

"My morning's a round of good-humour'd delight,
And I revel in pleasure and pastime all night!"

so you must expect nothing till I get once more within the old moat in Hampshire, whence I may dilate

a little on a few memoranda I have made in this sporting county.

NIMROD.

"MY DEAR NIMROD,

"When I look at the date of your last, I am almost ashamed of myself: I will attempt no excuse; excuses are always lame, and any thing unsound will never suit your stable. I must, however, say, that I was about writing to you a week or two ago; but I deferred it till I should receive the January Number of the *Sporting Magazine*. However much I have been amused and instructed by it, I confess I was disappointed at not finding your promised Tour, and hardly a word on hunting in the Number, except a few days sport with the Duke of Beaufort, which some good-natured fellow has furnished, and which makes my mouth water.

"I cannot omit this opportunity of saying how delighted I am with the prints of *Maniac* and *Memnon*. As to the *Green Sandpiper*, I shall have also a word to say on Ornithology. In the next Number I place all my hopes—the cream of the season—NIMROD's progress through the great sporting counties. I am glad to hear Hay well spoken of in an article from Warwickshire.

"You go on, I see, with the game laws: we have sad examples of the results of a legalized sale in this country. The game is nearly extinct, to what it was some twenty-five or thirty years ago; and when I tell you that game is publicly sold *all the year round*—that you see hares, partridges grey and red, and hen pheasants, in the shops in Paris, in the months of April, May, June, July, and August—can you wonder that the quantity diminishes?

The fault is in the law; for, with the police of Paris, all this dealing might be stopped in an instant. Should the sale be made legal in England, *chasse* would, of course, be introduced into the Act to prevent any thing of that sort, which is so evidently contrary to the interests, not only of the public, but the poacher himself; for if you destroy the root, you will have no fruit. The great point of difference seems to be, whether or not such an alteration in the law would check poaching: to prevent it is not in the power of man. If I am to judge from facts (and as you are a man for facts this may have some weight with you) I see here, I should answer, No; for I understand that here, where the sale is allowed, even in the midst of the Royal forests and preserves for the King's own shooting, and which are as well guarded as preserves can be, by day and night, both by horse and foot patrol—in these very sanctuaries, where game abounds in profusion, the insinuating poacher lays his snare—is sometimes even bold enough to use his gun—at times is successful, at others pays for his temerity. Buyers there always will be; and, of course, sellers will never be wanting.

"To form an opinion from facts nearer home. The spirit trade with Scotland has been opened by Mr. Huskisson's liberal plan of commerce, and, no doubt, has rendered great facilities and service to the dealers in that trade; but has it prevented smuggling? Has it prevented the brewing of illicit spirits? Newspaper reports inform me to the contrary. Something will be done, I imagine, this Session with regard to the game laws, but what that will be we

must leave to the profound wisdom of the Legislature,

"I am told (though I have not seen the paragraph) that my last letter has been lucky enough to excite the sneers of the *Morning Chronicle*. This Paper is like *Esop's* dog in the manger—the type of selfishness. It abuses town profligates; and should they take refuge in the country, it equally abuses them for entering upon country amusements. It abuses Irish absentees; and, I suppose, also Irish residents who enjoy and encourage the sports of the field, as every Briton ought to do. Enough of this! Let us enter upon the chase; let us find, and go away a forty-minutes' burst without a check. 'Forward's the word,' as ***** says; 'a light hand, a merry heel, and a lively faith in God's mercy, and you may go round the world.'

"We have been nailed up with hard frost since December 28, without much snow, but it now seems inclined to take leave. Since that date I have not, of course, seen a hound; and, as the master and all his family are gone to Paris for the winter, I shall not have much more sport the remainder of the season. He has kindly desired me to take the hounds out; but what can I and the huntsman do alone in these large woods and forests?

"I am sorry to tell you that the wild boars have entirely deserted this country: we have only killed one this year: the consequence is, that the Messrs. de l'Aigle have very judiciously reserved five or six couple of steady old hounds to use when a boar should by chance be heard of, and have given up the remainder of the pack to hunt the *chevreuil*. Having been originally broke from this game, it was very

difficult at first to insure sport, particularly from the quantity of them. They, however, very wisely, met at one of their smallest woods almost every hunting day—a certain find—and with great exertion and skill got the hounds to hunt perfectly, and the game to fly; and as this covert is surrounded by large meadows, it was a beautiful sight to see them streaming along with a blazing scent over the grass, and generally finishing with a kill, sometimes in the open, after two or three hours' sharp work.

"A fine buck *chevreuil*, technically called a *brocard*, will shew very good sport; and I have enjoyed the hunting this winter more than I expected I should have done from the nature of the game. I have no doubt, if they persevere next winter in the system they are now pursuing, that there will not be a better pack of *chevreuil* hounds in France. They have a capital entry of very clever handsome young hounds, crossed by one of Sir Bellingham Graham's dogs, called Alfred, with one of their bitches; and I can assure you they would do credit to anybody's kennel: legs and feet as perfect as you will find in your friend John Warde's. I have particularly noticed this year the performance of one of Graham's hounds, called Adjutant; he has a black body up to the shoulder, dark tan ears and head, with a narrow blaze down the face: he is the perfection of a hound for this country. He has a rare voice, very requisite in these large woods, rather heavyish looking, good legs and feet, fast enough, stoops in perfection, and is generally the leading hound—*what he says is Gospel*—he never makes a mistake, and goes along as if he had all the scent in a little parcel fastened on his nose. The King's hounds come

into this country in April, for, I believe, two months; I wish you could manage to come here and have a look at them.

"By the Magazine account, they seem to be doing the thing in good form in Mecklenbourg; and I can assure you, that horses from that country are almost in as great request in Paris as English: they are capital carriage horses.

"I have been very busy with the trigger this winter; and, thanks to my neighbour, M. le Comte de l'Aigle, I have had some excellent shooting; and have been pretty lucky with wild ducks during the frost. I have had one or two entertaining letters from Lord ****, giving detailed accounts of the shooting at Croxteth and Combe. What a year for game in England! He has lately established a Coursing Club at Altcar, Lancashire—a very brilliant country for the sport, and I hope some fortunate day to be present at the meeting.

"I am sorry to see nothing from NIM NORTH lately. I like his letters much, and wish he would continue.

"Now for my *Ornithology*. I killed lately in the Park here two of what are called in French *pie-grièche*, or speckled magpie, butcher bird, *pica Græca*. They are evidently of the woodpecker tribe; for the way I found them was from the noise they made in pecking at the bowl of a tree. I inclose you one or two feathers, that you may see the nature of them. From the tip of the beak to the point of the tail, which is forked, is ten inches and a half: it has talons like a bird of prey, and is thought to be so here: these talons enable it to stick to the sides of trees: its beak is very strong and sharp, and admirably adapted to boring: its tongue is of a horny

substance, roundish, and sharp as a needle, and so follows the beak into the hole made in the tree. It must be but a moderate repeat. Colour, black and white, the wings spotted with white as you will see by the specimen, the belly and under the tail a beautiful scarlet. I have the skin of one which was too much damaged to preserve; the other I sent to Paris to get stuffed. Is it common in England?

"If you see Val. Maher at Melton, remember me very particularly to him, and ask him if he remembers our breakfast at Tilton, and he will give you some anecdotes. My brother is in Paris for the winter, and his dinners about the best going. My better half often went a hunting with me this winter, and rode uncommonly well, so I have great hopes of *the produce*. He is growing fast; is a very promising colt; and I hope *Tallyho* will be the first word he pronounces well, when he begins to "throw his tongue," as we say. Pray give me a very long letter, with all the sporting news you can muster, and believe me, dear NIMROD, yours ever,

"P.S. By the way, I have a great idea that I trace your quill in those letters on *Ornithology*, signed RUSTICUS. Can I be of any service to you in a small way in this country, if such be the case?"

INQUIRY RESPECTING ALTERNATIVE BALLS FOR HORSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Should be much obliged, if, through the medium of the *Sporting Magazine*, your valuable correspondent NIMROD (to whom I am much indebted for his instructing letters, and sincerely

thank him for the advantage I have reaped from them) would inform me what *Alternative Ball* he uses once a week, and if he also continues giving them to his horses during the summer months. If NIMROD will have the goodness to inform me this, though I am very sorry to trouble him on such a trifle, he will greatly add to the obligation he has already conferred on

A YOUNG ONE.

P. S. I am happy to tell you that many of my friends have adopted his plan of summering the hunter, and are greatly pleased with the result, never before having had their horses in such condition.

January 21, 1836.

FOX-HUNTING.

EAST KENT HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE following is an account of two runs with the East Kent Fox-hounds, which I hope are worthy of insertion in your very interesting publication.

Mr. Oxenden's (the East Kent) fox-hounds met on Wednesday, January 25, at Streetend. They ran their first fox to ground, bolted him, and after a ten minutes' scurry, killed. They afterwards drew Whitehill Wood, and had a forty minutes, without a check, at the very best pace, through Hardres Wood, crossing the Stonestreet Road, by Petham Mill, Swadling, to Renfield, into the Denge Woodlands, where they hunted him for twenty-five minutes, and killed. The manner in which these hounds performed this uninterrupted burst of forty mi-

nutes was the admiration of the whole field; and this pack is most decidedly worthy the notice of abler sportsmen than the present writer.

On Friday the 27th, these hounds met at New Barn—a frosty morning: threw off at twelve o'clock; found a fox in Elderbrooke Wood, and ran over the Vale through Nacolt, Brabourne Combe, away to Elmsted Church, by Yarkletts, to Gogway, Crockshire, Waddenhall, over Mr. Baldock's paddock at Petham, scorning the Denge Woodlands, by Waltham workhouse, to Eggringe; through it at a tip-top pace to Egerton, for Godmersham Park (two hours and ten minutes). Here the hounds checked for some considerable time among some sheep; hit it off in King's Wood, rattled their fox through the covert, and killed on Succom Downs. The distance this fox ran cannot be computed at less than twenty-three or twenty-four miles. Yours, &c. C.

Jan. 23, 1836.

RUN WITH MR. TEMPLER'S HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

MR. TEMPLER'S fox-hounds had a brilliant day's sport on Tuesday the 31st January. Whilst we were drawing the Rackenford plantations with the *small* pack, a gallant fox stole away from a brake at the lower end of it: there was scarcely any scent, and black lowering clouds portended rain. For two hours and a half the hounds with difficulty hunted the *varmint* by inches a distance of seven miles, during which time it is hard to say which deserved most praise, the perseverance and judicious casts of Mr. Templer, or the admirable

manner in which his little beauties stooped to so cold a scent. At last their efforts were rewarded. In a small patch of furze, near Hockell Farm, we fresh found, and to the great delight of a throng of well-mounted sportsmen, Charley took boldly the open country, and led us, as the crow flies, thirteen miles over the finest part of Exmoor. We raced over Anstey Ridge at a pace that floored most of the field; and at the end of fifty-five minutes, when the hounds ran in to him, we noticed only the following select few:—Mr. Templer, on his Gainsborough colt, a four-hundred-guinea horse in any county but Devonshire; Mr. Salusbury Trelawney, on a grey of high promise; Mr. Russell, on Monkey; Mr. Elton, on Nonsense, by Bagatelle; Mr. Baillie, on Old Jack of Newbury; Mr. Chichester, on his favorite Ocar Peter mare; Mr. Worth, Mr. Owen, Mr. Frowde, and The Veteran of Rackenford, who declared, that, although in his seventieth year (a keen sportsman from his boyhood), he had never seen so complete a day's sport, or so brilliant a finish, in the whole course of his career.

Your obedient servant,

BOGTROTTER.

Dulverton, Feb. 5.

A DAY WITH SIR THOMAS MOSTYN.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I MEANT to send you an account of this run before, but either I have not had time, or, what is more probable, I have been lazy. If it is worth a place in your Magazine, pray insert it.

On Thursday, Dec. —, the hounds met at Middleton Toll Bar,

and soon found in a wood (I don't know the name) belonging to Lord Jersey. We went a sharp pace across Heyford Common, as if away for Fritwell; but he turned, and led us back to Middleton, through the Park, over Kirtlington Leys, and we lost him, rather unaccountably, near the Park wall. We then drew Kirtlington Park, Sir H. Dashwood's, without success. So we trotted on to Weston Wood; and after cooling ourselves for twenty minutes, a gallant fox broke covert (Weston foxes are proverbially good), skirting Park Copse, and leaving Warm Whool to the left, right across Wendlebury, where there is some fine meadow land, as if making for Graven Hill Wood; but he was headed and turned to the left, through the Bicester meadows, leaving Chesterton town a little to the right, all through the parish of Chesterton, a slapping pace, and so back to Weston Wood: here he was so hard pressed he could not stay in covert a minute, but away through Oddington parish, turning to the right, and crossed the road towards Bletchington, where he ran into a drain one minute before the hounds. But old Tom Wingfield thought a little blood would do his *prethies* no harm, so he was dug out directly. This last run was one hour and forty minutes. The pace was good all the way, and in many parts very fast—the country distressingly severe; and of course many men were *nowhere* at the end.

I very much wish some correspondent would tell us a little of Sir Thomas's sport, for we seldom hear of him in your Magazine; though that hunt must be a rare one that will beat his. No greater proof of the general satisfaction this hunt gives to every one is wanted,

than the constant attendance of the particular members who hunt in it. The Messrs. Drake, Mr. Mostyn Lloyd (the crack man), Mr. Jones, Mr. Webb, Sir H. Peyton, and Mr. Peyton (better known as *young Peyton*, as NIMBOD observes), Mr. Melville, &c. Bicester also always sends out a certain number. The three Colonels—as they are familiarly called, from Hickman's, the King's Arms—Jodrell, Broadhead, and Douglas, are regular attendants, and have been so for many years. Mr. Deakins, too, is bringing men, money, and horses into the town: he has fourteen hunters at present in his stables, which he lets out for two guineas a-day; nor is it at all an exorbitant price, though at first sight it may appear so. He stands all chances of his horse being spoiled for ever, every time he lets him out; their prime cost can be no small sum, for some, such as Cardinal and Embargo, are real goers; he has been at the expense of excellent stabling, entirely new, from the grounds and offices, &c. all his own building. I wish him success with all my heart; for he is a very useful, enterprising man, and well deserves support and patronage.

And now I am speaking of Sir Thomas's hunt, let me say one word of Sir Thomas himself. A more liberal-minded, generous man never lived—he keeps these hounds and all the establishment at a great expense, and yet he can never see them in the field. He has been so afflicted with the gout, that he has not been able to leave his seat in Wales all this winter: he has not seen his hounds once in the field, and yet he will spend an enormous income every year to procure pleasure for other men, in

which he himself cannot participate. He is very fond of knowing all that goes on in the hunt, and he always fixes himself the places of meeting, although he is in Wales.

When mentioning the regular riders in this hunt, I ought to have ranked Lord Jersey first, who is, I may say, by far the finest horseman, though not always the boldest rider. He has had a severe illness lately, which has pulled him down very much indeed, and made him look somewhat older: consequently he has not appeared so often in the field as usual: but we must recollect that he is not so young as he was some years ago, when he was always *first and first*, and that even at the end of the most severe runs: in fact, he was always *there*, and not *thereabouts*. I am happy that his Lordship has been successful in his racing affairs of late; I wish him success, should Middleton meet Memnon at Ascot for the Cup, which I am in hopes of.

Yours, H. D.

February 6, 1836.

P. S. Can any subscriber inform me of the shortest time a mile has ever been skated in; and how many have been skated in one hour?

BLOOD OF CRICKETER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Had no sooner despatched my last to you, than I thought of looking into the authorities respecting the blood of *Cricketer*. This you will say I ought to have done sooner, before venturing to correct such high authority as THE OLD FORESTER. I admit it—as also the truth of the old

saying, "What is done in haste, and without due consideration, is never well done." It was fortunate I expressed due humility in questioning the statement of THE OLD FORESTER, that *Cricketer* is a *Whalebone*, or I might have brought myself under the lash of his powerful pen. This was my first reflection: my present object is to appeal to him, or some other of your correspondents, to set me and the *Sporting World* right, as to whether *Cricketer* is by *Octavius* or *Whalebone*; and it is of some importance this should be ascertained before the next volume of the *Racing Calendar* is published.

The dam of *Cricketer* and her blood I was well acquainted with, having been on the point of purchasing *Black-and-all-Black* from my Lord Egremont; and he, I was sure, was an *Octavius*.

As THE OLD FORESTER, in his letter inserted in your January Supplementary Number, alluding to *Cricketer*, adds, "the *Brother to Black-and-all-Black*," in the hurry of the moment, I ventured to add a postscript to my last, and there asserted that *Cricketer* was not a *Whalebone*. *Am I right or wrong is now the point?*

In looking into the last volume of the *Stud Book*, published in 1822, which professes to bring down the stock dropped in 1821, and to shew to what horses the mares were put that year, it certainly should appear that *Cricketer* is a *Whalebone*. Upon perceiving this, Oh! oh! says I, THE OLD FORESTER, NIMROD, even the BIR of a JOCKEY, and a host of contributors to the *Magazine*, will be all upon me. What shall I do to withdraw my postscript? It was so near the end of the month I was sure it would have been useless to

write you again on the subject, as your Number would be in the press. I made up my mind to bear the rebukes which I then apprehended might come against me. If wrong, I could not help thinking others must be in error likewise; accordingly I referred to the *Racing Calendar*; and in the account of Brighton Races, as winner of the Brighton Stakes, to my joy, I saw entered, "Lord Egremont's Brother to *Black-and-all-Black*, by *Octavius*." As winner of the Cup at Goodwood, he is merely stated to be *Brother to Black-and-all-Black*; but in the entry at the First October Meeting, at Newmarket, where *Cricketer* beat Mr. Hunter's *Comus* filly, out of *Sprightly*, and Mr. Greville's *Sister to Faust*, he is again stated to be by *Octavius*. I then bethought me to look at the List of Winning Horses of last year, as given in your *Magazine*, and there I also see *Octavius* gets the credit of being his *Sire*. After this research I began to hope my statement quite correct, concluding naturally enough that the *Stud Book* must be wrong: and I should not have troubled you further on the subject, but meeting George Dockeray, the jockey, with Lord Derby's hounds, as we went from the Hundred Acres, I put the question to him, "How is *Cricketer* bred?"—"He is *Brother to Black-and-all-Black*, and is by *Whalebone*," was his reply. I soon set him right as to *Black-and-all-Black* being an *Octavius* horse; but still he thought *Cricketer* was a *Whalebone*, consequently only Half-Brother to *Black-and-all-Black*. This sufficiently shews the folly I have often deprecated of styling horses brothers, when in truth they are only half-brothers.—One line

in your next can set this subject at rest; and as so much can be accomplished in so small a space, I ought to apologise to your readers for now troubling you at such a length.

I am yours,

A BREWSTER OF COCKTAILS.

February 9, 1826.

DENGIE HUNDRED COURSING MEETING, ESSEX.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

HAVING seen a very imperfect sketch of the Dengie Hundred Coursing Meeting in November, I now send you a more correct account of it, with also the last Meeting in January. Should it suit your convenience, you can insert them in your Magazine.

Your obedient servant,

A MEMBER.

HOCKLEY MARSHES.

NOVEMBER 22, 1825.

Mr. Golding's blk. p. Macedon beat Mr. P. Wright's dun p. Vetch; Mr. C. Parker's dun p. Castor agst Mr. Berkeley's bl. p. Racer—undecided; Mr. Hart's bl. p. Lupin beat Mr. Golding's red p. Major; Mr. Crabb's blk. p. Quiz beat Mr. Wright's red p. Vigo; Mr. Berkeley's bl. b. Romp beat Mr. P. Wright's red b. Venus; Mr. Crabb's bl. p. Quaker beat Mr. Golding's blk. b. Mouse; Mr. Golding's blk. b. Mystery beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Vivaldi; Mr. Berkeley's dun b. Rarity beat Mr. Bygrave's blk. b. Doubtful; Mr. G. Parker's dun d. Claret agst Mr. Golding's blk. d. Marske—undecided; Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Volens beat Mr. Crabb's red d. Quick; Mr. Hart's blk. d. Lofly beat Mr. Golding's blk. d. Marmion; Mr. C. Parker's dun b. Ceres beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Vestal; Mr. Crabb's blk. b. Quibble beat Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. b. Daphne; Mr. Golding's blk. d. Mentor beat Mr. P. Wright's brin. d. Valiant; Mr. C. Parker's red d. Cupid beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Vulcan; Mr. Schriber's blk. d. King beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Viscount; Mr. Crabb's blk. b. Quality beat Mr. Parker's Clara; Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. b. Daphne beat Mr. Smith's br. b. Sweep; Mr. Crabb's Quick beat Mr. P.

Wright's Volens; Mr. Berkeley's Romp beat Mr. B. Bygrave's Lively; Mr. Bushell's dun b. Ugly agst Mr. Bygrave's Actress—undecided; Mr. Malden's w. d. Idia beat Mr. P. Wright's dun d. Vetch; Mr. Berkeley's Racer beat Mr. Bygrave's Lass; Mr. Bygrave's Doubtful beat Mr. Wright's Viscount; Mr. Matson's blk. d. beat Mr. P. Wright's br. d. Valiant; Mr. Bushell's dun b. Ugly beat Mr. Smith's br. b. Sweep.

NOVEMBER 23, 1825.

Mr. Berkeley's bl. d. Racer beat Mr. R. Bygrave's bl. b. Lass; Mr. Golding's red d. Major agst Mr. Crabb's bl. d. Quaker—undecided; Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Vivaldi beat Mr. Parker's dun d. Castor; Mr. Golding's blk. b. Mystery beat Mr. Berkeley's bl. b. Romp; Mr. Hart's blk. d. Lupin beat Mr. P. Wright's red d. Vigo; Mr. Crabb's blk. d. Quiz beat Mr. Golding's blk. d. Macedon; Mr. Malden's w. d. Idia beat Mr. P. Wright's dun d. Vetch; Mr. Golding's blk. b. Mouse beat Mr. Malden's blk. b. Io; Mr. Schriber's blk. d. King beat Mr. Parker's dun b. Claret; Mr. Berkeley's dun b. Rarity beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. b. Vestal; Mr. Golding's blk. d. Marske beat Mr. Parker's red d. Cupid; Mr. Crabb's blk. b. Quibble beat Mr. T. Bygrave's blk. b. Actress; Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. b. Daphne beat Mr. Parker's dun b. Ceres; Mr. Golding's blk. d. Mentor beat Mr. Hart's blk. d. Lofly; Mr. J. Bygrave's blk. b. Doubtful beat Mr. Parker's r. b. Clara; Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Vulcan beat Mr. Crabb's blk. b. Quality; Mr. Crabb's red d. Quick beat Mr. Golding's blk. d. Marmion; Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Volens agst Mr. Berkeley's dun b. Rarity—undecided; Mr. Wille's dun d. Sir Oliver beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Viscount; Mr. Parker's r. d. Cupid beat Mr. P. Wright's blk. d. Vulcan.

MATCHES AT PLUMBOROUGH MARSH, SOUTHMINSTER.

JANUARY 24, 1826.

Mr. Ewen's red b. Nell beat Mr. Wright's brin. b. Viz; Mr. Vachell's blk. d. Pilgrim beat Mr. Ewen's r. d. Nemo; Mr. Crabb's r. d. Quick beat Mr. Schriber's b. d. King; Mr. P. Wright's b. d. Volens beat Mr. R. Wille's d. d. Sir Oliver; Mr. Tasker's bl. and w. d. Zebedee beat Mr. Wright's blk. d. Viscount; Mr. Crabb's bl. d. Quaker agst Mr. Malden's r. and w. d. Ibis—undecided; Mr. Ewen's r. d. Nestor beat Mr. Crabb's d. d. Quiet; Mr. Golding's blk. d. Marske beat Mr. P. Wright's r. d. Shy; Mr. Golding's blk. d. Macedon agst Mr. Tasker's brin. d. Zedock—undecided; Mr. Tasker's w. b. Zephyr beat Mr. Vachell's bl. b. Fuss; Mr. Crabb's blk. b. Quality beat Mr. S. Wright's

R r

L. b. Sting; Mr. Wright's red d. **Vigo** beat Mr. C. Hurrell's blk. d. **Why not;** Mr. Ewen's br. and w. b. **Norma** beat Mr. Kelly's d. **Crocus;** Mr. Sach's bl. b. **Elfred** beat Mr. Crabb's b. b. **Quibble;** Mr. Golding's r. d. **Major** beat Mr. Crabb's blk. d. **Quietus;** Mr. Tasker's bl. d. **Zanga** beat Mr. Berkeley's d. b. **Rarity;** Mr. Vachell's blk. d. **Plover** beat Mr. Golding's b. d. **Mentor;** Mr. Golding's blk. b. **Mouse** agst Mr. Berkeley's bl. b. **Romp**—undecided; Mr. Vachell's blk. b. **Phoenix** beat Mr. Tasker's r. b. **Zebra;** Mr. S. Wright's blk. d. **Scaramouch** beat Mr. H. Firmin's blk. and w. d. **Spring;** Mr. Crabb's b. d. **Quiz** agst Mr. Wright's b. d. **Vivaldi**—undecided; Mr. Berkeley's bl. d. **Racer** agst Mr. H. Firmin's bl. b. **Maid**—undecided; Mr. Golding's blk. d. **Marmion** agst Mr. Wright's b. d. **Vulcan**—undecided.

A fog prevented the decision in many cases.

MATCHES AT SHELL MARSH, DENGIE.

JANUARY 25, 1826.

Mr. Ewen's r. d. **Nectar** beat Mr. Kelly's **Crocus;** Mr. Hart's **Lupin** beat Mr. Kelly's r. d. **Pilot;** Mr. Hart's bl. d. **Leo** agst Mr. Kelly's r. d. **Zealous**—no course; Mr. Kelly's r. b. **Vixen** beat Mr. Golding's b. b. **Mystery;** Mr. Jackson's r. b. **Jade** beat Mr. Bygrave's b. b. **Damned;** Mr. Sach's b. d. **Edward** beat Mr. Wright's (Mr. Brightner's) **Spring;** Mr. Maiden's r. and w. b. **Ibis** beat Mr. Berkeley's b. d. **Rival;** Mr. Sach's b. b. **Ellen** agst Mr. Burchell's dun d. **Ugly**—undecided; Mr. Tasker's w. b. **Zephyr** beat Mr. Firmin's b. b. **Maid;** Mr. S. Wright's blk. d. **Scaramouch** beat Mr. Golding's b. d. **Mentor;** Mr. Vachell's b. d. **Plover** agst Mr. Crabb's r. d. **Quick**—no course; Mr. Wright's br. b. **Viz** agst Mr. Berkeley's d. b. **Rarity**—undecided; Mr. Vachell's b. b. **Phoenix** beat Mr. Tasker's b. b. **Zanga;** Mr. Crabb's b. d. **Quiz** beat Mr. Wright's b. d. **Vivaldi;** Mr. Golding's b. d. **Marmion** beat Mr. Wright's b. d. **Vulcan;** Mr. Wright's b. d. **Volens** beat Mr. Berkeley's b. d. **Racer;** Mr. Crabb's b. b. **Quibble** beat Mr. Tasker's r. b. **Zebra;** Mr. Berkeley's b. b. **Romp** beat Mr. Golding's b. b. **Mouse;** Mr. Vachell's b. d. **Pilgrim** beat Mr. Wright's r. d. **Vigo;** Mr. Tasker's b. and w. d. **Zebedee** beat Mr. Wright's b. d. **Viscount;** Mr. S. Wright's **Sting** agst Mr. Bygrave's b. b. **Actress**—undecided; Mr. Tasker's br. d. **Zadock** beat Mr. Golding's b. d. **Macedon;** Mr. C. Hurrell's b. b. **Wildfire** beat Mr. Ewen's r. b. **Nell;** Mr. Golding's b. d. **Marake** beat Mr. Crabb's b. d. **Quietus;** Mr. Crabb's **Quality** beat Mr. Ewen's **Nancy;**

Mr. H. Firmin's b. and w. d. **Spring** beat Mr. Kelly's **Sprightly.**

The matches were in excellent order, and the horses ran very strong. If good ground, good condition in the dogs, and well tempered seal in the owners, can ensure sport, the **Dangie Hundred Meeting** are entitled to it; and, I believe, the oldest Member had never seen any superior, either there or elsewhere. If they cannot boast the honor of striving for a *Cup* in the morning, the *rise inter posita* never occur in the evening, which is always crowned with mirth and good humour.

THE NAMES OF RACERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IT is probable that many persons find it exceedingly difficult to remember the pedigree of horses. The labour might be facilitated by some such expedient as the following:—Let the name of the son commence with the same letter as that of the sire—for instance: **Haphazard**—**Helter-skelter**—**Haram-skarum**—**Heigho**—**Harpoon** (no bad omen)—**Hairbrain**: or, if fillies, **Harem**—**Harridan**—**Harmony**, &c. To take the same letter is the most simple way, and that which might be most universal. Analogy would be more desirable on some accounts; but not only would this be very fanciful, and sometimes remote, but a vast number of those who frequent the course would not have brains enough for the plan. Thus, there is some analogy between the first names above, and some—not very distant—between the two first of the fillies. It would not be difficult to make the second letter the same with the first of the dam's

name—thus: “Oracle, by Sowercer, out of Emily,” might have been called Serpent, or Governe, or Sesturce; or, if the names of sire and dam both commence with a consonant, the letter o might be inserted for “out of,” and this would be advantageous: thus—“Longwaist, by Whalebone, out of Nancy,” might have been named Wonder, or Wontner.

If these hints be of any use—
his would.

LOVE-MASH.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A THOROUGH-BRED HORSE?

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
 SIR,

I submit the following subject for the consideration of your readers—viz. What does the term *thorough-bred* mean? I have never heard or read a satisfactory explanation of it, and I think it is now high time it should be correctly understood in the *Sporting World*, and that a proper definition of the term should come from authority, such as the Jockey Club, so that the point be settled for ever. It is held by some authors that *thorough-bred* signifies a horse whose progenitors are *all* descended from Arabians, Turks, or Barbs. Others insist that the progenitors must be of *pure blood* seven generations back.

I believe there are several horses and mares that have figured away in public as thorough-bred—and certainly some of them may well be supposed such, from their excellent running. I allude particularly to Dunsinane, Don Juan, and others, out of Peteren. Now, I should like to know, with reference to the above definitions, whether these two horses are to be considered

thorough-bred, or cocktalls? For it appears, on examining their pedigree, that Mary Grey, the dam of Peteren, was got by Friar; but it is quite unknown how Friar's dam was bred.

Again: Mary Grey's grandam was Sister to Noble, and got by Gamahoe; but how were Noble's dam and Gamahoe bred? We are told that Gamahoe was a very celebrated stallion, and among the first of any repute in Ireland; and we all know that Mr. Kirwan's grey horse Friar was about the best horse that ever ran in Ireland, and was also a superior stallion there; yet their dams may possibly have been only half-bred. Some years ago I was informed by an Irish jockey, that Friar was out of a well-bred mare in Lord Drogheda's stud; and this is all that I could ever learn of her.

It would be very desirable if any of your Irish correspondents could give some satisfactory account or pedigree of Friar, Noble, and Gamahoe, as it is a question that may occur soon—viz. Whether the produce got by Don Juan, out of a thorough-bred mare, be qualified to run for a cocktail stake, or not? and on whom will rest the *onus probandi* that the qualification is sufficient or not?

I am, Sir, yours, &c. D.
 North, Feb. 10, 1826.

CLIPPING, AND CONDITION.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
 SIR,

THE Condition of Hunters being a subject at all times the ambition of sportsmen, and at the present time a favorite one of your Magazine, I trust I shall not intrude in offering a few remarks on the subject, which are derived from ex-

performed the treatment of a mare I have in my possession. I purchased her late in the autumn of last year, with a very long coat on her back, and very much out of condition; and, being anxious to improve her, and make her fit for work this season, though I did not expect to be carried brilliantly (although few better, I believe, were ever crossed), I adopted the following plan:—Being, as I have before mentioned, much out of condition, accompanied with considerable weakness, I gave her only one mild dose of medicine—viz. six drachms of aloes; and, in the course of a fortnight afterwards, I put her on good keep, and gradually increased her corn, until she was upon what I shall call *full feed*, eating daily one peck and a half of oats and beans—her work accordingly proportionate. She increased in flesh rapidly, but not of the right sort, being loose and soft. Up to the end of December every effort was used to get her into condition without effect: the most moderate gallop made her sweat profusely; and, after a day's hunting, it was more than four hours' work for two men to dry her; and when got dry, she regularly broke out again, and continued in a wet state for most of the night. I should not omit to mention, that during the month of November she took a course of tonic medicine for upwards of three weeks (bark and gentian in equal parts), in a ball given daily.

I was at last persuaded to have her clipped. Although I did not much like the idea, yet, rather than have the trouble that each day's hunting gave, I consented, and the result has been beyond my most sanguine expectations. Her flesh has become hard and muscu-

lar; her sweatings very considerably less; and she dries in a very moderate time: indeed I seldom bring her home wet.

Now, Sir, I attribute this sudden and wonderful change (for I perceived an evident alteration in her within a fortnight after the clipping took place) in a great measure to the clipping; and although the strengthening system adopted previously must have had some good effect, I feel assured that had she not been clipped I should have had the same trouble with her the whole of the season.

I quite agree with NIMRON, that a natural short coat is best, and looks best, although it would take a quick-sighted man to discover that the mare in question is clipped, she is so neatly and regularly done—far superior to any I ever before have seen; and if I live till next season I will have her in clipping condition, with one which I think every one may have by summering their horses in doors, and a proper attention to them at the early part of the season. But should it ever be my misfortune again to buy a horse with a long coat near the commencement of the season, I certainly would immediately have him clipped; and strongly recommend those similarly situated to adopt the same plan: being convinced that the length of the coat is of greater importance in getting horses into condition than is generally acknowledged. I have three times given the alterative balls recommended by NIMRON, and on each occasion sickness and a refusal of their food have been the result. I have since taken to the simple diuretic balls in their place.

Hoping soon again to hear from NIMRON on his favourite subject I

remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant, and admirer of your work;

A WARWICKSHIRE MAN.

P. S. Will any of your correspondents give their ideas on the kibbling of horses' corn? It appears to be a good plan of feeding a horse; but, *Quere*, does it at all affect their wind when used for hunting?

THE STALLION CATTON.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

A Friend of mine having sent me your Magazine of January last, vol. 17, wherein I find, in p. 137, a letter, signed A TYKE, with the following:—"The South need not be proud of Catton, the rising stallion of the North (as TURF calls him), since, besides Homer and King Catton, he has never got a fair one. Homer's running for the Cup at Richmond brought him to his proper level; and King Catton's running for the Two-year-old Stakes sank him a little. In fact, so little is Catton's blood sought after, that in 1818 Catton's own brother ran the stage between Doncaster and Ferrybridge, as near leader in the York Nelson."

This, Mr. Editor, I assure you, is wholly unfounded. Catton never had but two own brothers, one of which died when a foal; the other is Kexby, which could race a little, having won twice, and was several times second. Kexby has since been a valuable hunter; so much so, that Lord Scarbrough could have had at one time 500 guineas for him. He is yet a good hunter in Mr. Foljambe's stud, as well as a stallion in the season. He has got several good hunters; but no blood mares, that I know of, have

been put to him, except one of Lord Scarbrough's, which produced a tolerable racer, having won the Sapping at York at three years old, and never was trained after that year, but taken for a hunter, which Lord Scarbrough has now for his own riding.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SAM KING.

* * We have omitted the remainder of our Correspondent's letter, having closed the discussion on the merits of Northern and Southern horses.

A DAY'S HUNTING IN ESSEX.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

SHOULD you deem these few remarks worthy a corner in your amusing columns, you will particularly oblige an old Fox-hunter and a Constant Reader.

The writer of this narrative, ten or twelve years since, used to be in the habits of hunting with the Essex Hounds, the proprietor of whom, Colonel Cook, carried it on with the greatest spirit, surrounded as he was by gentlemen of rank and independent property, who used to take the greatest delight in the enjoyment of the chase: but, as such a long period of time has elapsed since, I do not deem it necessary to go into the merits of one of the finest packs of hounds that ever unkenelled a fox. Business calling me to the smoky regions of London, I found it too far for me to ride to join them, and consequently was either obliged to content myself with currant-jelly hunting, or else join the fox-hounds in Croydon, or its neighbourhood—a country I never could admire: so much so, that formerly, where I was in the habit of partaking of

this maddening diversion throughout the season, twice or thrice a week, I have now, for some months, gone week after week without ever hearing a view halloo. I ought here to inform my readers, that I am the wrong side of fifty to be able to ride without fear up and down those steep precipices which, in my boyhood, I should have considered as mere mole-hills; or they may conceive that I never could have been an admirer of one of the greatest pleasures this life can possibly afford. I have often, since I left Essex, had opportunities of hearing of the excellent sport these hounds have shewn the country.

It was not till the early part of this season, when business called me down to Cambridge, that I was enabled to make any particular inquiry about the sport they have had for the last two or three years; but passing through Epping on my return, I was much gratified to see between twenty and thirty horses in the finest condition possible. Being on the box, I was induced to make some inquiry of the coachman, and I found the hounds that hunted that part of the country were a subscription pack; but the gentleman who has the management of them, possessing very large property, contributes very liberally, in order that every thing may be in the first style of elegance. He lives in a very large house called Copt Hall, a beautiful seat, situated in the centre of an extensive park, about two miles to the left of the entrance to Epping, from town. While we were waiting a few seconds at the Cock at Epping, the horses I before alluded to overtook us, and stopping for a moment, I had time to admire them, several of which belonged to Mr. Conyers, the master of the hounds.

I found, that during the hunting season, Epping is the grand depot where most of the gentlemen who live at a distance keep their hunters being in the central part of the hunt, with excellent accommodation.

Hearing that the ensuing week was almost sure of producing excellent sport if the weather proved favorable, as they were to meet at some of their best coverts, I was inspired with a wish once more to have a day's hunt in the country which, in my opinion, for fox-hunting ranks next to Leicestershire. Accordingly I sent my hunter over-night to Epping Place, to be in readiness for the following day.

Having hunted over that part of the country so often, and with such good success, I must confess I left the breakfast table with the full anticipation of a good day's sport, particularly as it was one of those delightful mornings when "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" promised every thing that was pleasant to the pursuers of reynard. Accordingly I joined the hounds as they were on their way to Mann Wood covert, belonging to B. B. Quare, Esq. situate partly in the parish of Matching, and partly in that of White Roothing, about eleven miles from the kennel. Having got into conversation with Holmes, the huntsman, on the road thither, whom I found civil and intelligent, I learnt from him, that the present season had produced less sport than for many previous years, owing to the badness of the scent, a complaint not only in Essex, but I believe in all hunting countries. I could not but admire the beautiful appearance of the hounds. I think a finer pack is not possible to be met with. They are large hounds; but,

from the heavy country they have to work through, well calculated for their business. We were joined by about twenty sportsmen before we reached the place of meeting (Matching Green); and when arrived there, a more beautiful view could not be presented. Between seventy and eighty Gentlemen, in the uniform of the hunt, (scarlet coats with white collars,) waited our arrival, besides the appearance of several carriages, which very much enlivened the scene. Many having partaken of refreshment at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Quare, we proceeded to the covert side, a distance of about a mile. The hounds had not been in many minutes before a fox stole away, but, from the very indifferent scent, we were unsuccessful in hitting him off, and it was thought advisable to go to the neighbouring covert, Mann Wood. On the way thither, a favorite bitch having hit on the scent, it was pretty evident reynard had taken this rout a very short time before us, and away we scampered in a devil of a hurry. However, the covert not being above a mile and a half off, allowed us no chance of getting near him. Here we ran him in covert for some time. At last he made away again in pretty style for Brickles, the covert wherein we found him; and it was not till he was very hard pressed that he was willing to leave it. At length he was viewed away, taking the country through Envals and Wood End, leaving Forest Hall to the left, and thence to Blake's Hall, through several small coverts, and to Ongar Park, where we lost him, owing to the badness of the scent.

I had not that opportunity of observing the hounds I anticipated,

but what they had to do they did in a manner highly creditable to themselves and their huntsman; the badness of the scent did not allow the horses to shew themselves off; but there were some in the field well calculated for the country, and their riders seemed no novices at the sport. The most prominent to me (a stranger) was a neighbouring Clergyman of the name of A—kw—ght, and I felt convinced that if I could manage to keep him in view, I should be pretty well placed at the death. A gentleman of the name of B—rw—ll also claimed my attention, from the very bold manner in which he rode; but it was evident, although very well mounted, it was impossible for any horse to carry his rider through a long day over such a stiff country, he being no feather weight. It would take up too much space were I to enumerate the riders who struck me as most distinguished in the field; none, however, seemed to be better mounted than Doctor Quare (or Quire), and his son, the latter on one of the handsomest little bay horses I ever met with, and which seemed as fresh at the conclusion of the day's sport as when he left his stable; but much of this may be attributed to the sportsmanlike manner with which he was managed.

NIMRON's advice of riding round, in preference to crossing the heavy fallows, may in many instances be followed in this country with the most beneficial results.

The day had so far advanced when we lost our fox, that every one's thoughts were turned towards home, and myself, with several others, made the best of our way to Epping, where I dined, and thought of the pleasures of fox-hunting.

I am, Sir, a constant reader of the *Sporting Magazine*, and an
OLD FOX-HUNTER.

Feb. 1, 1886.

REMARKS ON THE LETTER OF
A "BREEDER OF COCKTAILS."

By the OLD FORESTER.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

AMONG the many admirable articles inserted in your Number for this month, the letter under the above signature particularly struck my attention: the more so, as, in cutting open the leaves, I find myself partly accused by him of a fearful blunder in my letter of December last. As to the controversy which the North and South have carried on for some time past, I agree most cordially with him that it has endured long enough. Both parties are indebted to each other for some of their best brood mares and stallions. The North-country breeders have certainly acted with great liberality: as, whenever a South-country horse of note does cover for a season in the North, he has invariably every advantage given him, by their sending the best mares to him. The sneering and the abuse cast against Filho da Puta as a race horse by the various supporters of the South, argue ignorance and prejudice:—*ignorance*, in not claiming him as their own; *prejudice*, in forgetting his brilliant victories, and magnifying his subsequent defeats, which were owing considerably to his legs (like other large horses trained too early) having failed him.

His winning the St. Leger in a canter, and beating Dr. Syntax at Richmond for the Cup—having bolted and fallen down during the

race—seem to have been sunk in the shade, because, at 7lbs., he was beat by half a neck only by Sir Joshua, who had proved himself 4lbs. a better horse than the winner of the Derby—Whisker. The makers of that match at Newmarket must have thought highly of his powers; having also, in their Handicap for the first class of the Outlands, placed him at nearly even weights to run *the Dutch-In* with Cannon Ball and Wanderer—one two, and the other a year older than himself—and at 11lbs. better than Whisker in the match. When suffering severely from illness he was defeated by Dr. Syntax; but he beat Rinaldo very easy in the race at Preston; and in his last running at Richmond, his being amies only gave the race to The Duchess and Leopold, both of them first rate. Being the sire of *winning horses* out of *all sorts* of mares, he stands sufficiently prominent as a stallion.

I now proceed to take notice of the BREEDER OF COCKTAILS' idea of instituting races for half-bred horses—a plan I formerly recommended. About four years ago I was consulted as to the practicability of forming such stakes, during a visit to Ascot races. My friend was that year steward of Ludlow races. My plan was to be a Sweepstakes of —gs. each, to be run for at four years old, by the produce of half-bred mares, or got by half-bred horses, foaled in the adjoining counties. I particularly insisted that the stakes should be low, in order to induce farmers, who might happen to possess a good mare, to subscribe. In spite of a good deal of quizzing at the Ordinary, he wrote me word that the stakes were formed and well filled immediately. By turning

to the Racing Calendar for 1822, page 313, I see advertised—**“LUDLOW, 1827.—A Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, half forfeit, for the produce of half-bred mares covered in 1822, to be foaled in the counties of Salop, &c. &c. &c. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 4lb.—No produce, no forfeit—once round and a distance. Description, or failure, of produce to be declared to Mr. Weatherby, or the Clerk of the Course, on or before the last day of Ludlow races 1823.”**

Seventeen mares were nominated for these stakes.—The Racing Calendars of the succeeding years are silent on these stakes; and I should be obliged to any of your correspondents in that part of the world to inform me whether they were dropped or not. Other stakes on a similar plan I see formed both at the Lambton Park Meeting and at Worcester.

The BREEDER OF COCKTAILS seems sadly to have misunderstood me about Cricketer—I spoke of him as the brother of Black-and-all-Black; shewing thereby that I consider him got by Octavius, and for that reason as likely to keep his good running longer than the other young ones of Lord Egremont's. In volume xv. p. 40, of your Magazine, I have taken notice of Octavius being so much neglected by breeders. The most racing-like Cocktail I ever saw was got by him—St. Leger. His having that name given him was singular enough; Mr. Duncombe was to have him and another, at an enormous price, if Tancred won the St. Leger; but if not, for nothing. I had heard the story previous to Doncaster races, and his subsequent name confirmed the truth of it.

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Before I close my letter, allow me to offer my thanks to Mr. Hanckey Smith, for his very useful book. So far from being a defect, its being a compilation from the Stud Book makes it more valuable. Very few will take the trouble to wade through so bulky a volume as the Stud Book, or the old volumes of the Racing Calendar. In his book he gives us the concentrated essences of those works. I have only just got the book; and I can certainly strongly recommend it to the notice of all Tyros on the Turf. The price is certainly too high: had it been printed in 12mo, at half the price, it would have a far greater sale—to say nothing of its being more portable. I have now only to subscribe myself,

Yours sincerely,

THE OLD FOMESTER.

P.S. A few practical observations on breeding, and the management of cock-fighting, in my humble opinion, are rather wanted in your pages, as that amusement is decidedly on the increase, in spite of Mr. Martin and the Saints.

THE GAZINGTON PACK.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

BY inserting the underwritten you will greatly oblige an old and constant subscriber to your valuable Magazine.

As a lover of the chase, I cannot see without regret any practice, carried on unnoticed, which tends to the injury of that noble amusement; and although the particular circumstances to which I allude can effect only a single district, I hope that if the same evil prevails in any other place, by pointing out the errors of one case, I may be of general service to the public.

S s

In consequence of the restriction laid by College discipline upon *some* gentlemen of the University of Oxford, they have been unable to join the regular hunts in the neighbourhood; and to remedy this, a few couple of hounds, collected from various quarters, have been established under the name of the *Gazington Pack*. It is a matter of indifference to these gentlemen, while breaking down the fences of the adjoining country, whether the game they pursue is a man, stag, herring, or fox. Of these the three first may be harmless; but

when large sums of money are expended in preserving the country, is it fair?—is it what may be expected from true sportsmen?—that, by paying a considerable price, they should encourage those who will catch foxes from the nearest coverts, knowing that they have immediate sale for them? We must all be surprised that such a system has been carried on; and I sincerely hope that a hint being taken from this, the evil will no longer continue.

I am, &c.

A FRIEND TO FOXES.

NIMROD'S SECOND TOUR.

(Continued from page 274.)

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

SUCH is the ready communication at present, by coaches, between all parts of this kingdom, that, if I leave my own house at seven o'clock in the morning, I am at Shrewsbury—a distance of one hundred and forty miles—in time to have five hours' bed before the world is stirring, which John Lockley says is rest enough for a threshers. On the second of January, therefore, I got upon the *Hibernia* at Oxford, on my road to Shrewsbury Hunt. As may be expected, nothing particular happened on the road, further than my meeting my old acquaintance Jack White* on this coach—a coachman of more than ordinary powers, and of whom, a brother Whip emphatically says, "So long as a horse has life and wind in him, and Jack White behind him, *he must go*." The night was more than usually dark, and (I was glad to

see it) so great was the number of fires among the Staffordshire Iron Works, that nothing was wanting but some harpies hovering round the coach, to make me imagine, that, instead of going to amuse myself at Shrewsbury Hunt, I was arrived on a visit to Pluto in his kingdom below.

The Gentlemen of the Hunt not assembling until the third, I stopped short at Shiffnal, and hunted with Mr. Boycott's hounds on that day, which met within four miles of the place. Of Mr. Boycott I have spoken before; and when I say that the first—and perhaps for his size the best—horse I ever possessed was a gift from him, it is unnecessary to add that we are old acquaintances.

The following is all I know of Mr. Boycott's present establishment. On Sir Bellingham Graham giving up what is called the Shiffnal country, last season, Mr. Boycott took to it, with a sub-

* Eleven years on the Shrewsbury Union.

scription, and he keeps the hounds at Rudge, his seat on the Bridgenorth side the country, and hunts three days a week. His pack was purchased from a gentleman by the name of Nunn, in the neighbourhood of Colchester, in Essex, and to which he has added some drafts from one or two other kennels. He hunts them himself, assisted by Lord Middleton's late celebrated whipper-in, Zac, and Skinner, late whipper-in to Mr. Hay, in the Woore country.

When a man leaves home for three months hunting in distant parts, and one of those months turns up a frost, he is sadly put out in his reckoning. But for this, I should have accepted the invitation of my very old friend, Mr. Giffard of Chillington, and seen a week with Mr. Boycott. As it is, however, I have nothing to relate but from hearsay, or from what little I could observe in one day's hunting with his pack, when we had nothing in the shape of sport.

Our place of meeting was in the Bridgenorth country, whence, after drawing blank one or two small coverts, we proceeded to Apley Castle, the magnificent seat of Mr. Whitmore, M.P. for Bridgenorth, whose extensive woods we also drew without a touch. Mr. Whitmore—I am sorry to say it—has relinquished the noble sport of fox-hunting, of which he was once such an admirer; but his younger brother still sticks to the brush; and I hope, for the honour of Shropshire, we shall never be without a descendant of “the mighty Belesme” in the field. We got on the stale scent of a fox afterwards—just enough to tantalize us—and thus ended the draw.

I was given to understand that the hounds Mr. Boycott had out of Essex, brought with them a very good character for hunting, but not much else. They are very uneven to the eye, and their condition was wretched. In short they were all but diseased. The unevenness to the eye cannot, of course, be remedied in this short time; but I must give Mr. Boycott and Zac great credit for bringing them to covert in the clean and wholesome state in which I saw them on the 3d of January; and, considering the season, I understand they have had quite their share of sport. On Saturday the 4th instant; indeed, they had a particularly fine run from the Lizard, which I was sorry to hear had floored a good many horses. Before I quit my old friend and his hounds, it gives me pleasure to be able to add, that I understand from all quarters that he is very popular in the field, which, for the good of the cause, I always rejoice to find.

After this day's hunting (if such it could be called) Mr. Boycott drove me in his gig to Shrewsbury, whither he was going to attend the Hunt Meeting, and I on a visit to my old friend Sir Bellingham Graham. Sir B. resides in a very commodious house within a mile and a half of Shrewsbury—the property of an honest lawyer*; but I found him not in the most comfortable situation I ever saw him in. He was sitting, half asleep, by his fire side, having, for the first time in his life, entirely lost his hounds, and missed one of the finest runs they had had for some time. The fact was, they had slipped away down wind, at a ripping pace; and taking a moor

* Mr. Lordale, Town Clerk of Shrewsbury—a gentleman standing high in the opinion of the county.

severe country, all against the collar, his chance of catching them was at an end; so he came home.

At six o'clock on this day we drove into Shrewsbury, and met a very large party at dinner at the Lion Inn. This meeting (in distinction to the old established one, "The Shrewsbury Hunt," held annually in November) is called "The Shropshire Hunt," in compliment, I suppose, to the Shropshire hounds, which those kept by Sir Bellingham Graham are now termed, and consists at present of about thirty members—forty being the limit. Sir Rowland Hill, Member for the county, was the president of this year: the dinner was a sumptuous one: and the evening was passed as such evenings in such society generally are.

Wednesday the 4th, Sir Bellingham's hounds met at the Fox on the Ellesmere road, four miles from Shrewsbury. The morning was awkward, and the fallows hard, but we had a sharp thing for about twenty-five minutes, and lost by an untoward check. Nothing worth speaking of afterwards. My horses up to this period were so short of work that I was glad to find riders for them, so mounted Mr. Norbury (an excellent horseman, but whose horses were with Lord Anson) on this day.

I would not, if I could, (but that day is gone by,) attempt to go first, as I should deprive myself of the opportunity of making my observations on the performances of others. On this day I was much struck with the workmanship of a youth about fourteen years old, apparently the son of a Shropshire Yeoman. It was somewhat singular, that, on inquiring his name

from Mr. Evered Feilding, I was informed by him that he was the nephew of a Mr. Stephen Matthews, a respectable Shropshire Yeoman, then close by my side. Mr. Matthews* himself is capital over a country; and I ventured to tell him his nephew will make quite a first-rate performer. He put his mare at her fences in a most workmanlike manner, and displayed a method of handling her very rare at his time of life. Knowing where I could have placed her, I asked him if he would sell his little mare; when he shook his head, and said, "No, never." We had a large field on this day, and a good many clever horses were out.

The gentlemen of the Hunt met again at dinner on this day; but Sir Bellingham, in consideration of the week's work before him (the fixtures being for six days in succession), voted, that we dined quietly at home—particularly as the next night was the ball, which was certain to intrude upon "the little hours." This, perhaps, was fortunate; for, towards the heel of this evening a storm arose, and slugs in a saw-pit, instead of fox-hunting, was to have been the order of the forthcoming day. I was sorry to hear it; for fighting and fox-hunting are very opposite pursuits; and Euripides observes, that Mars, though a favorite with Venus, is never seen in company with Bacchus.

On Thursday, the 5th, Sir Bellingham met at Sundorn, the seat of the late Mr. Corbet, who so many years hunted Warwickshire. We found immediately, and went very sharply away to Haman hill, where, under the shelf of the pro-

* Sir Bellingham Graham told me that nobody could be much better than Stephen Matthews, over a close country; and I wish his black mare was in my stud, and he had a better in her place.

cipice, the pack divided, and, unseen by every one but the first whipper-in, all but six couples and a half went away to Attingham (Lord Berwick's), with a fresh fox. Strange to say, we ran the hunted fox for more than an hour, with these six couples and a half, through a long chain of coverts; and there is no doubt but we should have killed him, had we not again changed. The scent was a burning one; and by not having the body of the hounds, the lovers of fox-hunting lost a great treat, for it was an excellent morning for hearing them, and the deep notes of the dog pack—which we had on this day—would have made the welkin ring.

An opportunity was afforded me this day of rendering a service to a brother sportsman in distress, which was very grateful to my feelings. That first-rate horseman, Mr. George Forester, was by the covert's side, but, by some means or other, disappointed of his horse. Having two out, I mounted him upon one of them, and he did me the honour to say he was never better carried. Indeed he spoke so highly of my horse in the party with whom he dined, that I was offered a very sporting price for him that evening at the ball. I also had another gratification on that day. This was in mounting the third son of the late Mr. Corbet, of Sundorn, now at Eton; and if we could but have had a splitter, I have reason to believe he would have shored the little mare over the country at a wonderful rate.

Sir Bellingham and myself met a large party at dinner at Sun-

dorn Castle on this day, whence we proceeded to the ball. I had not set my foot in this splendid mansion (certainly one of the finest places in England) since the days of that justly-esteemed sportsman who so many years possessed it, and whose memory—not only as a sportsman—is so dear to his friends. The only alteration I perceived was, that the beautiful drawing rooms had been newly furnished under the presiding judgment and the well-known taste of Mrs. Corbet (his widow), who now, with her four sons and one daughter, resides in the house, and where the former munificence of the establishment seems by no means diminished. Some alterations have certainly taken place, produced by the sweeping hand of Time. Instead of sixty couples of the blood of the Trojans, with Will Barrow at their head, the kennel contains a small pack of harriers kept by the present Mr. Corbet. *Fuit Ilium*, et ingens gloria Teucrum*: "The glory of Troy is no more;" and Will Barrow is dead!

Reader, excuse my wanderings; we all have our moments of weakness. Doubtless, however, you would like to hear what was the finish of the noted Will Barrow, whose halloo so often thrilled through my soul. He, like my friend Mr. West, also descended † in the scale, and, from a huntsman to fox-hounds, became huntsman to the present Mr. Corbet's harriers; and an excellent one he was supposed to be. In following them one day last year, his horse fell with him, and in three weeks he was in his grave. Ye fates, how cruel! Will

* The late Mr. Corbet was called, amongst his friends, "the Father of the Trojans"—alluding to the many hounds he bred from his celebrated bound Trojan. See my account of Warwickshire, as a hunting country—Vol. xi.

† There are more ways than one of descending in the scale. My friend Mr. West descends in one scale, when seventeen stone weight is placed in the other.

Barrow (as he *lived* so well with them) should have *died* with fox-hounds; and like his old fellow-servant, the famous Will Moody, the brush of his last fox should have waved among his funeral plumes:—

“For could we choose the time, and choose
aright,
“‘Tis best to die, our honour at the
height.”

The most extraordinary part of Will Barrow's history is yet to come. In boxes in which he kept his clothes, in old stockings, and in all sorts of odd places, was property to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds found at his decease, besides suits of clothes—many of them never put on—sufficient for a parish!! It appears that he had not taken any steps to increase his property, by placing his money at interest; neither had he any wish to settle himself in a farm, or any other respectable situation in life; but seemed to think his favorite saddle room and the servants' hall at Sundorn quite good enough for him. His bones repose in the church yard at Uffington, about a mile from Sundorn, and on the headstone of his tomb are the following lines:—

Of this world's pleasure I have had my
share,

For few the sorrows I was doom'd to bear:
How oft I have enjoy'd the noble chase
Of hounds and foxes, each striving for the
race!

But the knell of Death calls me away;
So, sportsmen, farewell!—I must obey.

On the evening I have been speaking of, we had a very jovial party at Sundorn, and I must admit that I never spent a pleasanter hour. As a proof of our mirth, Mrs. Corbet told me, with the greatest good humour, that since she had known Sundorn, she had never heard the sound of voices

from the dining room to the drawing room before that day; but the fact was, that when any good anecdote was related of a sporting nature, one of the young Trojans (and there were four in the room) would put his finger in his ear, and cheer it with a halloo that made the old castle ring.

The pen of NIMROD cannot fail in being somewhat lavish of its praise of so sporting a county as Shropshire; and therefore his readers must make all due allowances. In the first place, there may be seen in it—all on the same day—*four packs of fox-hounds**. In the next, there are two Hunt weeks in the year at Shrewsbury—attended by almost all the Gentlemen of rank and property in that and the neighbouring counties—each week also affording a splendid ball and supper for the ladies. The Old Hunt meets in November, and several pleasant days have I passed at it. The young one (as some call it) was only established last year; but its ball is considered the best, being the more select of the two. The uniform of the members is also a set-off to a hall room, being a scarlet coat, buff waistcoat and breeches, with gilt knee buckles, and handsome uniform buttons to all. The Champagne also travels at a merry pace in the supper room, which is not the case among the “old ones.” In short, the *tout ensemble* is quite imposing for the country.

We have often heard of “The Proud Salopians;” but, in truth, they have something to be proud of; for of them it may be said—exclusive of their sporting qualifications—that most of their sons are valiant, and most of their

* Viz. Sir B. Graham's, Sir Richard Puleston's, Mr. Boycott's, and Mr. Wickstead's.

daughters handsome. Certain it is, that in no county ball rooms which I have occasionally visited, have I seen so many fine women as the Shrewsbury ball room exhibits; and the one in question—at which our Sundorn party arrived about eleven o'clock—was no exception to the rule. I could name a few; but the Ladies—however the Gentlemen may fare—must not be shewn up in the *Sporting Magazine*. I may be allowed, however, to allude to one who was pointed out to me by no bad judge of female form, and who I understood had made her *debüt** on that night. As I am writing on the 14th of February, I may be allowed to be poetical; and if I had been permitted to have addressed her as my Valentine, I would have told her,

"Her form was fresher than the morning
rose,
When the dew wets its leaves—unstained
and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow."

Joy is a pleasing emotion; I abandon myself to it whenever I can, and I was never more up to the mark than on the 5th of January, at Shrewsbury Hunt Ball. I was surrounded by many old friends, and greeted by many new ones, as the staunch friend of fox-hunting, which they may be assured I shall ever continue. I was come to spend a month with one of the best sportsmen of the present, or perhaps of any other, age; and if I had suffered myself to have wandered into the regions of Fancy, I could almost have imagined that I were arrived in Elysium. There are, however, joys of the present, and joys that are past—the me-

moty of the latter "pleasant, but mournful to the soul." In the midst of the banquet I cast my eyes round the supper-room, and fixed them on the print of the Father of the Trojans—in the act of finding his fox—which was suspended over the fire-place. "Oh! that I could hear that well-known scream again!" said I, within my own breast. No one could hear me, therefore there was no dissembling; but as the wish was a hopeless one, I filled a bumper of Champagne, and standing opposite to the picture, drank, in solemn silence, to the memory of John Corbet.

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics
of joy,
Bright beams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow
and care,
To bring back the features that joy used
to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd,
Like the vase in which roses have once
been distill'd!
You may break, you may ruin, the vase, if
you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round
it still."

Pleasing anticipations are not always confirmed. We expected a day's sport on the morning after the ball; but though the hounds and our horses went to covert, we did not follow them, as the snow lay on the high ground full three inches thick, and not disposed to go away.

On the next day, Saturday the 7th, we met at Acton Reynald, the seat of Mr. Andrew Corbet, only son of Sir Andrew; but owing to not being able to keep our foxes above-ground, we had no sport worth detailing. I mounted Mr.

* I never hear of a young Lady making her *debüt*, or "coming out," as it is termed, but I think of what occurred in my own family. A sister of my own (I am sorry to say, now no more) "came out" at a certain age; but, from excess of animal spirits, was so giddy and larking, that she was ordered in again for another year.

Mytton on this day (who had no horses at Shrewsbury), and never saw my mare for five days afterwards ; but this is a trifle among old friends, and she was very well taken care of at Halston.

Sunday the 7th.—A hard frost, with every appearance of a stop. Nothing for it but a drive to the kennel to see the hounds fed—look over the stables, and finish with a cigar in the saddle-room—all in the dumps about the weather.

I have often seen hounds fed, but never in a more masterly way than that which Will Staples, Sir Bellingham's first whipper-in, adopts, and which I will endeavour to explain. He throws open the door of the feeding-house, and stands at a certain distance from it himself. He draws a certain number of hounds—calling them, of course, by their names. He then turns his back upon the open door-way, and walks up and down the troughs, ordering back such hounds as he thinks have fed sufficiently. During this time not a hound stirs beyond the sill of the open door. One remarkable instance of discipline presented itself on this day.

Vulcan—the crowning ornament of the dog-pack—was standing near the door, waiting for his name to be called. I happened to mention it, though rather in an undertone ; when in he came—licked Sir Bellingham's hand—but, though his head was close to the trough, and the grateful vianda smoking under his nose, he never attempted to eat ; but on his master saying to him, "Go back, Vulcan, you have no business here!" he immediately retreated, and mixed with the hungry crowd. This is what a friend of Sir B.'s and mine calls "cruelty and starvation;" but I confess I saw

no symptoms of either on this occasion. No whip was necessary to keep the hounds out of the feeding house ; and a gentle stroke of the thong—with very few exceptions—turned such away from the troughs which refused to leave them on their names being called.

The kennel which now contains Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds was built the year before last, by subscription, on a very liberal scale, on ground purchased for the purpose ; and reflects much credit on Shropshire. It is capable of holding one hundred couples of hounds, with every requisite convenience, and is situated within a mile of Shrewsbury, on the road to Whitchurch and Newport. As might be expected, many of the hounds were last year affected by kennel lameness, owing to the dampness of the walls ; but this Sir Bellingham has effectually put a stop to, by having a stove in each of the lodging houses. Although the use of the stoves has not restored such hounds as were previously affected, yet Sir Bellingham informed me that it has completely prevented the progress of the disease ; and so convinced is he of the benefit derived from warmth in a kennel, that, after this season, he intends having one large fire-place at the back of his present kennel, with flues to convey warm air into the different apartments. As it is at present, it is curious to see how the hounds enjoy the heat of the fire. They get around the stove as soon as they come in ; and instead of seeing a damp steam, arising from their wet skins, hanging over them for some time, they are dry and comfortable in the space of a quarter of an hour. The temperature is of course, after a certain time, reduced ; but it is

amusing to see how the hounds sit about the stove, nodding their heads, in a daze, as much as to say, "How comfortable we are!" When the walls become dry, from the effect of time (as the foundation is dry), there is every reason to believe this will be a very healthy kennel.

The stables adjoining the kennel are built on the same liberal scale, and contain stalls for twenty horses, and six loose boxes. Nothing but a covered ride, for exercise in bad weather, is wanting to render them quite complete. The joint expense of the stables, saddle-room, and kennel, exceeded the sum of fifteen hundred pounds.

Monday the 9th.—Thermometer at 28. Nothing for it again but the kennel, and grumbling.

Tuesday the 10th.—Sir Bellingham and myself went to Halston to spend the day with Mr. Mytton. After luncheon we turned out into the preserves, where the pheasants were as thick as sparrows at a barn door, and the hares running about like rabbits. The team consisted (not of highly-broke pointers, but) of four keepers and three stable boys, who kept singing out, as the pheasants got up, "Cock—hen—cock—hen—cock—hen."—It reminded me of the monotonous tone of an old humdrum music-master who attended my sisters when I was a boy, and who generally accompanied them with "One, two—one, two—one, two"—as they strummed on the family instrument. Pheasants and hares in abundance were of course slaughtered on this afternoon, but don't let us call this *sporting*. I shot at one pheasant, after Mr. Myt-

ton had killed it, and contented myself with walking outside the coverts, talking to a miller about farming; but as I saw the slaughter around me, I could not help repeating to myself those beautiful lines of Pope—

"See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts, exulting, on triumphant wings.
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and, panting, beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purpled crest, and scarlet-circled eyes!
The vivid green, his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold!"

Our party at Halston consisted of my very old friend, Sir Edward Smythe, Mr. Williams (son of the General), Sir Bellingham, and myself, and as three of the five were old masters of fox-hounds, our evening was rather a larking one. After a hot supper (obsolete almost everywhere but at Halston), we took a walk—not into the groves of Academus, but into the ale and wine cellars, with a cigar in our cheek, just to keep out the cold. In the first, we saw hogsheads of ale* standing like soldiers in close column; and in the other, in bottle and in wood, wine enough for a Roman Emperor.

I will not call him my French correspondent—but my correspondent in France, in his last letter but one, lamented that he had heard nothing lately of *the Squire of Halston*. I will therefore give him an anecdote or two of this "most extraordinary artist," as he not inaptly describes him. On the morning after the evening we have been speaking of, just as we

* Mr. Mytton makes his own malt, and the words, "John Mytton, licensed maltster," are painted in large letters over his malt-house door. How fortunate it is that there is no licence required to drink!

were sitting down to breakfast, Mr. Mytton requested me to accompany him to the stables to see his filly that is in the Oaks. His dress at the time (which, considering the thermometer was four degrees below freezing, with snow on the ground, was rather airy than otherwise) consisted of his shirt, his slippers, and his dressing gown. We walked to the stable in which the filly was, when Mr. Mytton approached her, and after jumping on her back, and playing two or three other harlequin tricks, he laid himself down at full length under her belly, with his naked head towards her heels—playing with her tail, tickling her about the legs, &c. &c. "I cannot stand this," said I, and bolted out of the stable, though earnestly entreated by my friend to stop, *as he had not half done.*

Now I know not whether my reader shudders at the description of this exhibition, as I did at the exhibition itself; but what makes it more extraordinary is, that on our road to the stables we met Tom Horseley, the head boy in the Halston racing stables, who had lived twelve months with me. "Is not this a fine cure for a head-ache?" said Mr. Mytton, taking off Tom's hat, and shewing me a head and face so disfigured by a kick from a race horse that I did not know him. True is it, however, that since this good servant has been knocked all to pieces, and he has been trepanned, he has been free from pains in his head, to which he had been very subject before. As for his master's head, I never heard of its aching, otherwise I

should have imagined he was seeking the same cure.

After breakfast, we all adjourned, as a matter of course, to the stables, and looked over the hunting and racing studs. The latter consisted of *twenty-two*, more than half of which are since gone into work at Hedgeford. Longwaist was looking quite fresh and well; but I saved my breath by not asking any questions. Our worthy host could not help larking with some of these, and, amongst other tricks, crept under Oswestry's belly. "He will do that once too often," said William Dilly*, with a sigh. "Right, Mr. Dilly," said I; "and, good-tempered as your Oaks filly is, if once she get alarmed, she will knock out Mr. Mytton's brains." Joking apart, this is what is called on the turf "giving away a chance;" but John Mytton will be John Mytton: "he hearth not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely;" and, like Homer's divinities, is always in mischief.

We now visited the kennel, where we saw about thirty couples of hounds. What to call them I know not: some were as big as my yard dog, and here and there a neat little bitch; but whether to call them fox-hounds, harriers, or stag-hounds, would take a better judge than me. This was all very well; but we were next favored with another sight, not quite so agreeable to Sir Bellingham. This was no less than five brace of foxes to be turned out before this non-descript pack. *But for this*, I should say that the Squire of Halston, with all his larking, would get to

* I am happy to pay a tribute to the good conduct of a servant in any station of life. I therefore take this opportunity of saying, that it is the opinion of all Mr. Mytton's sporting friends, that his trainer, Mr. William Dilly, is well worthy of his confidence. His young things also do credit to the fostering care of my old acquaintance, Tinkles, Mr. Mytton's stud groom.

Heaven after all; but I know not what to think about *the bag*. It is one of the worst crimes we fox-hunters know of, and requires hard penance*.

I have one more anecdote for my friend in France. During my visit to Sir Bellingham, Mr. Mytton dined with him twice. On one occasion, the night being very dark, the post-boy conducted him into a meadow, instead of taking a short turn in the road; and after driving him around it a great many times, without being able to find his way out of it, he left him there, comfortably asleep in his carriage, whilst he came back to Sir Bellingham's for a lanthorn. As the household were all gone to rest, the Squire of Halston must have had a good many turns round the meadow; but, *fortunately for the post-boy*, he never awoke, neither was he at all aware of what had happened.

To be serious:—What would become of Shrewsbury and Oswestry races?—what would become of half a dozen other country races, were it not for "John Mytton?" What would become of the poor people about Halston? What would his friends do for a lark? All these questions I am not going to answer; but this I will say—that one of these days *he must drop short*. Indeed, what with falls from horses—run-away

gigs—upsets in carriages—swimming his horse over the Severn†—tumbling into the Severn—to say nothing of twelve paces, being hugged to death by the bear, or his brains kicked out by the Oaks filly—it is next to a miracle that he is now alive. I am sorry to say, I am almost old enough to be his father; nevertheless, unless he minds what he is at, I must see him out. If I do (as I have written my own), I will also write his epitaph. It shall be plain and simple; no weeping over the urn—not a word about the disconsolate widow—no cherubims—nothing typical—nothing to hint as to whether his soul is gone—no humbug, but merely a record of the melancholy truth:—

Here lies John Mytton; his short career is past,
The pace was quick‡, and therefore could not last.

From end to end he went an errant bump,
Determined to be nowhere, or be first.
No marble monument proclaims his fate—
No pompous emblems of funeral state;
But let this simple tablet say,
That, upon a much-lamented day,
There went to ground beneath this mould'ring sod,

"*An honest man—the noblest work of God.*"

On Wednesday the eleventh, Sir Bellingham and myself took leave of Halston, and went to Emsral to spend a day with my old friend, Sir Richard Puleston, one of the staunchest fox-hunters this country ever saw—having kept

* We are often reminded that no man is a prophet in his own country; but it is no bad sign when his character stands fairest in his own neighbourhood. This, without any humbug, is the case with the Squire of Halston. He gives two bushels of wheat every week to the poor; and employs nearly fifty of them the year through. Charity, we are told, covereth a multitude of sins; but he has one other saving clause: he is no hypocrite! It can never be said of him when he is gone, that—

"So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent guilt omitted,
He lived from all attainder of suspect."

† The year before last, Mr. Mytton swam his horse over the Severn, though he himself cannot swim; and a short time since he fell into one of the deepest parts of that river, out of a ferry-boat, and was only saved by a friend catching him by one of his legs, as he was in the act of getting under the boat.

‡ Nil violentum est perpetuum.

fox-hounds upwards of thirty years, and now just as keen as ever for the sport. We looked over his kennel and stables before dinner; and—as is always the case in his society—spent a very pleasant evening after; but as I hope soon to see him and his pack once more in the field, I shall reserve all further remarks for the present.

I must now restrain my pen, and be really serious, for I have a serious subject before me—no less than an humble attempt to describe one of the most celebrated sportsmen of modern days—Sir Bellingham Graham. We historians are said to be either libellers or panegyrists. I must endeavour to be neither the one nor the other; but to praise a man for what is deserving of praise is only a tribute due to him.

The first time Sir Bellingham Graham appears as a master of fox-hounds is in the year 1815, when he succeeded Mr. Musters in the Badsworth country, which he hunted two seasons. He then took possession of the Atherstone country (now Lord Anson's), on its being vacated by Mr. Osbaldeston, when that gentleman first went to Quorn, and he hunted it three seasons. In 1820 he succeeded that gallant sportsman, Sir Charles Knightley, in Northamptonshire (the Pytchley); and in December 1821, on Mr. Osbaldeston's declining Leicestershire, Sir Bellingham took to it, and hunted it the remainder of that and the next season. In 1823 he hunted the country Mr. Boycott now has. In 1824, he hunted Mr. Boycott's country, and the Shropshire; and since the end of that season, he has had Shropshire alone.

The following is a little history of Sir Bellingham Graham's ken-

nel. Upon his leaving the Pytchley country, where he was succeeded by Mr. Musters, his hounds were divided between them, by drawing alternate couples. On his going to Quorn, he purchased from Mr. Osbaldeston, together with the house and eighteen horses, all that Gentleman's hounds, excepting twenty-five couples, which he reserved for himself. On the other hand, when Mr. Osbaldeston took to Leicestershire again—on Sir Bellingham's resigning it—Sir Bellingham reserved the same number of hounds, which (mark, reader, only twenty-five couples!!) Mr. Osbaldeston afterward purchased of him for eleven hundred pounds. Here, then, have we run this sporting Baronet to ground, for we have him (and if I know the man, we had better kill him at once, than leave him there) *without a hound in his kennel*. A lucky card, however, turned up. Mr. Osbaldeston found himself in possession of so large a body of hounds, that he selected about twenty couples, which, from age and other causes, he did not wish to keep; and in the ensuing spring Sir Bellingham purchased them. Thus then did he lay the foundation of his present pack: thus is the blood of Abelard, Charon, Marmion, and Orpheus, still to be found in his kennel.

In the year 1818 Sir Bellingham purchased Mr. Newnham's pack, on that gentleman's resigning Worcestershire, which contained much good blood, and he has had Lord Lonsdale's drafts for some years. In short, as far as my observation has gone, he seldom refuses any drafts that are offered him, in hopes of picking up something good. When I was with him, Mr. Boycott sent him a draft

he had had from the Badsworth, from his (Sir B.'s) old whipper-in, Jack Richards—which, he said, were so wild that he was afraid to take them out. Cottager, however, appears a valuable hound, and two or three neat bitches will come in well with Sir Bellingham's bitch pack: but, in the words of an old whipper-in to the Old Berkeley, some of them would "run anything from a *Hearwig* to a *Hellephant*."

There is one part of Sir Bellingham Graham's history, as a public character, which is eminently entitled to notice; and that is, the very liberal hand with which he has conducted every establishment that he has undertaken the management of. Passing over what may be called his minor countries, but countries in which he has left his mark, let us look at him when he took to Leicestershire. On learning that this fine country was vacant, and it was desirable that he should hunt it—he had just entered upon the Hambleton country in Hampshire, under an engagement for three years, and had taken a house in it for twelve—how did he act on this occasion? Why, without a moment's hesitation he resolved to take Leicestershire, purchase Mr. Osbaldeston's house, hounds, and horses, and leave a part of his own pack, with his first whipper-in, to fulfil his engagement with Hampshire. He came forward in this instance without one guinea being guaranteed to him, either for hounds or coverts; but Fortune favored him in one respect. Mr. Osbaldeston took Hampshire off his hands, and Mr. John Walker succeeded to it the following year.

Of the feeling towards Sir Bellingham Graham as a sportsman,

the best test is to be found in the amount of the subscription raised for him during the two years he was in Leicestershire, which much exceeded that of any previous or subsequent period. For the first year, it amounted (for hounds and coverts) to the large sum of 3160*l*. And here I must be permitted to mention the liberal and straightforward conduct of Sir Francis Burdett, which was related to me by a member of the Melton Old Club, and therefore I can vouch for the truth of it. My friend was endeavoring to start the subscription for Sir Bellingham Graham, and paid Sir Francis the well-merited compliment of soliciting his name at the head of the subscribers. "What sum shall I write?" said my friend. "Put me down for three hundred pounds," said Sir Francis; "and if that is not sufficient, I am good for two more." There was no occasion, however, to tax his liberality so far.

Sir Bellingham Graham was very fortunate in being able to requite all this kindness of his friends, by the sport he shewed them when he hunted Leicestershire. I was told last year at Melton, by one of his many admirers there, that the second season his old pack (which hunted twice a week) killed every fox they found in the first six weeks.

I asked Sir Bellingham why he quitted Leicestershire—certainly the first hunting country in the known world, and where he had an establishment so suited to it. His answer did him honour. His returns to his tenants, during those disastrous years, were, he said, so great, that he could not have continued in it with justice to those who were dependent on him. With such a subscription as his, however,

that it should have cost him any serious sum, is the best proof of the magnificent way in which he hunted it.

Of Sir Bellingham Graham, as a horseman and a performer over a country, I need say but little*. Every man who has seen him can bear record, that he ranks among the very best heavy-weights England has ever produced. Much as I myself have admired his powerful, quick, and determined manner of getting across a country, I will quote nothing from my own observation, but will repeat—sufficient for my purpose—what was told me last winter at Melton, by several of the leading characters there—namely, that (almost incredible as it may appear) there was not one single instance of his not being *well with his hounds* during the two seasons he hunted Leicestershire—the more remarkable, as the country was not only new to him, but, in the first year, more than usually deep, and his weight sixteen stone. In the celebrated run from Glen Gorse to Stanton, he particularly distinguished himself. He took the lead; and though two of the best light-weights in England—Mr.

William Coke, and Mr. George Anson—started within half a field of him, they could never catch him till all was over.

As is the case with most hard-riding men, Sir Bellingham Graham has had some severe falls, but on two occasions he very narrowly escaped destruction. The following rare instance of his *pluck*, however, should not be lost to the sporting world:—He was killing his fox at the end of a sharp thing, when an ox-fence presented itself. Three first-rate performers were going in the same line, but they would not have it. Sir Bellingham never turned his horse, and cleared all but the rail on the opposite side, which probably his weight would have broken; but, unfortunately, his horse alighted on one of the posts, and was turned over on his rider's chest. Strange as it may appear, Sir Bellingham remounted his horse, and rode on: but he had not proceeded many yards when he was observed by Sir Harry Goodricke to be in the act of falling to the ground, but which he was fortunate enough to prevent. From that period—about twelve o'clock at noon, till nine o'clock the next night—Sir Bel-

* The following is the first notice I ever met with of Sir Bellingham Graham, as a horseman. Perhaps several of your readers may not be aware, that ever since he has kept fox-hounds, that thorough-bred sportsman, the Earl of Darlington, has been in the habit of sitting down, after every hunting day, and entering the proceedings of the field in a book. This his Lordship does in a style peculiar to himself, and in very forcible language; and at the end of the season a volume is printed, and sold for the benefit of a faithful servant. In the year 1810 (or thereabouts) he thus mentions Sir Bellingham, as a younger—"Sir Bellingham Graham was out on this day, and rode conspicuously and well." Now, many a young man has ridden *conspicuously*; but his Lordship's addition of the word "*well*" cannot be lost upon us. I regret to hear, as I hope to see these hounds next season, that my old acquaintance Bob, his Lordship's huntsman, has left him. He lived with a brother-in-law of mine, and I used to think him rather a sharp fellow, and an excellent rider. He was also a bit of a doctor; and when any of the man-servants were affected by slight indisposition, Bob always cured them. His receipt was the fourth part of a cordial ball, in some warm Welsh ale!! I must be allowed here to record the following propriety of conduct in one master of hounds towards another:—Whilst I was on a visit to Sir B. Graham, Mr. Scarth, Lord Darlington's principal agent, called on him to ask him, in his Lordship's name, whether he could do any thing to contribute to his sport on his Shropshire property, which is of great extent. This is just as it should be between man and man.

lingham never knew what had happened to him; and as he lay under the hay-stack—whither his friends removed him at the time of the accident—every moment was expected to be his last. The pith of the story, however, is yet to come:—He was bled three times the first day, and confined to his bed five. On the seventh—to the utter surprise, and indeed annoyance, of his friends, he was seen in his carriage at Scraftoff, merely, as he said, “to see his hounds throw off.” The carriage not being able to get up to the spinnny, Sir Bellingham mounted a quiet old horse (placed there, no doubt, for the purpose), muffled up in a rough great coat and a shawl, and *looked on*. The fox was found; and, unfortunately for Sir Bellingham, took a short ring, but returned, and his hounds came to a check, close to where he was sitting upon his horse. Will Beck* (the huntsman *pro tempore*) not being up with his hounds, the Baronet cast them, and recovered his fox. In three fields they checked again, and Beck made a slow, but by no means a brilliant, cast. Sir Bellingham saw all this from the hill; and, no longer a looker-on, he cantered down to his pack, and hit off his fox again. Things still went on but awkwardly. Another error was observed; when Sir Bellingham—annoyed that a large field should be disappointed of their sport, when there was a possibility of having it—taking a horn from a whipper-in (for he could not speak to them), got to work again. The hounds mended their pace: down went the shawl in the middle of a field. They improved upon it: down went the rough

great coat in another field. He then stuck to his hounds in a long hunting run of an hour and a half, over a very strongly-fenced country, and had gotten his fox dead beat before him, when he was halloo'd away by one of his own men to a fresh fox under the Newton hills.

Now, what was to be done? The excitement that had carried him thus far was gone, and it was all but whooop. With every appearance of exhaustion, and a face as pale as if he were dead, he sat himself down on a bank, and faintly exclaimed, “How I am to get home, Heaven only knows!”—I am sorry to say, that this gallant sportsman had nearly as bad a fall as this, last season, in Shropshire; and I am still more sorry to add, that he feels the effects of each of them to this day.

When speaking of Sir Bellingham Graham as a huntsman—now of some years standing—I shall again confine myself to the echo of the public voice, as comparisons are odious. He is universally allowed to be quite at the top of his profession, and, as his friend in France has it, “an artist” of more than common fame. One advantage has always attended him. He has ridden the best of horses, which, with his method of piloting them, has enabled him never to be long without an eye upon his hounds. Were I to be asked whether any amendment could be made in him, I should say, that he is a little too quiet when drawing, and he must sometimes draw over his game. This, however, is but a feather in the scale, when set against his fine judgment, quick eye, and his promptness in assisting his hounds in difficulties, and in chase.

* Will Beck was never famed for skill in the field, but is excellent as a kennel-huntsman. He is now with Mr. Osbaldeston at Quorn.

Sir Bellingham Graham's judgment in horse-flesh is supreme. I have heard several Melton men say, that, though the stables at Quorn have often been filled with good horses, they never contained so many *good great* horses as in Sir Bellingham's time. His present stud is a very superb one. Out of the twenty-six hunters for himself and his men, there is only one (and Jack, the second whipper-in, says of her, that, "though she is but a little one, she is a sweet one,") that is not well up to 13 and 14 stone, and he has ten prime ones for his own riding. Besides these, he sold two whilst I was with him—one to Lord Howe for 200, and the other—a whipper-in's horse—to Mr. Mytton, for 250 guineas, and most capably has he carried him. He told me the other day he would not take 700 guineas for him from any man. Bees-wax, Paul, and Jerry—three of the horses that Sir Bellingham rode when he hunted Leicestershire—are still going fresh and well.

There is one mare in this stud which is somewhat deserving of notice. She was bred in Russia, and imported to this country at four years old. She is a dark chestnut piebald, uncommonly well marked; carries the second whipper in capital form, being as stout as Russian iron, and up to all sorts of fences, with very fair pace and charming temper. As for the first whipper-in—Will Staples—he rides horses (*Proh pudor!* or, in humble English, what a d—d shame!) worth three hundred guineas a-piece! Nothing in this world, or the next, to be sure, can be too good for Will—such an artist is he—but it goes to one's heart to see him turning and twisting about such horses, when laying it

into a hound that has incurred his displeasure. As for his Ludlow horse (purchased from Mr. Adams with the Ludlow hounds, and grandson of the late Sir John Hill's old mare, which I have noticed in one of my letters upon breeding) no artist is required to ride him—an old woman would do just as well; but the Ludlow country is a rare school for teaching them to use their legs, as I well know from experience.

Before I quit Sir Bellingham's stable, I must mention one circumstance:—In the London season last year, a country-looking fellow called on the Baronet, and asked him whether he would sell two of his horses. He said he would; that they were down at Norton Conyers (his seat in Yorkshire), and the price one thousand guineas. The countryman purchased them, and they have *never been heard of since*. Some time afterwards the countryman came again, and asked the price of Bees-wax. "Five hundred *Gai-neas*," said Sir Bellingham. "As I have been a good customer," said the countryman, "I hope you will take five hundred *pounds*." The Baronet's answer was laconic—"I'll see you d—d first."

Amongst other accomplishments (no mean one in my eye) Sir Bellingham is a right good coachman; and, having horsed a Reading coach for two years, is wide awake on the road. He is, of course, a member of the B.D.C.; and, on those days on which Mr. Warde does not take his own team to Bedfont, he is always to be found on Sir Bellingham's box.

In the spring of the year Sir Bellingham has always ten or twelve coach horses in his London stables. They are not large, but

they can all "morris" a little*; and, if I mistake not, (as he does not buy and sell at the same price, and has an eye to a catching colour,) his road work will never hurt him.

I have not quite done with the stable yet. I must notice John Pulfrey, the Baronet's groom, who has been fourteen years in his service. The way in which his horses have lived under sixteen stone, will save me the trouble of saying anything more than that his picture† (with his master's celebrated horse *Treacle*, just finished by Mr. Smith) will shortly embellish the *Sporting Magazine*; and that, in consideration of his services, Sir Bellingham is going to put him into one of the best farms on his estate.

Just one word more about John Pulfrey. I asked him what he thought of clipping the hunter? "A good recipe to make idle servants," said he, "and not to have your horses dressed as they should be." Pulfrey does all the farriery work; and, I need not add, is all for the hard-meat system.

Having mentioned Mr. Pulfrey, it is but right I should mention two other most essential characters in the sporting drama—viz. Sir Bellingham's two whippers-in, Will Staples, and Jack Wrigglesworth. Will is the son of Old Tom Staples, late huntsman to my Lord Middleton, and once kennel-huntsman to Sir Bellingham. He has lived with his present master ever since he was breeched, beginning by riding his second horse. I have said enough of him; and nothing that I, or any other man, can say, can

make him much better than he is. —Jack is quite above mediocrity. Indeed, I call him a very useful good whipper-in—still improving; and a very good horseman. He formerly lived with Sir Mark Sykes, but has been in his present place five years; and though he lately had an opportunity of "bettering himself," as it termed, he preferred remaining where he is.

Although Sir Bellingham is so well manned in his kennel, he does not trust the summer-work (so essential) of the hounds to any one but himself; so that, as soon as the London season is over, and he has taken a cruise or two in his friend Mr. Maxse's yacht, he gets to business again. He himself does not feed his hounds; giving as a reason, that, as his kennel is two miles and a half from his house, he could not always do so; and, to have their condition right, they ought always to be fed by one man. His system is to feed light; but his meat is as strong as it can be made.

With the exception of entering a little into the history of Sir Bellingham Graham's present pack, which I must defer till my next letter, I have only these few words to add—Shropshire was never so well hunted before; and, if he quits it, I shall not live to see it, so well hunted again.

We have not very many instances of men really devoted to fox-hunting continuing long on the turf, though they may mix the pursuits a little in early life. This was the case with Sir Bellingham Graham. He had a few race horses for three or four years,

* *Anglicè*—Go fast.

† Speaking of pictures—I am happy to be able to say that Sir Bellingham is the winner (by raffie) of the one painted by Mr. Fernelli, of Melton, representing the place of meeting, with his hounds, in Leicestershire—from a print which will be soon published by subscription.

and made a very good finish, by winning the St. Leger with Duchess, twelve to one against her, beating Dr. Syntax, for the Cup at Richmond, and selling her for two thousand guineas.

The axiom in breeding—that "like begets like," is faithfully displayed in the human as well as in the brute race. Though the Poet says,

"Who, from the morning's brightest ray,
Can promise what will be the day?"

yet I venture to predict, that Sir Bellingham Graham's two sons will one day or other shine in the field. The eldest will doubtless make a sportsman; but the second—surnamed Godfrey, after his god-father, Sir Godfrey Webster, a great ally of Sir Bellingham in early days—is already nothing less than an artist, though only eleven years of age. When at home for the holidays, he was in no small consternation lest Nimrod should not arrive before he returned to school—no doubt conceiving that he was entitled to a niche in the *Sporting Magazine*. This is certainly his due; for, in the words of my correspondent in France, I never saw such "a ramming, jamming, cramming cove" of his tender years before. No Shropshire fence will turn him now; and, in the joy of his heart, he rode up to his father one day, and exclaimed, "Papa! I have been before Nimrod the whole run."

Joking apart, Godfrey Graham is a wonderful performer; and I think I may venture to call him "a promising young one." It happened one day, that Mr. Henry Montagu (a noted bruiser) and myself got into a gentleman's pleasure grounds, the only way out of which was to drop down a

sunk fence into a rocky hollow road. We both dismounted; and as I turned round to pull my mare down, I perceived *her shoes were much higher than my head*. Our friend Godfrey was close at our brush; and, strange to say! he rode down this place, and thought it nothing. The only way to account for it is—that the old mare he was on has been fourteen years in his father's stable, and I suppose she let herself down the wall like a cat out of a cupboard.

I am sorry to say, "this ramming, jamming, cramming cove," instead of being hunting in Shropshire, is now being hunted at Harrow—no very agreeable change to one so fond of the sport! But I have one little anecdote more. The day before he departed, he put the following question to a friend, in a style rather peculiar to himself:—"Now, if you were asked, should you say it was fair that Bellingham should keep my money till I get to school? There is he walking about Shrewsbury, with the purse in his pocket, and how am I to tell that he is not buying Shrewsbury cakes, and all sorts of things that I know nothing about?" My friend Godfrey was born in Yorkshire!

I must now get upon another tack. Although the Poet observes,

"False praise has charm, unusual theme
control—
Whom?—but the sordid or the petty
soul!"

yet we are told to honour no man more than he can bear; and I think your readers will be of opinion, that I have sung the praises of Sir Bellingham Graham—even to the echo. I must now, however, mind what I am at, and not forget that he is six feet two inches high, and a capital shot.

It was said of the famous Duke of Cumberland, of a former day, that, *out of his boots*, he was an excellent fellow, but, *in them*, he was a devil. As the Duke was a soldier, this of course alluded to him when *on and off duty*. My friend Sir Bellingham forms something like a parallel here. Up to the moment of his getting upon his hunter, and taking hold of his hounds, he is one of the best-humored men in England; but further this deponent sayeth not. I will not pronounce of him, what a friend of mine used to say of a certain Noble Lord in that situation—namely, *that he looks as if he would bite you*; but there are times when it is well not to go too near him. This doubtless arises from two causes:—first, his extreme anxiety to shew sport; and, secondly, a consciousness of a superiority of judgment, which cannot well brook being interfered with. Sir Bellingham, also, is an exception to one general rule: he is less polite to his friends in the society of the ladies*, than he is in that of the gentlemen; but this must be attributed to the same cause. Spots there are on the sun, and nothing which our eyes are permitted to behold is perfect; but take Sir Bellingham Graham—as an English gentleman; as a friend and a companion; in the words of a Member of the Melton Old Club, as “a downright, straightforward, honest, good fellow;” and though last, not least, as a master of fox-hounds and a sportsman—we may say of him, as has been said of many—that we shall not often “look upon his like again.”

NIMROD.

February 19, 1836.

P.S. In my letter, inserted in your Magazine of January, I mentioned an offer of an *excellent* pack of hounds which a friend of mine would give to any *real gentleman* who would hunt one of the best countries in England *part* of the season. Though he has had many applications, not one has been satisfactory; and I am now enabled to add, that the gentlemen of the neighbourhood and the present owner, whose residence is at a distance, will subscribe towards the expense, and sufficient country will be open to any one who will take it during the *whole* season. It is in the north of Hampshire, about sixty-five miles from London, where the hounds will be till the middle of March.

There will be no difficulty in obtaining a small house, with five or six bed-rooms, under very favorable circumstances, and a kennel. If this proposal is not accepted, the hounds will be sold—twenty-five couple, from eighteen to twenty inches high, and very fast.

Application to A. B. directed to the Editor.

I believe I have made an error in stating the time of the establishment of the New Shrewsbury Hunt. I find it was established about five years since.

NIMROD.

LETTER FROM JOHN MYTTON, ESQ. TO THE EDITOR.

MR. EDITOR,

SHOULD my friend NIMROD not be in town, be good enough to insert the enclosed; and as I own Longwaist and some fifty other thorough-bred ones—a few

*In these days of refinement, the female part of the kennel is called “The Ladies,” and the dog pack is honored with the appellation of “The Gentlemen.”

hunters—a few hounds—course a little—and sometimes fight a main of cocks—I hope to be able some day or other to send you some communications.

Your obedient,

JOHN MYTTON.

Halston, Feb. 17, 1826.

DEAR NIMROD,

Much indeed did I regret you had left our country, as I went to meet Graham's* hounds at the Queen's Head last Saturday. The air was rather keen, but I felt a sort of presentiment that we should have a run.

Getting to covert rather late, I found the hounds drawing the plantation and shrubberies near Aston House. These were drawn blank. We then trotted on to Babins Wood, a sure find, and belonging to that good sportsman and true friend to fox-hunting, Mr. Lloyd. Almost immediately our fox was on his legs; the hounds got well together, and rattled him most handsomely through the covert. I exclaimed, "by G—d, Lloyd, there is a scent at last!" and crossing the road, we went away at a most tremendous pace, skirting Myddleton, and running through Trenwydd coverts, across the Oswestry road, through old Oswestry, by Pentre-Pant, leaving Porkington and Oswestry race-course to our left, skirting the hills to Sellatyn. There the pace gradually declined, from the keenness of the air on the high lands. The hounds hunted their fox to admiration; and, aided in a masterly style by Graham, we ran him over an open country (all grass) nearly to Llangollen, where I tallyho'd him, and the hounds ran

into him in a few seconds, after a glorious run of one hour and forty minutes. The field was smaller than usual in Shropshire, but *every one* had a start—Graham went as usual, a good one; as did Mr. Roche, Mr. Lloyd—not forgetting Will, a superior artist in every way, especially good across a country. I was lucky in being very forward, having taken off my curb chain before starting, thinking that my mare had quite sufficient to carry in 14st. 10lb. without that superfluity. Your six horses are arrived in my stable, looking well. I hope you'll be back here by Monday. No sport with Sir R. Puleston at Duckington—a nice country, and his hounds to the eye perfection.

Yours ever,

J. MYTTON.

PHILIP PAYNE'S PORTRAIT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

TO no one is the *Sporting World* more indebted than your constant and most amusing correspondent NIMROD. In his last letter, I perceive he purposes to embellish an early Number of your Magazine with a portrait of the Duke of Beaufort's huntsman, Philip Payne, on his favorite grey horse. As the original from which the engraving is to be taken is not yet completed, allow me to suggest an improvement—viz. to paint Philip Payne in his kennel, among his hounds, by the side of the feeding trough; here he excels. No man in the world understands this part of his business better than himself, and no one brings a finer pack of

* Sir Bellingham Graham.

bounds to the *scratch*, or in higher condition.

"Neque ego illi detrachere ausim, Merentem capiti multa cum laude coronam."

But, Philip Payne is too respectable a character, by far too good in his way, to be quizzed; and though I am sure NIMRON does not intend to do so, it really and truly is a hoax to put poor Payne upon his horse. I had an opportunity of seeing him half a dozen times this season; and whatever he may have been, he is now wholly "*passé*." As long as his noble master admires him, it matters little to the world at large; but, when Payne is to embellish your pages, for God's sake recommend NIMRON to make the best of him, and let us see him in the only light he is worth a farthing—" *ne sutor ultra crepidam*," Mr. Editor.

Your most obedient, a constant subscriber.

X. Y. Z.

• • We see the justice of our correspondent's remark. The gallant huntsman has probably seen his best days; but we understand from NIMRON, that it is the wish of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort that he should appear on an old favorite horse, which has carried him many seasons with his hounds.

ON PROPERLY CLASSING DOGS AT COURSING MEETINGS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Was much pleased with the observation contained in SOHO's letter in your Magazine of this month, on the subject of coursing. I entirely agree with the writer, in thinking that it is quite a "*ridiculous sight*" to see a large dog and a small bitch running together; and that it wholly depends on the hare

which is the winner. If, for instance, the slip should be a long one, and the hare *straight-backed*, there can be no doubt a large stretching dog would win; if, on the other hand, the slip was not a long one, and the hare should twist and turn, a little bitch would be as certain of the course. The Club to which SOHO belongs, and in which a system of running dogs against dogs, and bitches against bitches, has been established, have acted wisely; and I earnestly hope that the members of other Clubs will have good sense enough to do the same. If such rules were generally established, they would contribute much towards facilitating the decision, and rendering the matches fairer and more interesting.

One word more on the subject of decision. I am sorry to say, that, notwithstanding all that has been written in respect to them, in many instances I could mention, they have been by no means so satisfactory as could be wished. Judges ought at all events to lay down a principle by which to be governed—and not in one instance give the course to the dog that wins the last half of the course, and in another to that dog which wins the first half. If the course is at all fairly divided, I contend that it is to the dog that takes most out of the hare at first, when she is in full vigour, that the course should be given. If, on the other hand, one dog merely gives a turn or two at first, and the other has the larger half of the course, then certainly such dog should win. Were I disposed, I could name two cases, in one of which the course was decided in favour of the dog that did nothing beyond taking two turns at the end of a long course; whilst, within an hour, another dog, that shewed the speed at first, had the

course, although the opponent had the whole of the end of the course, which was much the longer half. These things should not be.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

FAIR PLAY.

February 20, 1836.

COURSING.

ALTAR SECOND MEETING.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE Second Meeting of the Altcar Club was held on Tuesday the 14th. The weather was delightful, and the sport equal, if not superior, to any thing ever seen on Altcar Meadows. In consequence of the late frosts, succeeded by fine dry weather, the hares obtained a degree of condition which called into full play the speed and bottom of the greyhounds. The courses were in general unusually severe and long; terminated, however, in most instances by a death. The regulations and arrangements, made the previous evening at the Waterloo Hotel, where the Club dined, were most strictly adhered to; and to the impartiality and gentlemanlike conduct of the Stewards must be attributed that satisfaction so generally felt and expressed. There appeared forty-five dogs upon the ground; the principal number displaying fair condition.

This Society, as yet in its infancy, promises to become, in the course of a few years, equal to any of the Northern or Southern Coursing Meetings; and so long as it is supported in the spirited manner in which it hitherto has been, there cannot remain a doubt of its obtaining that éclat, which at the present moment distin-

guishes those of longer standing. In consequence of the principal part of Lord Molyneux's kennel being engaged in the South, only three of his Lordship's dogs appeared.

February 18, 1836.

FEBRUARY 14, 1836.

H. BOLD HOGHTON, Esq. } Stewards.
E. G. HORNBY, Esq. }

Seyton Stakes.—Lord Molyneux's Magic beat Mr. Seel's Stretch; Mr. Hornby's Helen beat Mr. Rigby's Reveller; Mr. Hornby's Helen beat Lord Molyneux's Magic.—Stakes won by Helen.

Croxteth Stakes.—Mr. Formby's Alderman beat Mr. Unsworth's Uddolph; Mr. Alison's Mentor beat Mr. Houghton's Stingo.—Stakes won by Alderman, as Mr. Alison's dog was taken ill and could not run again.

Matches.—Mr. Willis's Merryman, against Mr. Blundell's Lady—undecided; Mr. Heaketh's Driver beat Mr. Sudell's Blush; Mr. Hornby's Helen beat Mr. Rigby's Rosebud; Sir T. Stanley's Doctor, against Mr. Seel's Sawney—undecided; Mr. Alison's Mentor beat Mr. Rigby's Reveller; Mr. Rigby's Reveller, against Mr. Sudell's Flora—undecided; Mr. Unsworth's Uddolph beat Lord Molyneux's Merryman; Mr. Heaketh's Fly, against Mr. Hornby's Hatfield—undecided; Mr. Houghton's Tartar beat Mr. Seel's Solid; Lord Molyneux's Mettle beat Mr. Hornby's Han; Mr. Rigby's Ruby beat Mr. Hornby's Holwell; Sir T. Stanley's Swallow beat Mr. Sudell's Bet; Mr. Formby's Pilot, against Sir T. Stanley's General—undecided; Mr. Blundell's Turner beat Mr. Hornby's Hotspur; Mr. Willis's Jock beat Mr. Houghton's Rosebud; Mr. Heaketh's Dusty, against Mr. Alison's Mouse—undecided; Mr. Hornby's Helen, against Mr. Unsworth's Uddolph—undecided; Mr. Formby's Pilot beat Mr. Heaketh's Driver; Mr. Unsworth's Uddolph, against Sir T. Stanley's Speed—undecided; Mr. Heaketh's Duke beat Mr. Unsworth's Uddolph; Mr. Sudell's Middleton beat Mr. Blundell's Tidy; Sir T. Stanley's Doctor beat Mr. Seel's Sawney; Sir T. Stanley's General beat Mr. Formby's Pilot; Mr. Rigby's Reveller beat Mr. Sudell's Flora; Mr. Alison's Mouse beat Mr. Heaketh's Dusty; Mr. Seel's Sylph beat Mr. Rigby's Rosebud; Mr. Seel's Stretch, against Mr. Formby's Alderman—undecided; Mr. Willis's Merryman beat Mr. Heaketh's Fly; Mr. Sudell's Flora beat Mr. Rigby's Reveller; Mr. Hornby's Alderman beat Mr. Seel's Stretch.

SPORTING ANECDOTE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

DURING the frost at the latter end of last month, I shot (in Pladstow Marshes) a very fine specimen of that scarce bird, the Bittern; and on examining the contents of his stomach, I found he had been feeding on mice—perhaps as a *derrière ressource*, being unable to fish in consequence of the frozen state of the waters.—And now, speaking of frozen waters, it reminds me of a circumstance that occurred some few years ago. Two friends of mine, both lovers of the trigger, and good shots, were out in the Marshes at a time when the ditches were bound down by the inclement season; and some of them being too broad to be jumped—“but, hold hard!” I should have described the persons of my heroes. One is a little man, about eight stone and a half; the other was, peace to his manes!—(he having “crossed that bourne,” &c.)—nearly fifteen. Of course, the lightest man was placed on the *fourth hope*; that is, to try if the ice would bear; and having succeeded, and safely ascended the opposite bank, cheered the other by saying, “It will bear twenty such fellows, and I will lend you a hand up the bank.” Thus encouraged, my weighty friend made the attempt, and was safely borne up—the other, having his gun in his left hand, and with his right assisting agreeably to promise: when, as the Devil would have it, a Kingfisher flew past. My light friend instantly let go the other’s hand, who fell backwards, and whose weight then found its way through the ice; and a pretty devil he was being over head and ears in black

mail, floundering about like a turtle: but such was his game, that, immediately on landing, drenched as he was, he eagerly inquired, “damme, did you kill?” and being answered in the affirmative, “then it’s well for you—if you had not, you should also have had a taste of this infernal black strap!”

Yours, &c. A BOOTHROTTER,
February 12, 1826.

WHETHER IT IS MORE PROFITABLE TO BREED, OR TO BUY, HORSES?

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

LOOKING into vol. li. of your Magazine, at page 221, I find that an individual has given you some intelligence of his having bred horses from 1802 to 1815; and I will give an account of the sale and expenses of each. I commenced purchasing young horses in 1812, upon the same scale as this gentleman bred. Having kept a correct list of the young animals which have passed through my hands, I will give you the result, as nothing upon this topic has appeared in your pages, by which your readers could form an opinion upon this important business:—

1812. Two yearling colts, cost 20l.—sold them at 3 yrs old for 97l.—expenses of keep, &c. 26l.

1813. A 3-yr old colt, cost 35l.—sold him at 5 yrs old for 100l.—expenses, 24l.

1814. Two 2-yr old colts, cost 50l.—sold them at 4 yrs old for 160l.—expenses, 43l.

1815. Two yearling colts, cost 40l.—sold one at 4 yrs old, for 90l.—the other, put up a year, sold at 5 yrs old for 20l.—expenses, 18l.

1816. Two 4-yr old colts, cost 120l.—sold them at 6 yrs old for 240l.—expenses, 60l.

1817. Two 4-yr old colts, cost 120l.—sold them at 6 yrs old for 240l.—expenses, 60l.

1818. Two yearling colts, cost 43l.—one died in three months—expenses, 23l. 10s.—sold the other at 4 yrs old for 70l.—expenses, 80l.
1819. Two 5-yrs old colts, cost 120l.—sold them at 6 yrs old for 260l.—expenses, 22l.
1820. A 3-yr old colt, cost 43l.—sold him at 4 yrs old for 73l.—expenses, 11l.
1821. Two yearling colts, cost 46l.—sold them at 4 yrs old for 190l.—expenses, 36l.
1822. One yearling colt, cost 26l.—sold him in three days at a profit of 10l.
1823. Two 2-yr old colts, cost 60l.—sold them at 6 yrs old for 280l.—expenses, 68l.
1824. Two yearlings, cost 45l. 11s.—in four months one died of the strangles—expenses, 23l. 15s. 6d.—sold the other at 5 yrs old for 120l.—expenses, 40l.
1825. Two 4-yr old colts, cost 119l. 15s.—sold them at 6 yrs old for 270l.—expenses, 44l.

Upon taking a review of the subject, it appears, that during the same period of time, the breeder, by pursuing his system, cleared 896l. 15s. whilst I, by selecting young horses for the same space of time, gained 831l. 4s. Each individual, no doubt, imagined that his own plan was the most profitable. I have always been an advocate for purchasing young horses instead of breeding them. The advantages are great; as a person can select an animal of whatever age and figure he pleases: but if he breeds, he must be satisfied with the produce; and a filly in general will never be so valuable as a colt.

The mares must also be supported throughout the winter, and perhaps not in foal (as was the case two years with *Amicus's* mares), during which time the young horses which have been bought are coming fast forwards for use. Again: brood mares are frequently sent to stallions at a great distance: the expense is very great, and they may likewise continue for a long time, if not stinted, which adds greatly to the expense.

One of the ablest and most judicious letters I ever perused, is to be found in the lxvth vol. of your Magazine, at page 9. It is by *THE OLD FORESTER*. He admirably admonishes gentlemen not to breed racers, but to purchase promising young ones. I should apply the some powerful arguments in favour of selecting hacks and hunters, instead of breeding them.

A SPECULATOR IN HORSES.

February 16, 1826.

DOG AND FOX.

From a Painting by WM. COOPER.

THIS Engraving, representing a Spaniel suddenly coming on a fox-earth, and being immediately encountered by its occupant, is the production of a young artist, from whom we hope to see better things hereafter.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

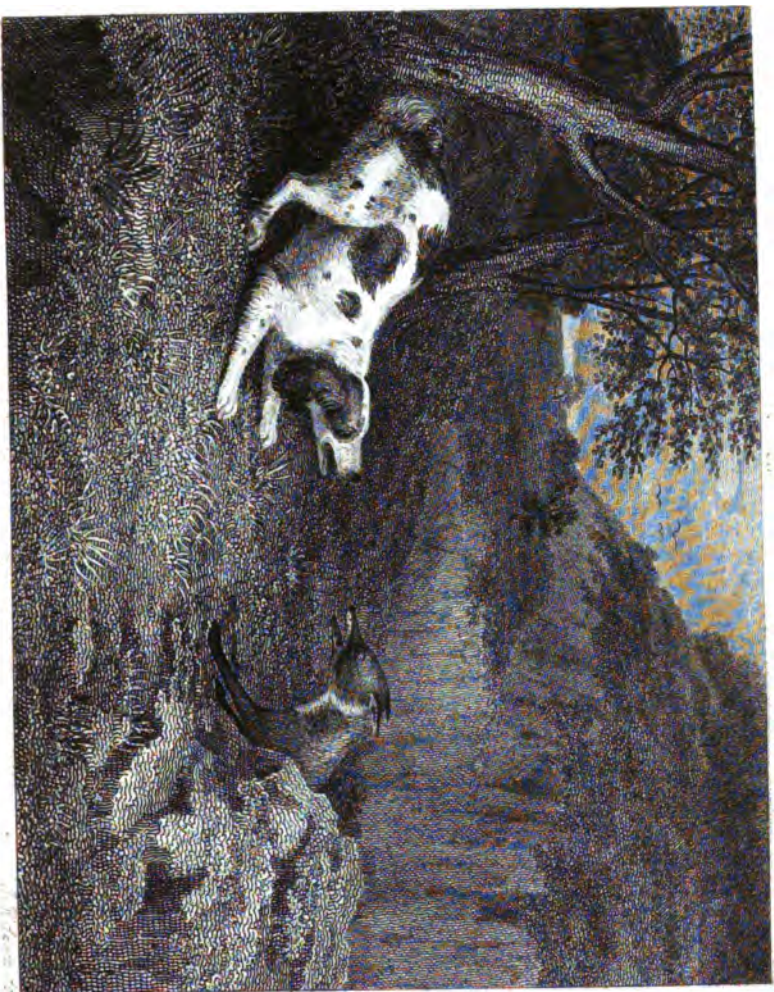
THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

SOME people, even in very high quarters, it is said, have an objection to thirteen at dinner. Dr. Kitchiner, the other day, happened to be one of a company of that number at Dr. Henderson's, and on its being remarked and pro-

nounced unlucky, he said—"I admit that it is unlucky in one case."
—"What case is that?"—"When there is only dinner for twelve."

LEGAL WIT.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, the other day,



DOG AND FOX.

that the wearing of whiskers was unprofessional. "Right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too *barefaced*."

The following anecdote is related by Dr. George Hickey:—A Gentleman came to Oliver Cromwell to beg a lock of King Charles's hair—"Ah! no, Sir," said Cromwell, "that must not be; for I swore to him, when he was living, that not a hair of his head should perish."

An Irishman, who was offering oranges for sale, was asked what they called them in Ireland? "By Jasus," says Paddy, "we don't call them at all; when we want them we go and fetch them!"

SPORTING EPIGRAMS.

ON TOM JOHNSON.

In Singleton Church, Huntsman to the Duke of Richmond—died 1744.

Here Johnson lies! what Hunter can deny
Old honest Tom the tribute of a sigh?
Deaf is the ear that caught the opening
sound—

Dumb is that tongue that cheer'd the hills
around.

Unpleasant truth! Death hunts us from
our birth

In view; and men, like foxes, take to
earth.

ON JOHN CADE,

*An old Jockey, who died Jan. 13, 1826,
aged 77, in Dagger Lane, Hull.*

Here lies *Jack Cade*!—not him of Smith-
field fame,

But "*jockey Jack*," his brother but in
name:

Both famous in the *dagger way* 'tis true,
Though neither e'er perchance a *dagger*
drew;

The first, a *dagger* gave to London's arms;
The last, in *Dagger-lane* found home's
sweet charms:

The first, a noisy rogue, has long been
rotten,
And 'twere as well had he been long for-
gotten:

The last—poor *Jack*, just dead—lived long
respected;

Let not his mem'ry then be now neglected;
But place these lines upon his narrow tomb,
To tell the passers-by a *Jockey's* doom!

VOL. XVII. N. S.—No. 102.

HIGH AUTHORITY.

Mr. Curran, the celebrated Barrister, was once engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take Orders. The Judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law; "Then," said Curran, "I refer your Lordship to a *high* authority behind me, who was intended for the Church, though he is fitter for the steeple."

ANAGRAM.

The name of a celebrated disciple of Galen furnishes an anagram truly expressive of *his urbanity*—
"Johnny the Bear."

DRAMS DRAMATISED.

A Playhouse of *Ignor*, 'tis found,
Reminds us—I've instances twenty—
Some plays much in *spirits* abound;
And, then, we've melo-drams plenty.
A Manager's draught, we all know,
When business runs dry, is no thumper;
But let all his house *overflow*,
He cries—"Dem'me! to-night I've a
bumper!" Rum-ti, &c.

Many actors are certainly *rum*;
And folks in the critical line
Say comedians are given to *mum*,
And tragedians are given to *wine*.
Then Juliet, 'tis plain, had her *bier*,
To the family vault ere they brought
her.

Fair Ophelia, alone, as we hear,
Poor creature! had too much of *water*.
Rum-ti, &c.

King Lear, in the midst of his court,
Inquires which way *Burgundy* went;
And Richmond, tho' just come to *port*,
Soon rouses King Dick from his *tent*.
While *black-strap* Othello the shock
Of jealousy feels thro' his brain,
Iago sticks close to his *hock*,
And tips him a dose of *sham-pain*.
Rum-ti, &c.

Thus a Theatre, waving dry facts,
Is a tavern for critic spectators;
And when they are slow 'twixt the acts,
The audience, 'tis plain, are the *waiters*.
Plays, like wines, are some sour and some
sweet,

They please and disgust various throttles;
The plays that succeed are call'd *neat*,
While those that are damn'd are *cork'd*—
bottles. S.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

[The following letter, though received very late, we are induced to give in this place, being of a nature that does not well admit of postponement.]

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THOUGH sorry to see the civil war which "THE FOX-HUNTER ROUGH AND READY" is waging with his opponent from "Brentorr," I am still glad to find that there are plenty of devotees to the "great goddess Diana" left within the wilds of Devon, whom neither the difficulties of the country—the inclemency of the weather—nor the rugged aspect of the times, can subdue, or drive from the field. I, who have hunted in many more favored, and perhaps practicable, counties, have also hunted in Devon, and shall, in some future letter, give my opinion of the merits of some of the most distinguished of her sportsmen. At present I will only say, that if genuine science is to be found in any country, coupled with the real *ardor venandi*, it is to be found in Devon: and that, whilst in other counties hundreds are to be found who follow the different packs of fox-hounds from a want of something better to do—from fashion—from habit—from a love of mere riding—or from a dread of staying at home, and coming in contact with themselves—it is in Devon that they ride to hunt, and do not hunt to ride. Whether the "Voice from Brentorr" be of this latter description, I leave you and your readers to decide.

The sport in the West this year has been full as good as has been witnessed in other counties. Mr. Fellowes has killed more foxes than he usually did before his country was divided. Mr. Templer has, as usual, overcome almost insuperable difficulties, and killed upwards of twenty brace of foxes. Messrs. Podge and King have had as much sport as can be expected from a country which

is hunted by two packs, and which ought to be possessed only by one. I hope a coalition will take place between these superior sportsmen:

"Alterius sic

Altera possit apex res, et concordat amice."

Mr. Yeatman, of Dorsetshire, is in treaty for Mr. Templer's pack of small fox-hounds; and his own pack of unrivalled harriers are now for sale. Whoever wants twenty-one couple of hounds that match like peas, and which, for UNIFORMITY OF SIZE, QUICKNESS AND PRECISION in the field, and PURITY OF BLOOD, are not to be equalled, may now, I understand, be accommodated, if they are "quick in their cast," and apply early.

Mr. Farquharson has had better sport than he has had for these two seasons last past; though, from the want of a *holding scent*, has killed less foxes than usual.

Many persons are of opinion that the stag hounds will be re-established in Devon; but I fear that, whatever spirit and love of hunting might exist among the MIDDLEING and PLEBEIAN orders, there is not amongst the PATRICIANS of Devon—without whose patronage and exertion this royal amusement cannot be kept up—a spark of that pride of ancestry, and love of old English amusement, which graced their forefathers, and who have left a race,

"Mox daturus

Progeniem vitiosioream."

Yours obediently,

PHILOVENATOR.

Feb. 20, 1836.

Extract of a letter from Melton Mowbray, Feb. 12.—"We have had some very good sport with all three packs (Duke of Rutland's, Lord Lonsdale's, and the Quorn) since the frost, and for about ten days before it set in; but in the early part of the season we were very unlucky. We begin to have terrible crowds out, and I fear the plot will thicken."

The Berkeley stag-hounds had several brilliant runs last month; and the Wickstead and Puckeridge hounds have had several excellent runs in their respective districts. The following extraordinary chase, however, is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of sporting:—A fox, which was presented to C. Roberts, Esq. of Cowley Bridge, Devon, by Sir Stafford Northcote, was let go on Raddon Hill, Feb. 21, at eleven A. M. before a field of nearly fifty gentlemen well mounted. The fox took a direction across to Bickleigh, back through Cadbury, Cadleigh, Stockleigh, Cheriton, Ponghill, Puddington, Cruys, Morehard, thence to Rackenford, back across the country again to Raddon Hill, where the dogs were called off at eight o'clock, and out of the field very few were in. The chase lasted nine hours, and it is supposed that, at the lowest calculation, the run was about eighty miles!

The Turf.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR.—The frost gradually breaking, and the weather continuing open, gentlemen have begun to run their trials; consequently the betting has taken a wider range, and several of the leading favorites have been backed to an enormous amount. Monarch appears to be immovable, notwithstanding several of the principal bettors freely lay the odds, and standing so unusually high they can do but little against him. The Moslem has advanced two or three points, but the betting is by no means brisk, the party being more anxious to lay the odds than to take them. The General is declining, the leading speculators standing heavy against him; and, towards the close of the Room, Sophist was brought forward and backed at even against him—something was said about a private trial between the two. A faint attempt was again made to get up the Brother to Cedric, but it ultimately failed. Gramarie, who a few weeks ago stood second favorite, is now considered quite out of the question, and several bets were laid

that he did not even start for it. Problem is decidedly the greatest favorite for the Oaks, and the most doing upon her; and if she should remain well, she must stand still higher. Mignonette continues as before; and although there has not been much money betted on her, she appears likely to remain second favorite. Fillagree and Henry are backed with much spirit, and are expected to be some points higher. Rachael and Elizabeth fluctuate astonishingly, and eventually they must go back again: the others are scarcely named, the betting being chiefly confined to those mentioned. Bedlamite is still on the advance, the betting-men freely taking the odds against him. Crusader is recovering his lost ground, the party backing him with more spirit; and being a remarkably stout colt he ought to be strenuously supported. Belzoni with difficulty maintains his place, the bettors appearing more inclined to lay the odds against him. Barataria, from the supineness of his party, but slowly creeps up; and although a promising colt and a winner, he is almost neglected. The Brother to Miss Fanny was brought more into notice, and being a powerful colt his party freely took the odds.—Yours truly, Z. B.

Tattersall's, Feb. 20, 1828.

DERBY.

- 7 to 2 and 4 to 1 agst Monarch.
- 8 and 9 to 1 agst The Moslem (Tre-drille).
- 18 to 1 agst Sophist.
- 20 to 1 agst The General (taken).
- 23 to 1 agst Panic.
- 25 to 1 agst Advance.
- 30 to 1 agst Norman (Rowena).
- 30 to 1 agst Henry Filly.
- 30 to 1 agst Plato's dam.
- 30 to 1 agst Viscountess.
- 30 to 1 agst The Waterman.
- 33 to 1 agst Gramarie.
- 35 to 1 agst Cedric.
- 35 to 1 agst The Captain.
- 35 to 1 agst Franks.
- 35 to 1 agst The Baron.
- 35 to 1 agst Bolivar.
- 35 to 1 agst Twatty.
- 40 to 1 agst Centaur.
- 40 to 1 agst Canvas.
- 40 to 1 agst Syphon.
- 40 to 1 agst Barossa.

X x 2

50 to 1 agst Pollio.
 50 to 1 agst Tippettywhet.
 50 to 1 agst Scratch.
 1000 to 800 Sophist beats The General.
 3 to 1 on The Field agst Monarch and
 Grammar. 20 to 1 agst Twatty and Cen-
 taur.

OAKS.

5 and 6 to 1 agst Problem (Pawn).
 6 to 1 agst Mignonette.
 6 and 7 to 1 agst Fillagree.
 10 to 1 agst Rachel.
 10 to 1 agst Henry.
 10 and 11 to 1 agst Elizabeth.
 17 to 1 agst Bo-Peep.
 18 to 1 agst Parapluie (Parasol).
 20 to 1 agst Louisa.
 25 to 1 agst Tears.
 25 to 1 agst Gamelia.
 25 to 1 agst Morel.

ST. LEGER.

13 to 2 and 7 to 1 agst Bedlamite.
 12 to 1 agst Crusader.
 13 and 14 to 1 agst Belzoni.
 17 and 18 to 1 agst Barataria.
 20 to 1 agst Brother to Fanny.
 25 to 1 agst Calypso.
 35 to 1 agst Grecian Queen.
 35 to 1 agst King Catton.
 35 to 1 agst Restless.
 40 to 1 agst The General.
 40 to 1 agst c. by Walton.
 40 to 1 agst Pirate.
 40 to 1 agst Tarrare.
 50 to 1 agst Panic.
 50 to 1 agst Barefoot.
 50 to 1 agst Hardwick.
 60 to 1 agst Redlock.
 60 to 1 agst Altisidora.
 65 to 1 agst King Cole.
 65 to 1 agst Scaramouch.
 100 to 1 agst The Baron.
 100 to 1 agst Canvas.
 100 to 1 agst Paul Fry.
 100 to 1 agst The Captain.
 7 to 2 agst Lord Kennedy's Lot.

RIDDLESWORTH.

13 to 8 agst The Moslem.
 6 to 1 agst The General.
 7 to 1 agst Henry.
 10 to 1 agst Cedric.

OATLANDS.

3 to 1 agst Stumps.
 7 to 2 agst Triumph.
 5 to 1 agst Surprise.
 5 to 1 agst Wings.

MATCH.

6 to 5 on Sligo agst Cedric.

It is positively stated—and all true friends to the Sporting World must regret the circumstance—that the state of Mr. Lambton's health imperatively calls him to the South of France; and that, consequently,

this highly-esteemed gentleman has determined on retiring from the Turf, of which he has been so liberal and effectual a supporter. In pursuance of this resolution, the whole of his admirable stud will come under the hammer of Messrs. Tattersall on the 15th and 16th of the present month, at Lambton Castle.

NEWMARKET HANDICAP.

Acceptances for the T.M.M. First Spring Meeting.—Bizarre, 9st.; Triumph, 8st. 10lb.; Serab, 8st. 8lb.; Sligo, 8st. 4lb.; Double Entendre, 8st. 8lb.

It appears from the Racing Calendar of last year, that the value of the different plates, &c. won by the Duke of Grafton's horses amounts to upwards of 13,000l. for that season.

We are authorized to state that, there being no races this year in Croxton Park, if the subscribers to the Billesdon Coplow Stake, or any part of them, should agree to run, Sir Gerard Noel will permit that race to take place in Exton Park on the day fixed for the races of this year.—*Lincoln Paper.*

A Hunt Meeting will be held the latter end of this month, to be run over the Doncaster Race Course, for horses, &c. (not thorough-bred) of all the Hunts in the neighbourhood of Doncaster.

Death of Mandane.—The celebrated and valuable brood mare, Mandane, the property of Richard Watt, Esq. of Bishop Burton, Yorkshire, died on Thursday, Feb. 2, aged 26 years. She was a bay mare, about fifteen hands high, bred by Thomas Pantom, Esq. in the year 1800, got by Pot8os; her dam Young Camilla (the dam of Penny-Trumpet, Enchanter, Allegretta, &c. &c. &c.); Sister to Colibri, by Woodpecker; grandam, Camilla (the dam of Ragged Jack, Condor, Catherine, Sophia, Crazy Poetess, Humming Bird, Jerboa, &c. &c.), by Trentham; great grandam, Coquette, by the Compton Barb; great great grandam (Sister to Regulus) by the Godolphin Arabian—Grey Robinson, by the Bald Galloway.—Snake—Old Wilks, by Old Hautboy, &c.—Mandane, when in

training, was but an indifferent racer, having only won once, which was at Brighton, in 1803, when she beat Lord Egremont's ch. f. Lampedosa (the dam of Mr. Houldsworth's Sherwood, &c.) for 50gs. three-quarters of a mile. Since she was put to the stud, she has been invaluable as a brood mare; and her produce, whether tried or not, have generally stood very high in the estimation of sportsmen as favorites for the Great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and will, no doubt, be always valuable to the careful and judicious breeder, for many years to come. Mandane, since she was put to the stud, has produced the following, viz.:—In

1804, Mr. Panton's b. f. Scratch, by Whiskey. (Sold to Mr. Hunter, of Ireland.)

1805, Mr. Panton's b. c. Ernest, by Buzzard.

1807, Sir C. Turner's b. c. Flip, by Whiskey.

1808, Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Trumpator (died a foal).

1809, Mr. Hewett's b. f. Manuella, by Dick Andrews (winner of the Oaks' Stakes at Epsom in 1812, and the dam of Memnon, the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger Stakes last year).

1810, Mr. Watt's ch. f. Altisidora (died in 1825), by Dick Andrews, the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger Stakes in 1813, and the dam of Caesar, Cataline, Abron, &c. &c. &c.

1811, Mr. Watt's b. f. Petuaria, by Orville. (Sold for 3000gs. to Lord Cremorne, for Ireland.)

1813, Mr. Watt's b. c. Captain Candid, by Cerberus, the second horse for the Doncaster St. Leger in 1816, and sire of Conviction, &c.

1816, Mr. Watt's ch. c. Procurante, by Langton.

1819, Mr. Watt's b. f. Muta, by Tramp.

1820, Mr. Watt's b. c. Tinker (now called Lottery), by Tramp.

Mr. Watt refused 1000gs. for Tinker in 1822, offered him by Mr. Kirby, of York, and afterwards sold him to Mr. Whitaker, of Dowthorpe Hall, Holderness, in the spring of 1824, for 450gs.

1821, Mr. Watt's b. c. Brutandorf, by Blacklock. (Sold to Mr. Clifton.)

1822, Mr. Watt's b. f. by Whisker.

In 1812, she was barren to Orville; 1814, to Cerberus; 1815, to Dick Andrews; in 1817, she cast her foal to Tramp; 1818, 1823, and 1824, barren to Tramp; 1824, to Blacklock; and was covered last year by Minos.

Death of Scheherazade.—The well-

known racer and brood mare, Scheherazade, the property of A. Nowell, Esq. died on Thursday January 26, at Underley, near Kirby Lonsdale, of an inflammation on the lungs. She was a chesnut mare, bred by Lord Stawell in 1810, got by Selim; her dam, Gipsey (Bustard, Patience, Beggar-Girl, and Scrambler's dam), Sister to Aimator, by Trumpator; granddam (Sister to Postmaster), by Herod—Snap—Gower Stallion—Flying Chiblers, &c.—Scheherazade won, during her racing career, ten prizes. She was put to the stud in 1817, and is the dam of Sir John Shelley's Leila, by Waterloo, and several others.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

[The following account, which we have been favored by an old friend, came into his hands through the channel of Osborn's Commission Stables, Gray's Inn-lane.]

On Friday, the 9th Feb. a grand sporting match took place, near Upminster, Essex. Mr. Ashton, of Old-street-road, backed his horse Flyer, to clear ten five-barred gates in succession, for 100gs. A great deal of money was betted on the occasion, and a numerous field attended to see the performance. Every arrangement was made by Mr. Stevens, of Upminster, the trainer, to guard against accidents. A surgeon and a shutter were on the ground—the Fore-street coffin maker, with a shell, and the noisy cabinet maker from Ludgate Hill, with his chest of tools. Every thing being arranged, Mr. A. mounted and went off valiantly, and cleared the first six gates; but Flyer, instead of jumping over, jumped *through* the seventh, floored his master in the mud, and thus the sports ended, without any material injury, except to the pockets of Mr. A. and his friends.

Coursing.

AMESBURY MEETING.

FIRST DAY.—JANUARY 31, 1826.

For the Cup.—Mr. Mills's bl. d. Mar-mion beat Mr. Dansey's fawn b. Defiance; Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. Wulfrith beat Mr. Astley's bl. d. Alva; Mr. J. H. Vivian's fawn b. Vanity beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. b. Harriet; Mr. A.

Wyndham's blk. d. Waldemar beat Sir H. Vivian's yel. and wh. b. Votive; Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beat Mr. Biggs's wh. d. Bedlamite; Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. d. Hector beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Andromache; Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dame beat Mr. Mills's blk. and wh. b. Minna; Mr. A. Wyndham's blk. d. Woden beat Mr. Cripps's blk. and wh. b. Ellen.

Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Brother to Match'em beat Mr. Mills's blk. d. Mareke; Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Dingwell beat Sir H. Vivian's bl. and wh. d. Voter; Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Emily beat Mr. A. Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina; Mr. Heathcote's brin. d. Higgler beat Mr. Astley's fawn and wh. d. Alfred.

Figheldeen Stakes.—Mr. Dansey's red d. Doctor beat Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bijou; Mr. J. H. Vivian's blk. b. Vapour beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Alca; Mr. Heathcote's wh. b. Hyssop beat Mr. Wyndham's fawn b. Witch; Mr. Biggs's blk. and w. b. Bolina beat Mr. Cripps's d.

Tidworth Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's red b. Bellefleur, agst Mr. Astley's fawn and wh. b. Agnes; Mr. Wyndham's fawn d. Waverley, agst Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hydrus—not run.

Matches.—Mr. Cripps's wh. d. Edgar, agst Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Drusilla; Mr. Astley's yel. and wh. d. Ajax, agst Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Edward—not run.

SECOND DAY.—FEBRUARY 1, 1836.

Cup.—Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. Wulfrith beat Mr. Mills's bl. d. Marmon; Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dame beat Mr. A. Wyndham's blk. d. Waldemar; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and w. d. Hector; Mr. A. Wyndham's blk. d. Woden beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's fawn b. Vanity.

Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Brother to Match'em beat Mr. Heathcote's brin. d. Higgler; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emily beat Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Dingwell.

Figheldeen Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's blk. and wh. b. Bolina beat Mr. Heathcote's wh. b. Hyssop; Mr. Dansey's red b. Doctor beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's blk. b. Vapour.

Tidworth Stakes.—Mr. Astley's fawn and wh. b. Agnes beat Mr. Biggs's red b. Bellefleur; Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hydrus beat Mr. Wyndham's fawn d. Waverley.

Druid Stakes.—Mr. Mills's blk. d. Merriman beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. and wh. b. Ellen; Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bijou beat Mr. Wyndham's bl. b. roan-back Witch; Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. b. Harriet beat Sir H. Vivian's y. and wh. b. Volatile; Mr. Astley's bl. d. Alva beat Mr. Dansey's fawn b. Defiance.

Matches.—Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Bru-

alla beat Mr. E. Cripps's wh. d. Edgar; Mr. Astley's y. and wh. d. Ajax beat Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Edward; Mr. A. Wyndham's fawn d. Wryface beat Mr. Mills's red d. Marksman; Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Duster beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Artless; Sir H. Vivian's y. and wh. b. Votive beat Mr. Wyndham's fawn b. Witch; Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. Victrix beat Mr. Dansey's red b. Darling.

THIRD DAY.—FEBRUARY 2, 1836.

For the Cup.—Mr. A. Wyndham's blk. d. Woden beat Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dame; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beat Mr. A. Wyndham's blk. b. Wulfrith.

Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Brother to Match'em beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emily, and won the *Stakes*.

Last Tie for the Cup.—Mr. Wyndham's blk. d. Woden beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald, and won the *Cup*, the latter 10gs.

Figheldeen Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's blk. and wh. b. Bolina beat Mr. Dansey's red d. Doctor, and won the *Stakes*.

Tidworth Stakes.—Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hydrus beat Mr. Astley's fawn b. Agnes, and won the *Stakes*.

Druid Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bijou beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and wh. b. Harriet; Mr. Mills's blk. d. Merriman beat Mr. Astley's bl. d. Alva.

Matches.—Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Dingwell beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Aurora; Mr. J. H. Vivian's blk. b. Vapour beat Sir H. Vivian's yel. & wh. b. Volatile; Mr. Dansey's bl. b. Drusilla beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. d. Alpine; Sir H. Vivian's red b. Votive beat Mr. Astley's wh. d. Agamemnon; Sir H. Vivian's bl. b. Victrix beat Mr. Dansey's red b. Darling; Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Duster beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Artless; Sir H. Vivian's blk. and wh. d. Voter beat Mr. Astley's yel. and wh. d. Alfred.

Druid Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's Bijou beat Mr. Mills's Merriman, and won the *Stakes*.

NEWMARKET MEETING, FEB. 9.

The Sweepstakes for Aged Dogs, was won by Mr. Rust's Beauty beating Mr. Young's Valentine. The Sweepstakes for Puppies was won by Mr. Young's Vestris beating Mr. Kelly's Smart. The Sweepstakes for Aged Dogs was won by Mr. Edwards's Zenobia beating Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Index. A Sweepstakes for Puppies was won by Mr. Syer's Ermine beating Mr. Edwards's Zephyr. Above twenty matches were run.

Hampton Court.—Monday, Feb. 6, there was a grand day's coursing in the park, which was most numerous and respectfully attended. The park abounds with hares, and several interesting matches were made and run, particularly one between Lord Berkeley and Mr. Eame's dog, for 20 sovereigns. After a well-contested run, the hare was taken up in fine style by Lord Berkeley's dog, and the match decided in his favour. Nine brace only were killed, in upwards of sixty courses. The day's sport finished by slipping 15 couple of dogs, when five hares were started, which were coursed in different directions, by five, six, and seven dogs each, and soon fell a sacrifice to unusual numbers. The horsemen galloping, and pedestrians running, formed a moving spectacle of an animated and picturesque scene.

Pigeon Shooting.

MATCHES DURING THE LAST MONTH.

The conquering match between eleven Gentlemen of Derby and Nottinghamshire, at eleven birds each, took place at Marston Moor, Beds, against eleven of the Woburn Club. The same match had been shot twice, and this was the decisive one for a double stake, which finished in favour of the counties, the numbers being 98 to 97.

The return match between the Woodstock and Woburn Clubs, thirteen picked members agst thirteen from the Heston and Ashford Clubs, took place at Acton Park (Captain Mills's), Oxfordshire, for a stake of 500 sovs. aside. The Woburn and Woodstock Clubs won the former match a fortnight previously; and this was decided, at seven birds each, in favour of Heston, &c.—the latter killing 78, and the former 75.—The losers were the favorites at 5 to 4.

A match, at eleven birds each, took place at Winkfield, Berks, for 200 sovs. aside, between the Woodcote and Ashford Clubs, seven each in number, the former having three picked shots from Oxfordshire, and the latter three from Hampshire. The shooting ground was thronged,

and terminated by the Woodcote killing 94, Ashford 91. The odds were 6 to 4 on the Ashford Club.

A match at nine birds, between seven picked Members of what are considered the four crack Clubs, with one of all England, (viz. Mr. Hoare, for Midgham, Capt. Smith for New Hats, Mr. Cookison for Ashton, and Mr. Warham for Heston,) was held on the Bagshot Enclosures the 18th of February, and was decided as follows:—Midgham killed 62, New Hats 61, Ashton 59, and Heston 56.

COCKING.

A new cock-pit has been recently erected in the Maypole-yard, in Nottingham. On the 6th of February a main of cocks was fought there between the gentlemen of Nottingham (Howe, feeder) and Derbyshire (J. Tomlinson, feeder), when the former beat at the main, and the latter at the bye-fights.

Matches and Mains to come.—At Cheltenham, on the 4th of March, and three following days, between R. F. Benson, Esq. of Shropshire, and Captain Berkeley of Sussex, for 10*l.* a battle, and 200*l.* the odd. Feeders—Bourn for Mr. Benson, and Nash for Captain Berkeley.—On the 6th March, and three following days, near the Angel, Cheltenham, between Sussex and Gloucestershire, shewing 75 cocks on each side, for 20*l.* a battle, and 200*l.* the odd.—On the 14th of March, and following days, at Lichfield, between Staffordshire and Warwickshire, Potter and Gulliver feeders.—On the 3d of April, and three following days, at Melton Mowbray, between Lord Kennedy and Captain Ross, for 50*l.* a battle, and 1000*l.* the odds. Nash and Potter, feeders.—The grand main will be fought, as usual, between Norfolk and All England, the week before Epsom Races, at the Cockpit, Westminster. Nash and Fleming, feeders.

The Arts.

The patrons of merit will be pleased to hear that a portrait is completed of Mr. JOHN SCOTT, the animal engraver, whose rare talents, through indisposition caused by intense appli-

cation, have so long been lost to the public and the Arts. The likeness was taken by Mr. JACKSON, R. A. the engraving by Mr. FAY, who has most liberally presented it to Mr. Scott's family, and it is therefore publishing for their benefit. This was a very rare instance of benevolence on the part of Mr. FAY, who intended publishing it himself; but, on hearing the circumstances of Mr. Scott, generously presented him with the plate. All those who possess the exquisite productions of this eminent artist will, we are confident, consider their collection incomplete without this portrait.

We are anxious to call the attention of our Readers to a work of art just published; namely, an engraving of a battle picture by COOPER, in which Oliver Cromwell is the principal figure. Having inspected it ourselves, we are enabled to speak favorably of the execution; and we trust it will meet with that patronage which in our opinion it so well deserves.

We have long had it in contemplation to give, in the *Sporting Magazine*, Portraits of those eminent Animal Painters whose labours have so often graced our pages, and from which the *Sporting World* have derived so much gratification. We purpose commencing with that of J. WARD, Esq. R.A. whose picture by Mr. JACKSON, R. A. is in great forwardness.

The subjects in the British Institution will be noticed in our next.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A number of matches have been run during the last month, near the metropolis, as well as in the country; few of them, however, for any large stake, or which excited any thing but a local interest. The most interesting were between Barry, from Lancashire, a *protégé* of Randall's, and Brown, from Yorkshire, (who had defeated the celebrated Halton in a four-mile race at Leeds,) under

the patronage of Ben Burns, on Sunbury Common, for 50 sovs. Barry won the match by nearly fifty yards, covering his mile in four minutes forty-eight seconds with great ease. —Uncle Ben, however, was not satisfied; and having, notwithstanding his defeat, a good opinion of his man, and considering that he had lost only from not being in condition, again backed him against his successful opponent for 150 sovs. to run a mile and a half on the same ground. The betting was heavy on the event, and the competitors appeared at the lists, each in the confident anticipation of victory—the odds, however, 5 to 4 in favour of Barry. Brown had evidently been under a strict disciplinarian, and shewed well. For the first mile there was little advantage on either side, and it was anybody's race; but Brown then got a-head, and Barry strained every nerve, in vain, to recover the ground. His antagonist won by fifteen yards, completing the distance in seven minutes and a half. Uncle Ben returned to town with his *yokel* in a post-chaise and four, and did not, on his road home, moisten his clay too much!

Mr. Starks, of Wingham, Kent, for a wager ran a mile in *four minutes* on the 23d of February. He had undertaken to do it in five.

FUGILISM.

Stockman beat Raines at Moulsey on the 11th February, after forty rounds of hard fighting, in one hour and twenty minutes—the stake 90l. aside. Both men were severely beaten.

Young Gas had a *decent* benefit at the Tennis Court on the 14th February—the sets-to of first-rate excellence among the minors.

Battles on the tapis.—O'Neale and Sampson, for 200l. aside the last Tuesday in June.—Donovan and Jennings for 50l.—day not named, but deposits made good.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several favours, received at the moment our last sheet went to press, unavoidably stand over; together with a communication from the "Fox-hunter Rough and Ready;" another from a "Stag-hunter;" and a letter from Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE in defence of the old system of Summering the Hunter at Grass; with several others.

"A Member of the Burton Hunt" is under consideration.

ERRATUM.—In the article of *SPORTING REMINISCENCES*, in our last, p. 246, col. 2, l. 36, for "supporting a pad," read "separating a pad."





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No. CIII.

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Embellished with,

I. PORTRAIT of BRAVURA, Painted by MARSHALL, and Engraved by WEBB.

II. VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE to the VOLUME.

III. PORTRAIT of ISABELLA.

BRAVURA.

WITH HER PORTRAIT.

THIS engraving, by Webb, is from one of Marshall's best pictures; painted for Sir Robert Keith Dick, Bart. to whom this celebrated mare really belongs. Last spring she was considered one of the speediest animals on the turf; and on reference to OBSERVATOR's account of the Spring Meetings at Newmarket (No. 91 and No. 93 of last year, 1825), it will be found that she not only beat most of the flyers, but at heavy weights, and in such a style, that in no part of her numerous races did she even give to the spec-

tator, who knew any thing of racing, any reason, at any moment, to doubt the result. Bravura is a dark grey, and so unusually dark, that to those who do not know that grey horses get lighter every year, till they become quite white, would suppose, looking superficially at her, that she was a good black. She has her name (which is judiciously chosen) from being the daughter of *Outcry*—and her pedigree, at first sight, is as singular as her appearance, which, we lament to say, our limits will not allow us to give in this Number, nor her winnings, which are particularly creditable to her as a three-year-old. She is rather above the

Y y

middle size, fifteen hands and a half, unusually lengthy and very strong, with meek, timid temper, as exhibited in her countenance, but when once in the midst of a bustling race, nothing can evince more vigorous and determined courage.

COURSING DECISION—REPLY
TO "FAIR-PLAY."

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

FAIR-PLAY, I am sorry to see in your last Number, has not yet been made so happy as he could have wished by the poor unfortunate umpires. But I must confess it affords me infinite satisfaction to hear, after *all*, and the *many attempts* to call the well-known experienced judgment of the judges in question, as well as to drive them from the field in which they labour in that critical office, that the only charge that now awaits them, is that of *not* giving the speedy dog, or the stout dog, his due. Give me leave to inform FAIR-PLAY, that the judges weigh not with a false balance, neither will they; and allow me to ask him if he had not a dog in *one* or *both* of the courses alluded to? if so, the opinion and appeal of one so interested will be duly appreciated; and I would hazard a small bet he did not see the *whole* of *both* courses, as in the one instance the hare lived *too long* for the speedy dog, and in the other *too short* a time for the stout one. How unreasonable and useless such observations, unless *all* hares ran the same distance, and *all* dogs were alike in speed and stoutness! It reminds me of a conversation between two old friends immediately after a race in which each had a horse: "Damn me," Jack, says the loser, "if I

don't think I should have won, if my horse had had a few more lengths to have gone to the winning post." To which his friend coolly replies: "But I won." His friend Tom was mute; but the word *true* was heard at last faintly to escape his lips. So let FAIR-PLAY recollect that every dog has his day, and his chance with it; and as I value his adopted motto and signature of FAIR-PLAY, so let him be satisfied that he has the *Jewel* always at his command when he earns it. He has concluded by saying "such things should not be." I, Mr. Editor, who attend *most* of their Coursing Meetings, take my leave by saying, that, as far as my scrutinizing observations go, such things have not been.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

WILTS.

March 16, 1826.

ORNITHOLOGY.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

HAVING observed in your Number for March an account of a bird killed in France by a friend of NIMROD's, which he describes as the "*Pie Grièche*, Speckled Magpie, Butcher Bird, *Pica Græca*," and asks, if this bird is common in England?—from the description he gives of the plumage, I conceive it is not the bird he imagines it to be. The Butcher Bird, the *Lanius Excubitor* of Linnaeus, *La Pie Grièche* grise of Buffon, is ash colour, under parts white, great quill feathers black, as is a part of the tail; is the largest of the Shrike tribe, and by no means common in England. I suspect the bird in question will prove to be the female of the great spotted woodpecker; *Picus Major*

of Linnæus, *L'Epiche, ou le Pie varié*, of Buffon.

The male of this species differs from the female by having a portion of crimson on the back of the head. Though not common, this bird is sometimes killed in England. I have a pair preserved in my collection, male and female, that were shot by the keeper in Littlecot Park, near Hungerford, in 1823.

I have the honor to be, &c.

F. C.

March 17, 1826.

A THOROUGH-BRED HORSE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Have just been reading the OLD FORESTER's communication of January 18, and I agree with him in thinking, that if there be one more perfect animal in the world than another it is the English thorough-bred horse; but if any one were to ask me what does thorough-bred mean?—what constitutes a horse thorough bred?—I should be at a loss for a definition; and I have met with many country gentlemen who are quite as ignorant as myself.

Perhaps the OLD FORESTER will be kind enough to assist us in our inquiry.

A BREEDER.

March 15, 1826.

A FEW LINES FROM NIMROD.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

WHEN the hunting season is over I must look back into the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*,

and reply to the several questions that have been put to me by your correspondents; as also remark upon some of the subjects which they have so ably treated upon.

In your last Number is a very sensible epistle from A WARWICKSHIRE MAN, on the condition of hunters, and clipping; in almost every part of which, his sentiments accord with my own: but I hope he will have the kindness to inform me whether it were the alternative ball stated below* (the only one I believe recommended, as such, by me), which occasioned "sickness and a refusal of food?" I take this opportunity of informing him that I never experienced this inconvenience in my stable. The mare I have been riding this day (March 17), with the Duke of Grafton's hounds, has had one of these balls every week during the season; and the rest of my stud have never been a fortnight without them. I have never seen nor heard of any of them refusing their corn; neither have I had sickness of any description in my stable up to this period, though my horses have been subject to all the evils of change of stables, food, &c. As for the mare I have spoken of, I am certain, that, without giving her more work than any hunter ought to have *between days*, she could not have been kept in any form for fast work, but for these balls. I also beg leave to inform your other correspondent, in your last Number, who signs himself A YOUNG ONE, that these are the alternative balls which I have recommended; and, which is more in their favour than any thing I can say of them—they have met with

* Cinnebar of Antimony, 3 ounces; Balsam of Sulphur, 2 ditto; Nitre, 4 ditto; Camphor, 1 ditto—to be made into 10 balls.

the approbation of every veterinary surgeon to whom I have shewn them.

I am sorry to find that the report is true of Sir Bellingham Graham resigning the Shropshire country. For the remainder of the season, the hounds are to be under the management of Sir Edward Smythe, Mr. Smythe Owen, and Mr. Lloyd of Aston; and afterwards of Mr. Smythe Owen. Sir Bellingham, I am informed, behaved with his usual liberality respecting the purchase of the hounds; and his three men are to remain with them. Most heartily do I wish success to the new concern; though I cannot help regretting the loss of the old master.

Nothing is talked of in this country but the grand steeple chase on the 31st instant; but it is useless enlarging on this subject, as the result will be before the public ere this my letter will appear.

NIMROD.

Pitsford, near Northampton, March 17.

HUNTING IN WILTS AND HANTS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

THE *Sporting World*, in all parts of the kingdom, are as well pleased with your Magazine, as myself, an Old Subscriber; but I am sorry to see that old Philip has been cut so hard upon his not being able to ride with hounds. I have had the pleasure of hunting with the Duke many times this season, at Eathorp—and for an old one, where shall we find the equal to Philip Payne in the field? Indeed I have heard the Duke express himself so well pleased with his huntsman, that whenever he goes off the perch, he will give up his hounds. Philip may not ride so hard as he did twenty years

ago; but we must recollect he has had many dangerous falls, which make the best of us shy. I hope you will gratify your numerous subscribers with a portrait of him on his horse, and in his kennel; for when he goes we may not soon find so good a one.

Last week, I was out with Mr. Codrington's pack two days, but no sport. I afterwards went to meet a huntsman of twenty-two stone in the person of Mr. Blake, who hunts his own pack of harriers near Salisbury: he has, in general, a good field: amongst whom are, General Wyndham, Captain Smith, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Vandenhoff, and Mr. Short, the latter of whom was mounted on as good a horse as I have seen for some time.

We have had some good sport with Mr. Shard's stag-hounds; with whom may be seen old John Day on his favorite old pony, going well, though his master weighs twenty-three stone.

At the close of the season, I shall give you the best account I can of the various hounds I have hunted with this year, comprising twenty-seven different packs.

Yours,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Stockbridge, March 21, 1826.

KIBBLED CORN.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IN answer to a question in your last Magazine, respecting kibble corn for hunters, I beg to say, that for many seasons I have given my horses nothing else, and found not the slightest difference in their wind; but, on the contrary, their condition was much improved by it; and one horse in particular, which would not carry flesh when

fed on whole oats, improved immediately in constitution upon adopting the above plan of crushing his corn.—I remain, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

March 16, 1826.

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

I Am far from being one who is fond of puffing off, or passing public encomiums upon those friends he really respects; yet, in this instance, I cannot help mentioning a subject, which NIMROD, in his well-delineated description of the Warwickshire Hunt, and Warwickshire gentlemen, has passed over with very little comment, or, at least, with certainly far less than it deserves.

I allude to a young sportsman who has already attained some celebrity, even with our friend N—, from his being one of a select few on a distinguished day near Edge Hills this season, and who, from his uniform, steady, and forward style of riding, evinces, not only his thorough delight in the art, but also a *knowledge of his business*, which, aided, as he certainly has been, by two or three superior horses (particularly a large chestnut, which I pronounce, without hesitation, to be one of the most excellent hunters in the country), will ensure his becoming one of the most staunch and able supporters of the pretent superiority of the Warwickshire Hunt. I allude to Mr. Bernard Dewes, son of Court Dewes, Esq. of Wells-bourne; and my warmest wishes to him are, that, with his increasing stud and increasing fortune, his love of the sport may keep pace with that which has given him so first-rate

a situation amongst the Warwickshire field this season.

I am, Sir,

J. B. D.

Warwickshire, March 16, 1826.

BETTINGS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE time is fast approaching when the different speculations on these great races will be put to the test, and the betting begins to assume a more decided character. A strong attempt was made to throw Monarch in the shade; and it so far succeeded as to get him back a point; but the takers are uncountably numerous, and he is fast regaining his lost ground. The Moslem is not so strongly supported; yet his party calculate, if he should win the Riddlesworth, that he will become first favorite. Panic was highly spoken of, and backed to an enormous amount. After various fluctuations the odds settled down at 8 to 1, and freely taken. The General is neglected, many considering his chance quite gone; yet at the time of starting he may be in a better place than his present situation would seem to indicate. The others are brought forward by fits and starts, more to cover the book than in the spirit of real betting. As might have been expected at this season, several important alterations have occurred on the Oaks, and some extensive betting has taken place:—Mignonette is most fancied, the party eagerly taking the odds, and asserting she will yet be higher. Parapluie has advanced a trifle; and Problem has receded. Some heavy bets were made between Fillagree and Henrica, and Rachael and Elizabeth—one stud against the other. Bo-

Peep and a few others are occasionally brought into notice, but comparatively nothing is doing upon them. Bedlamite remains stationary, scarcely fluctuating half a point since my last statement—7 to 1 the top of the odds, and readily taken. Crusader cannot advance, the betting being rather brisk against him. The principal speculators keep laying the odds against Belzoni; and, although a very fine colt and in Mr. Watt's stud, whose very name is a tower of strength, yet he is on the decline, and the takers very cautious. The Brother to Fanny is still getting up; and as the party appear to fancy their horse, and being men who will do the thing with spirit, most likely they will bring him more into notice. Barataria is nearly forgotten, hardly a bet being heard in his favour. Lord Kennedy's other nominations were cursorily mentioned, and some deep betting took place against them; but on the whole they are declining, and the betting itself on this interesting race is at present extremely spiritless, and confined to but few horses.

Yours truly, Z. B.

Tattersall's, March 20, 1826.

DERBY.

- 4 to 1 and 9 to 2 agst Monarch.
- 7 and 8 to 1 agst Panic.
- 7 and 8 to 1 agst The Moslem.
- 20 to 1 agst Advance.
- 20 to 1 agst Sophist.
- 20 to 1 agst Viscountess.
- 20 to 1 agst Pluto's dam.
- 27 to 1 agst The General.
- 27 to 1 agst Norman.
- 27 to 1 agst Twatty.
- 30 to 1 agst The Baron.
- 30 to 1 agst Henrica.
- 32 to 1 agst The Waterman.
- 33 to 1 agst Franks.
- 33 to 1 agst Barossa.
- 35 to 1 agst Grammarie.
- 35 to 1 agst Centaur.
- 35 to 1 agst Canvas.
- 35 to 1 agst Syphon.

- 40 to 1 agst Belivar.
- 45 to 1 agst Scamper.
- 35 to 1 agst Apelles.
- 50 to 1 agst Cedric.
- 50 to 1 agst The Captain.
- 7 to 4 Monarch beats Panic.

OAKS.

- 6 to 1 and 13 to 2 agst Mignionette.
- 6 and 7 to 1 agst Fillagree.
- 7 and 8 to 1 agst Problem.
- 8 and 9 to 1 agst Rachel.
- 9 and 10 to 1 agst Henrica (Henry).
- 12 to 1 agst Elizabeth.
- 14 to 1 agst Bo-Peep.
- 15 to 1 agst Paraphia.
- 17 to 1 agst Morel.
- 20 to 1 agst Gamelia.
- 25 to 1 agst Louisa.
- 30 to 1 agst Tears.
- 25 to 1 agst Miss Hap.
- 35 to 1 agst Little Folly.
- 40 to 1 agst Nancy.
- 7 to 4 on the Field agst Fillagree, Henrica, and Problem. 6 to 4 on Lord Jersey's two agst Mr. Greville's two.

ST. LEGER.

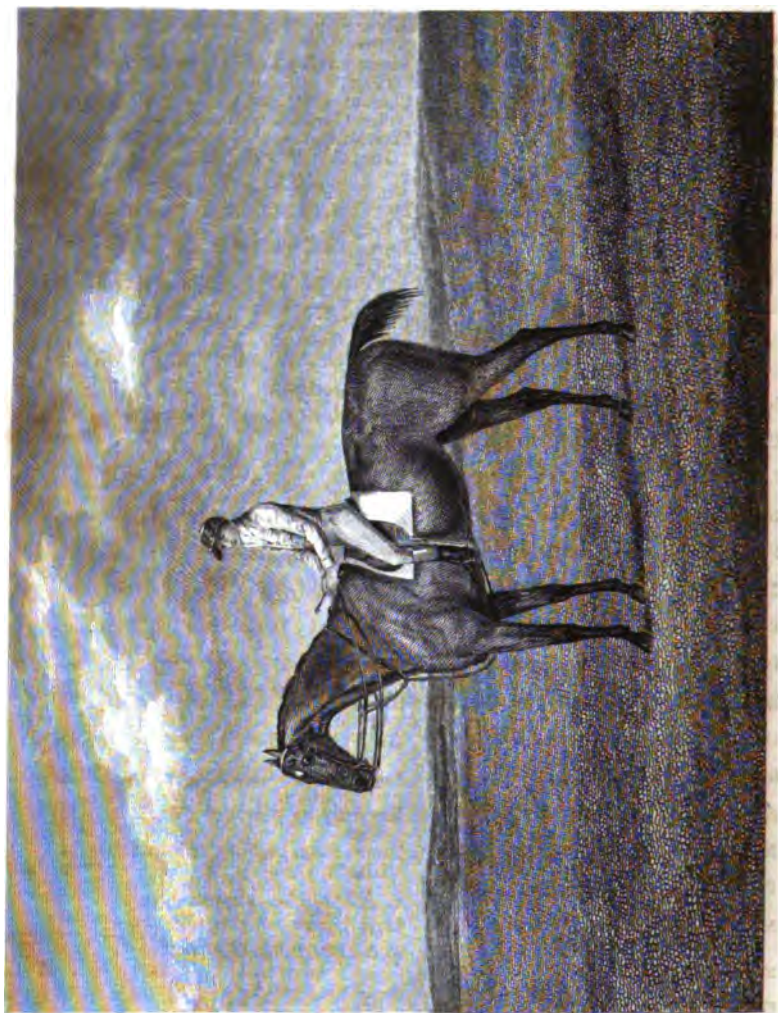
- 7 to 1 agst Bedlamite.
- 11 and 12 to 1 agst Crusader.
- 14 and 15 to 1 agst Belzoni.
- 15 and 16 to 1 agst Fanny.
- 20 to 1 agst Barataria.
- 25 to 1 agst Calypso.
- 30 to 1 agst Grecian Queen.
- 30 to 1 agst Restless.
- 35 to 1 agst Pirate.
- 35 to 1 agst c. by Walton.
- 40 to 1 agst Barefoot.
- 45 to 1 agst Panic.
- 45 to 1 agst Paul Pry.
- 50 to 1 agst The General.
- 50 to 1 agst Sophist.
- 50 to 1 agst Hardwick.
- 60 to 1 agst King Cotton.
- 65 to 1 agst Mary Ann.
- 65 to 1 agst Altisidora.
- 100 to 1 agst Waterman.
- 100 to 1 agst King Cole.
- 100 to 1 agst Scaramouch.
- 100 to 1 agst The Baron.
- 100 to 1 agst Apelles.
- 100 to 1 agst Gin.
- 3 to 1 agst Lord Kennedy's stud, including the Grecian Queen.

RIDDLESWORTH.

- 6 to 5 agst The Moslem.
- 3 to 1 agst Henrica.
- 6 and 7 to 1 agst Paraphia.
- 13 to 1 agst The General.
- 15 to 1 agst Cedric.
- 1000 to 12 agst Henrica winning the Riddlesworth and the Derby.

OATLANDS.

- 5 to 1 agst Stumps.
- 4 to 1 agst Triumph.
- 4 to 1 agst Surprise.
- 8 to 1 agst Wings.



SALE OF MR. LAMBTON'S STUD.

THE following stallions, brood mares, horses in training, &c. with their engagements, the property of J. G. Lambton, Esq. M.P. were sold by auction, by Messrs. Tattersall, at Lambton Castle, near Durham, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 15th and 16th of March:—

Wednesday, March 15.

HORSES.

Abjer, 8 yrs old, by Truffle, out of Briscia (Mr. Lumley), 500ga.
 Richard, 7 yrs old, by Orville (Mr. Ma. Joribanka), 405ga.
 Rosario, 5 yrs old, by Walton (Mr. Wigram), 200ga.

BROOD MARES.

Leopoldine, by Walton (Lord Dunwich), 710ga.
 Spermacoti, by Whalebone (His Majesty), 610ga.
 Banabee (dam of Osmond), by Sorcerer (Mr. Charlton), 250ga.
 Loo, by Waxy Pope (Lord Dunwich), 280ga.
 Haphazard Mare, out of Web (Mr. Tattersall), 500ga.
 Fortuna, by Comus (Mr. Houldsworth), 430ga.
 The Duchess, by Cardinal York (Lord Dunwich), 310ga.
 Precipitate Mare, dam by Highflyer (Mr. Houldsworth), 75ga.
 Orphan, by Camillus (Mr. Houldsworth), 210ga.
 Stamford Mare, dam by Precipitate (Mr. Houldsworth), 225ga.
 Opal, by Sir Peter Teazle (Lord Dunwich), 61ga.
 Sancho Mare, out of Ringtail (Lord Dunwich), 88ga.
 Jenny Horner, by Golumpus (Mr. Dickinson), 110ga.
 Mrs. Siddons, by Macbeth (Mr. Dickinson), 56ga.
 Pecunia, by Octavian (Mr. Russell), 180ga.
 Miss O'Neill, Sister to Mrs. Siddons (Mr. Green), 50ga.

HORSES IN TRAINING, WITH THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.

Canteen, by Waxy Pape (Mr. Smith), 405ga.
 Buzzard, by Blacklock (Mr. Tattersall), 410ga.
 Forester, by Don Cossack (Mr. Sargison), 175ga.
 Count Porro, by Leopold (Mr. Tattersall), 195ga.
 Magister, by Soothsayer (Mr. Tattersall), 255ga.

Chestnut Colt, by Soothsayer (Mr. Dickinson), 26ga.
 Claudine, by Ebor, out of Orphan (Mr. Tattersall), 300ga.
 Dream, by Soothsayer (Lord Dunwich), 130ga.
 Sylvester, by Woodman (Mr. Dickinson), 90ga.
 Republican, by Consul (Mr. Dickinson), 110ga.
 Chestnut Colt, by Abjer, out of Leopoldine (Mr. Tattersall), 250ga.
 Chestnut Colt, by Abjer, out of Watcote Lass (Mr. Russell), 290ga.

Thursday, March 16.

Menelaus, by Whisker (Mr. Dickinson), 105ga.
 Brown Colt, by Comus (Mr. Wilkinson), 32ga.
 Bay Colt, by Whisker (Marquis of Buckingham), 125ga.
 Brown Colt, by Soothsayer (Mr. Wilkinson), 30ga.
 Raymond, by Catton (Mr. Charlton), 62ga.
 Clari, by Smolensko (Mr. Charlton), 91ga.
 Bay Filly, by Comus (Mr. Tattersall), 90ga.

FOALS OF 1825.

Bay Colt, by Filho da Puta (Mr. Tattersall), 300ga.
 Bay Colt, by Tramp (Mr. Tattersall), 195ga.
 Grey Colt, by Viscount (Mr. Russell), 275ga.
 Bay Colt, by Waverley (Mr. Ridsdale), 100ga.
 Bay Colt, by Dunsinane (Col. Cradock), 235ga.
 Bay Colt, by Abjer (Mr. Paulett), 93ga.
 Grey Colt, by Abjer (Mr. Russell), 150ga.
 Bay Filly, by Blacklock (Mr. Houldsworth), 95ga.
 Bay Filly, by Master Henry (Mr. Houldsworth), 87ga.
 Bay Filly, by Master Henry (Mr. Houldsworth), 43ga.
 Bay Filly, by Waverley (Mr. Tattersall), 47ga.
 Brown Filly, by Filho da Puta (Mr. Tattersall), 47ga.

After the above, several hunters, hacks, and ponies were sold, and brought fair prices.

ISABELLA.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

ISABELLA, bred by Mr. Gascoigne, is a bright bay, about fifteen hands and a half high,

foaled in 1820. She was got by *Comus*; dam, *Shepherdess* by *Shuttle* (the dam of *Cannonade*); grandam by *Buzzard* (*Fitz Orville's* dam); great grandam, *Ann* of the *Forest*, by *King Fergus*; great great grandam, *Miss West*, by *Match'em*, the dam of *Stargazer*, *Telescope*, *Microscope*, *Huby*, *Sky-peeper*, *Circassian*, *Roseberry*, *Telegraph*, *Honeycombe*, *Allspice*, and *Quiz*; great great great grandam by *Regulus*, *Crab*, *Children*.

PERFORMANCES.

In the year 1823, when three years old, she won the *Sapling Stakes* at *York*, beating *Brillante* and two others—even betting on her. She was then bought by *Mr. Lee*, and brought to *Newmarket*, where she ran three times unsuccessfully, and was beat by *Nicolo*, *Compte d'Artois*, and *Cephalus*. She was then bought by *Mr. Richard Wilson*, to be put to his stud, and was soon after covered by *Skim*, and was kept in gentle exercise until *Ipswich* races, where she won, on the 7th of July, the 50l. Plate for all ages, beating the *Brother* to *Antelope*.—On the 20th of July she won the *Cup Stakes* at *Beccles*, beating *Black Daphne* and *Furbisher*; on the next day she won the 50l. Plate, beating again *Black Daphne*. She then went to *Chelmsford*, and on the 28th of July won the *County Cup Stakes* of 100gs.—On the 10th of August, she won the *Cup Stakes* at *Huntingdon*, beating *Sir George*, by *Smolensko*.—On the 15th of September, she won the *Gold Cup* at *Northampton*, beating *Vision* and an *Orville filly*.—The next day she won the 50gs. Plate for all ages, beating *Triumph*, *Blunder*, and *Vargas*.—On Monday the 4th of October, at *Newmarket*, she beat *Cephalus* in

a match, 8st. 3lb. each, for 100gs. D. I.—In the month of January 1825, she slipped her foal, and was put into gentle exercise again, and was covered by *Nicolo*; and on the 19th of July, at *Beccles*, she won the 50l. for all ages, beating *Humbog* and another.—On the 9th of August, at *Chelmsford*, she won the 100gs. for mares, beating *Black Daphne* and *Pucelle*, at two heats; the next day she won the *County Cup Stakes*; beating *Monimia*.—On the 14th of September, she won the *Gold Cup* at *Northampton*, and the 50gs. for all ages, beating *Monimia* and *Selection*.—On the 21st of September, she won the *Gold Cup* at *Swaffham*, beating *Black Daphne* and *Cataline*, and is now in foal to *Nicolo*.

The extraordinary part of this mare's performance is the ease and expedition with which she travelled from place to place, never being once prevented by illness from running her several races, or having the slightest cough during her journeys, which shews her to possess a most uncommonly sound and strong constitution. In the course of the three months in which she ran in 1824, she travelled on hard roads 510 miles; and in the three months in which she ran last year she travelled 408 miles; and, what is most extraordinary, she has not now either splint or windgall on any of her legs. She is still the property of *Mr. R. Wilson*, and will be a valuable acquisition to his numerous stud at *Bildeston*—to which is also added *Shepherdess*, the dam of *Isabella*.

Although much cannot be said for the picture from which our engraving is taken, yet we are assured a generally correct idea of the mare may be gathered from it.

BRITISH GALLERY.

IN conformity with our annual custom, we present our readers with a description of those works of art in the British Gallery, just opened, which more immediately appertain to the nature of our publication.

In the performance of this task, we shall endeavour to adhere to candour and impartiality—"nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice." The first object of the character we have above alluded to, is,

No. 39. *Learning to Ride*—T. WOODWARD. There is much to admire in this picture. It is a faithful representation of rustic nature, and unsophisticated by any of those fanciful notions of improving what is presented to the eye, whence arise those ridiculous incongruities which are so glaring in many of our modern productions of art. The expression of the horse's head indicates that he is not thoroughly pleased, either with his burthen, or with the stroke of the double end of the rein with which the boy threatens him.

No. 61. *Dead Game*—EDWARD BRADLEY. We should think it had been dead some time, from its appearance.

No. 91. *Dogs, a study from Nature*—by JAMES BARENGER—has nothing very particular to recommend it.

No. 173. *Game*—by WILLIAM FOWLER—has a good deal of merit. We doubt whether the red back ground does not impoverish the effect of the plumage.

No. 178. *Adonis, a favorite charger of His late Majesty George the Third*—by JAMES WARD, R. A. This is painted in Mr. Ward's usual firm manner. There is, however,

some defect in the perspective of the head, as the off-side of the jaw could not be seen in the point of view in which the head is drawn.

No. 182. *The Dog and Shadow*—by E. LANDSEER. In the language of the connoisseurs, this little picture may truly be said to be a gem of the first water. The colouring of the dog is exquisite; and the doubt in the dog's mind (if we may use the term) as to the reality of the reflected piece of liver, is most admirably expressed. The back ground is chaste and beautiful. We are not, however, quite certain that the reflection of the dog's head is correct as to the perspective, the real object shewing only one eye, while the reflection is made to shew a front face. We make this remark with deference, because it is probable, from Mr. Landseer's well-known adherence to nature, he must have ascertained the correctness of his work in this particular part by actual demonstration, previously to committing it to the canvas.

No. 184. *Deer Hound and Dead Game*—by the Same—a crispy, well-handled picture.

No. 202. *Group of His Majesty's Stag-hounds*—J. F. LEWIS. This picture contains very faithful delineations of that breed of hound, and possesses all the merit that arises from a close adherence to nature. The colouring is chaste, but appears to want a little more breadth. This rising artist is a very powerful competitor with his cotemporaries in the same line. This is as it should be; for it keeps up that spirit of emulation which prevents negligence—too often the bane of artists after they have once acquired popularity and fame.

No. 246. *Unkennelling*—by F. C.

TURNER. If the subject of this painting be not very lofty, we cannot make the same complaint of the situation in which it hangs. Not being blest with the form of a cameleopard, we were obliged to content ourselves with a distant view of the hounds—a circumstance which frequently occurs even to better sportsmen than ourselves. We hope, therefore, our readers will be satisfied with this apology for not entering farther into the merits of this exalted performance.

No. 207. *Stole Away*—by G. H. LAPORTE. This would have been a more faithful representation of the action of leaping, had the hind legs been brought forwards under the body. The title of the picture "*Stole Away*," we consider rather an unfortunate one, as we see no danger of its meeting with that fate, even if it hangs where it does until the next Exhibition.

No. 253. *Duncan's Horses*—by R. B. DAVIS. We advise Mr. Davis to send *Duncan's Horses* to the Bazaar, where they will be as likely to be sold as where they now stand. There must surely be some mistake in the quotation—"Old Man, this is a sore night, &c. &c."—inasmuch as there is nothing near the picture but the portrait of an old apple-woman, who seems quite unmoved on the subject.

No. 257. *Preparing for Market*—by E. BRISTOW—shews much ability both in drawing and colouring.

No. 203. *The Widow*—by E. LANDSEER. The colouring of the dead mallard is equal to the best of the old Masters. We think, however, that the handling of the white duck is inferior to the other in regard to finishing.

No. 269. *Taking a Buck*—by the Same. This is a very spirited

performance. The dog that has seized the buck is in a difficult attitude, and is remarkably well drawn. It strikes us, however, that a little strength is wanting, both in the colouring of the buck's horns, and in the drapery of the figure.

No. 301. *Horsemen surprised by Lions*—by T. WOODWARD. It always gives us pain to find any faults in the works of those who justly stand well in public opinion; but the truth must be told—"fat justitia." Upon this principle, therefore, we shall say, that the relative positions of the lion and the man (with the grey horse between them) partakes something of the ludicrous, more especially as the countenance of the man betrays as little discomposure as if he was playing a game at Put with his formidable neighbour, merely holding up his hand at having lost the game. The horses are well drawn and spirited.

No. 338. *Dead Deer and Highlander*. This is a very beautiful little picture, and deserves every commendation that can be bestowed upon it. The colouring is remarkably clear and fresh, and, what is still better, faithful to nature.

No. 340. *Horses Watering*—by S. T. JONES—a clever picture. The neck of the brown horse appears rather too long.

In the department of sculpture there are two small models of horses—the one a bas relief, by T. J. Phillips; the other a small bronze figure in the round. There is nothing very remarkable in the execution of either of them.

We cannot close this subject, without bestowing our hearty commendation of a statue in marble, of Adonis attacked by a Boar. It is

a beautiful and well-conceived group; and, in regard to execution, may stand by the side of any work of modern art. There is a singular chasteness in the *contour*, and a total abstinence from that affectation of anatomical skill, which is too apt to preponderate in works of the present day. Taking a review of the whole, we are of opinion that the present Exhibition at the Gallery is far superior to any we have yet seen in that excellent Institution.

NIMROD'S LATE TOUR IN WARWICKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SEVERAL inaccuracies having, I am sure inadvertently, crept into NIMROD's last "Tour in Warwickshire," I would request you to insert this letter in your next Magazine. His statements are in general correct; and therefore I am the more anxious to point out the few errors in his entertaining letter.

He observes, "Mr. Hay's kennel is divided into two packs, a large and a small one—the former chiefly composed of the hounds handed over to him with the country by Mr. Shirley; the latter comprises those which he brought with him from Staffordshire," &c. &c. Now, on inquiry, NIMROD will find, that out of about fifty couple of hunting hounds, at present in the kennel at Butler's Marton, not above ten couple remain of those brought by Mr. Hay; the rest being those so handsomely given over to him by Mr. Shirley.

Again, he observes, "To any one whose eye is accustomed to fox-hounds, there will appear a peculiar style and character in

some of those Mr. Hay brought with him from Staffordshire;" and he mentions Ornament, Wasprite, and her Brother. Ornament, whom he justly so much admires, now two years old, was bred at Butler's Marton, out of Ominous, which bitch has hunted here, to my knowledge, at least three seasons, and was brought at twelve months old, by Jack Wood, from the Pytchley, when he first came to Mr. Shirley, being got by Lord Althorpe's Orpheus, out of Purity. Wasprite also, and her brother, Workman, *not* Woodman, were bred by Lord Sondes, and given as puppies to Mr. Shirley, this being their second season. They were got by Mr. Oxendon's Woodman, out of Lord Sondes's Darling. I should conceive about an equal number of Mr. Hay's original hounds may be in each pack, say four couple and a half. The two packs were sized by Mr. Hay from the body of the hounds.

This, I think, is due in justice to Jack Wood, who has, by the closest attention to crossing and drafting, brought the Warwickshire hounds, in the course of five years, to that striking appearance in the kennel, and to that speed, dash, and condition, which they display in the field; and, I doubt not, Mr. Hay's and Jack Wood's united judgment will, in another season, if possible, improve them, though their next year's entry may not, perhaps, be so large as might be wished, there not being sufficient walks for a larger number; but I understand that there are about twenty couple of very promising young hounds, either now at walk, or about this time coming on.

On reading NIMROD's account of a "foreign Nobleman," I was

puzzled whether to consider the mention made of his performances to be joke or earnest. If the latter, and the Marquis's observation on the riding of Englishmen be true, certainly he must be more perfect in theory than in practice; and more at home, I should conceive, in his chair than on his saddle: for certainly his appearance in the field, and his performances as a horseman, do not excite in me that lively admiration they appear to have done in NIMROD; though it must be satisfactory to the hard-riding men to know that the cause of their falls is at length ascertained; and I trust, for the sake of their necks, they may profit by the Marquis's hints, particularly should they ever be rash enough to follow him "over six gates in succession!"

I trust, Mr. Editor, NIMROD will not conceive that these observations have been made in any feeling of ill-will towards him. On the contrary, I would assure him I have been much amused in reading his entertaining and instructive letters; and with some brother sportsmen, we often discuss the merits and excellencies of his writings over our bottle of Port, and not unfrequently, he may be assured, do we drink a bumper to the health of one whom we consider a first-rate sportsman—whether explaining the mysteries of the science in his writings, or exemplifying them in the field. We shall be most happy to see him again in this county; and should chance ever throw him in our humble circle, we should be proud to offer him a very hearty welcome.

I beg to subscribe myself, Mr. Editor, your very humble servant,
An Old Warwickshire Sportsman.
 Warwickshire, February 19, 1836.

COURSING.

UNION CLUB MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

GOLD CUP.—Mr. Mills's bl. d. Marmon beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Portia; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Blast; Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Resida beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Grandison; Mr. Philp's w. b. Rattle beat Mr. Dansey's blk. d. Dingwell; Mr. Wyndham's blk. d. Woden beat Mr. Astley's blk. and w. d. Astranax; Mr. Heathcote's w. and blk. d. Hudibras beat Mr. Brown's w. d. Boxer; Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. Volage beat Sir J. Hawkins's blk. and w. d. Hymen; Lord Molyneux's blk. d. Mountain beat Mr. Cripps's blk. and w. d. Castor.

Consolation Purse, given by the Club.—Mr. Everett's w. b. Endurance beat Mr. J. H. Vivian's f. b. Vanity; Mr. Jones Long's blk. d. Lash beat a dog put in by Mr. Jones Long.

Fisherton Stakes, 5gs. each.—Mr. Goodlake's red b. Goldmine beat Mr. Mills's blk. d. Marsh; Mr. Astley's blk. ticked d. Attilla beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Brevity.

Deptford Stakes, 5gs. each.—Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Enity; Sir H. Vivian's red b. Votive beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hannibal; Mr. Pettat's w. d. Pilot beat Mr. Cripps's w. b. Callista; Mr. Biggs's Best of the Brothers, late Brother to Match'em, beat Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Mary.

Deptford Stakes, Second Class.—Mr. Goodlake's f. b. Gohanna beat Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dame; Mr. Jones Long's bl. d. Lazybones beat Mr. Astley's yel. and w. d. Ajax; Mr. Roberts's red d. Radical beat Mr. Philp's bl. b. Rattlesnake; Mr. Brown's bl. and w. d. Baron beat Mr. Mills's red d. Marksman.

The wildness of the hares, and the unfavorable state of the weather, prevented the matches from being run off.

SECOND DAY.

Gold Cup.—Mr. Wyndham's blk. d. Woden beat Mr. Mills's bl. d. Marmon; Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Resida beat Lord Molyneux's blk. d. Mountain; Mr. Heathcote's w. and b. d. Hudibras beat Mr. Philp's w. b. Rattle; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beat Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. Volage.

Consolation Purse.—Mr. Everett's wh. b. Endurance beat Mr. Jones Long's blk. d. Lash, and won the Purse.

Fisherton Stakes.—Mr. Goodlake's red b. Goldmine beat Mr. Astley's blk. ticked d. Attilla, and won the Stakes.

Deptford Stakes, First Class.—Sir H. Vivian's red b. Votive beat Mr. Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina; Mr. Pettat's w. d. Pilot beat a dog Mr. F. put in. (Best of the Brothers lame and drawn.)

Deptford Stakes, Second Class.—Mr. Roberts's red d. Radical beat Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Gohanna; Mr. Jones Long's bl. d. Lazybones beat Mr. Brown's bl. and w. d. Baron.

Matches.—Sir H. Vivian's blk. b. Vapour agst Mr. Biggs's red b. Bellefleur—two hares—Vapour broke her leg in running; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Fortia beat Mr. Phillips's bl. b. Rattlesnake; Sir John Hawkins's red d. Hector agst Mr. Astley's blk. b. Amy—undecided; Mr. Heathcote's bl. d. Huff beat Mr. E. Cripps's w. d. Enamel; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Pantaloon agst Mr. Phillips's blk. d. Rocket—undecided; Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hydrus beat Mr. Jones Long's red d. Lupin; Mr. Mills's blk. d. Merriman beat Mr. Phillips's red b. Ready; Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Daine beat Mr. Astley's blk. and w. b. Artful; Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. Grandison beat Mr. Wyndham's blk. d. Dingwell.

THIRD DAY.

Gold Cup.—Mr. E. Cripps's Emerald beat Mr. Heathcote's Hudibras.—Mr. Roberts's Resida beat a dog Mr. R. put in—Woden drawn.

Deptford Stakes, First Class.—Sir H. Vivian's Votive beat Mr. Pettat's Pilot, and won the Stakes.

Deptford Stakes, Second Class.—Mr. Roberts's Radical beat Mr. Jones Long's Lazybones, and won the Stakes.

Last Tie for the Gold Cup.—Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Resida beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald, and won the Cup.

Matches.—Sir H. Vivian's bl. and w. d. Voter beat Mr. Brown's bl. and w. d. Baron; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Bagatelle beat Mr. Jones Long's blk. d. Lounger; Mr. Wyndham's red b. Witch beat Mr. Dansey's blk. b. Dove; Mr. Astley's blk. and w. b. Andromache beat Mr. Jones Long's blk. b. Lofty; Mr. Mills's blk. d. Merriman beat Mr. Phillips's red b. Ready; Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Mary beat Mr. Astley's blk. and w. b. Aurora; Mr. Mills's red d. Marksman beat Sir John Hawkins's blk. and w. d. Hymen; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Fortia beat Mr. Phillips's bl. b. Rattlesnake; Mr. Mills's bl. d. Marmion agst Mr. Astley's Alva—off; Mr. Astley's ticked d. Attila agst Mr. Wyndham's red d. Wryface—undecided; Lord Molyneux's yel. b. Margaretta beat Sir John Hawkins's blk. and w. b. Honoria; Lord Molyneux's red d. Medlar beat Mr. Browne's blk. and w. d. Brigade; Mr. Biggs's blk. and w. b. Bolina beat Mr. Dansey's f. b. Defiance; Mr. Wyndham's

red b. Witch agst Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pheasant—undecided; Sir H. Vivian's bl. b. Victrix beat Mr. Astley's blk. and w. b. Alia.

HIS MAJESTY'S STAG-HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Was highly delighted with the perusal of NIMROD'S "Second Tour," in your February Number. I must observe, however, upon one part of his letter, which surprised me not a little—I mean where NIMROD alludes to His Majesty's Stag-hounds. He observes, "From what I hear, their sport is not increased from the plan they have adopted of such short law, and not stopping the hounds; neither did I imagine it would." He further adds, "Should the game not go merrily away, but be run in to in about twenty minutes, as must often be the case, those gentlemen who come from London to Maidenhead Thicket in the morning are but ill requited for their pains, as there is no second draw." Now it would seem that NIMROD has been led into some error regarding the law allowed to the stag by Lord Maryborough, who permits fifteen minutes to elapse before the hounds are laid on, which I believe is considerably more time than is given by any other pack of stag-hounds in the kingdom.

It has always appeared to me to be a great drawback to the pleasure of stag-hunting, that when the select few have got well away with the hounds, and when the minds and spirits of hounds, horses, and riders are in the highest state of excitation, they should be stopped, to enable the tailors, lancers, gallopers, and all the *oi πολλοι* of the field to come up and over-ride

the hounds, which these gentry are generally in the habit of doing when they can get an opportunity. I am aware that by the system of stopping, the runs are frequently protracted for three or four hours, but this I do not consider as an advantage; and I would ask any real sportsman whether he would not prefer a run of an hour, sharp and decisive, to one of a much longer duration with regular stops, of course occurring at the very best period of the hunt?

I subjoin an account of the runs which His Majesty's hounds have had since the termination of the frost. The pack met—

Feb. 1, at Thorpe	ran 40 min.
3, at Slough	1 hour.
5, at Salthill	1 hour.
8, at Iver Heath	1 h. 20 m.
10, at Magpies	1 h. 40 m.
13, at Two-mile Brook ...	1 hour.
15, at Farnham	45 min.
17, at Magpies	1 hour.
20, at Slough, and lost the deer, which was run and killed next day.	
22, at Longford	1 h. 10 m.

This statement, I should think, would satisfy NIMROD that their sport *has not decreased*, as their shortest run has been forty minutes, and that was over Bagshot Heath, without a single fence to check the speed of the hounds, who otherwise, in all probability, would not have run into the deer so soon.

His Majesty has, with his usual liberality, given a plate of one hundred guineas, to be run for at Ascot Heath Meeting, by horses which have been hunted with his hounds; and Lord Maryborough, the master of the pack, has kindly increased the number of hunting days in each week, to enable those horses which were entered late in the season to obtain their qualification for running. A good race is expected from the character of several of the horses belonging to

Colonel Vyse, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Milton, Mr. Shackel, &c.

By the insertion of this letter, you will oblige a new correspondent, but an old friend to your invaluable Magazine.

A STAGHUNTER.

February 23, 1836.

THE LATE MR. ARSCOTT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH you do not publish all I do myself the honour to write to you, yet I am almost certain sure you will be happy to insert in your valuable Magazine the following poetry, written by that celebrated sportsman, George Templer, Esq. on the blank leaf next to that on which Mr. Arscott had described his, perhaps, last hunt in his *Journal de la Chasse*.

"New to my sight thou blank unwelcome leaf,

I know thee now, pale harbinger of grief;
Ungraced by sportive scene or lyric lore,
Thy silence whispers—Arscott is no more!
The hand is motionless that loved to trace
The hard-earned glories of the daily chase!
The tongue that cheer'd us with the death-note shrill,

And charmed us at the festive board, is still!

The wit that in meridian splendour shone—
All but the memory of his worth is gone!"

Mr. Arscott was a great sportsman; he hunted both the fox and the stag in this county. His hounds were bred from those of the Duke of Rutland, Mr. Loder, and others, the most celebrated kennels of his day. His excessive hospitality still lives fresh in the minds of those who have felt its cheering influence. But few of his contemporaries are now in this land of the living: from one of them I have this character of him:—that he well knew how to enjoy the sweet feelings which spring from charity; that his hearth and heart were always

glowing with the fire of hospitality; that he was an excellent natural philosopher, an exemplary christian, and at the same time a man of the world and a polished gentleman. He was much looked up to in this county; had great influence in the election of Members of Parliament; and, to use a hackneyed phrase, he lived beloved, and he died regretted by all who knew him.

I myself have heard two of his old servants express a wish that when they died they might be buried as near as possible to their old master. Since that wish has been poured forth, they have both, well stricken in years, gone away from this world, and are now, in peace, placed as near as possible to their benefactor.

I cannot finish this without setting you right as to two circumstances. In your *Racing Calendar* you have stated, (at Tavistock, I believe,) that a gelding called Dotty, aged, is by Gainsborough. I know Dotty to be old enough to pass for Gainsborough's great grandsire. None of Gainsborough's get are older than five years.

In your *Sporting Calendar* you state that Captain Gilbert, of the Royal Navy, broke his neck in a chase, somewhere in Cornwall; I am happy to say that the whole of that communication, wherever you procured it, is totally void of foundation, and Captain Gilbert is now in the land of the living, sound in wind and limb.

Whatever you may think of my notes to you, so that you do not publish all I write, you may depend on this, that what I put down as fact "shall be the truth, and nothing but the truth."

A Fox-hunter Rough and Ready.
Devonshire, February, 1826.

SCARCITY OF FOXES IN OXFORDSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Have hunted many years in Oxfordshire, but never recollect so great a scarcity of foxes as during the present season, both in the Duke of Beaufort's and Sir Thomas Mostyn's country. This is to be attributed principally to the enormous extent to which the traffic in foxes is carried on in Oxford. - It is a notorious fact, that one fox-dealer boasts that he has an order for fifty brace of foxes, and many persons, whose names ought to be mentioned, and shall be mentioned too if the practice be continued, are in the constant habit of getting foxes from Oxford or its immediate neighbourhood. Add to which, the Gazington hounds, or the Vice-Chancellor's pack, as they are commonly called, frequently hunt bag foxes. I am told that at this moment there are in Oxon three unfortunate victims destined to be worried to death by these hounds.

I wish, through the medium of your pages, to appeal to the good feeling of those who, from want of consideration, are parties to this most unsportsmanlike practice. I feel confident they will discontinue it, when they reflect that they destroy the sport of others, and must shortly put an end to their own; for, if the bag-fox system be persevered in, the gentlemen of the country are determined to put a stop to this same Gazington pack altogether—as long as they are content with *drags* or *stags* no one will interfere with them. As for those *masters of fox-hounds*, and others, who ought to know better, I believe the only way will be to publish their names at full length

in your pages; though I question whether shame can exist amongst persons who must have got rid of every gentlemanlike feeling before they could be guilty of purchasing foxes taken from a fox-hunting country.

Your most obedient,
A CONSTANT READER.

Feb. 25, 1836.

"CHASSEUR," ON SUMMERING
THE HUNTER.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I Was extremely pleased with the perusal, in your February Number, of NIMROD's very animated description of the Warwickshire Hunt, both from the usual ease and beauty of style which characterize all the compositions of that gentleman, and also from the very favorable account he has given of Mr. Hay's *debut* in that country. I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Mr. Hay; but I must naturally feel proud of him as a countryman, and heartily do I wish him success in his present arduous undertaking. Any man who will undertake the trouble and expense of moving a large establishment several hundred miles, besides sacrificing the pleasures and conveniences of a magnificent residence at home, must be an enthusiast in the sport, and well deserves all possible encouragement from those whose amusement he goes to promote.

Your correspondent EQUESTERIS seems to have read NIMROD's papers on the condition of hunters with very little attention, or, if he did, he must be troubled with a marvellously short memory. In your Number for January, alluding to this subject, I observed that last

summer I had huddled off part of a dry field of old pasture, into which my horses were turned for a few hours at night, allowing less than a quarter of an acre for each. This he objects to, as not being consistent with NIMROD's system. Now if he will take the trouble of looking back to Vol. X. p. 187, he will find NIMROD there remarks, "I do not wish your readers to suppose that I am averse to hunters being turned out, as I before observed, under favorable circumstances"—and again, at p. 237 of the same volume, "so far from being averse to it I would strongly recommend it under favorable circumstances"—and further on "it is not the grass that we want, but the exercise and the moisture of the ground, and the bracing effects of the pure air:" he then goes on to give directions for huddling off small enclosures to turn horses into. He says, indeed, that thirty yards square is enough for each horse, which is less than the proportion I stated; but if four or five horses are turned into an acre of ground which is not very rich, they will soon eat it bare enough, and will certainly not be able to gorge themselves with such a quantity of grass as will be prejudicial to their condition, when taken along with the two or three feeds of good hard oats which they get in their loose house.

I very much prefer this mode of exercising horses during summer to having them led out; as, besides the saving of trouble, I consider it more beneficial for their feet, from the influence of the moisture and night dews; and it may be held as a more complete relaxation from the severe discipline of the hunting season. There is no risk of their ruining their feet by stamping and

galloping about, as they must inevitably do if left out during the day; and any harm that might accrue to them from the variable nature of our climate may easily be avoided by keeping them in on raw or rainy nights, when indeed no one in his senses would think of putting them out: and it fortunately happens that the season of the year when our horses should be turned out at night is that in which we can best calculate against any sudden changes of weather. By this mode of treatment there is no danger whatever of horses taking on a load of soft bad flesh, and by strict attention to the proper discipline after they are taken up, and to their legs and feet at all times, such condition may with certainty be attained, as will enable the sportsman to follow hounds, even at the pace they now go, without the probability of disappointment by being pounded in the burst, or of danger by being rolled from the weakness of a blown horse.

As every thing which promotes discussion on the means of improving the powers, or easing the labours, of that noble animal the horse, may ultimately lead to good, I trust you will give insertion to these few remarks, and remain your constant reader,

CHASSEUR.

February 19, 1836.

CANKER IN THE EARS OF DOGS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

I Shall feel myself greatly indebted to any of your sporting friends, if they will, through the medium of your useful and entertaining Magazine, inform me of the most speedy and efficacious

cure for the canker in the ears of dogs. I have two brace and a half of valuable pointers, all of which, with the exception of one old dog, are troubled more or less with this disagreeable complaint; and which, notwithstanding the lunar caustic and all the other various applications I have made use of, continues to grow worse, and in one of the young ones has destroyed a great portion of the ear.

By inserting this you will much oblige your constant reader,

FLINT.

BOLD RIDERS, AND HUNTING IN DEVONSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.
SIR,

IN my answer to SNAFFLE's request, I merely mentioned those who had carried with Mr. Podes' hounds, during this season, a leading head. I know Messrs. Erving Clarke and John Lyne Templer to be undeniable riders across country, but I am sorry to say I have not seen enough of them in the field lately. I believe Mr. J. L. Templer has been out but once, and then we had no sport. Since I wrote my last, Mr. E. Clarke has been among us twice or three times; and then his little cheanut gelding Sam, by Liliputian, took and kept his place amidst the right good ones. I likewise did not mention Captain Weir, an old sportsman—he is not easily to be got rid of; and I must in justice bestow some praise on young James Butland, a farmer, who goes as if the old Devil drove him along. Isaac Dewdney, Pasco, Pollard, and Worth are yeomen, and right lovers of the sport, whose names are worthy of a place in your Chronicles as bold riders.

3 A

I was certainly in a great hurry when I penned my last, or I should not have forgotten John Roberts, the huntsman of Mr. Pode's hounds. His heart is wrapt up in the thing; he has a clear head and merry heel, with abundance of pluck and perseverance. He was born a sportsman, and he will die a sportsman, "a mighty hunter before the Lord."

I sincerely hope the DEVONIAN, when he next hunts with Mr. King's hounds, will have as good a day's sport as that I enjoyed with them last month. Unkennelled in prime style, ran him one hour and forty minutes in a superior manner, and killed as it should be done. Mr. King covered himself with glory. His two whippers, W. Batershall and John Square, had my most hearty thanks. It is not in my power to praise sufficiently that beautiful pack of hounds exhibited on that day; in short, they did credit to those *very best* kennels from which their blood came. I observed one hound more particularly than the others—Epicure, sire Mr. Warde's Pilgrim, dam Sir T. Mostyn's Elegant—he is perfection. Mr. King has bred many puppies from him, which are a beautiful sight for to see.

Mr. Pode's hounds had a capital run last month. Unkennelled in Shaugh Wood; the fox went away in view, and ran the coverts of Shaugh and Canor Woods for some time; at last broke away with a rattling scent at his heels, through Pithill, over Heathdown, through Fernhill Wood and Hookspray, over Crownhill Down, through Brimpage, Reddon, Quick, Cholwich Town Waste, Park Land, through Rook Wood, Brokurst plantation, the enclosures of Hele Ford, the coverts of Hawns and Dendalls, then turned moor-

ward up the valley on the left bank of the Yealm River, and tried to gain the earths at Yealm head. It would not do; the wind was not in his favour, and the enemy was too near his stern; he could not make good his point, but turned back over Penmoor, by Broadhall Head, Pea Shell, and Penbeacon, and crossed his forward track in Ford, on, on, through Hawns and Dendalls, Coombe, over Stallmoor, through Hall plantation, crossed the Erne River near Harpford Bridge, and was killed near Brum Hill—a right, tough, leather-sided Devonshire fox. Out of forty, but five had a start—Messrs. John Allen, Paul Treby, James Butland, John Roberts the huntsman, and Will Veale the whipper. That whipper was done near Brokurst plantation; the other four lived on as far as the Yealm Vale, where *these Larrys grew weary*, or their prads did, and the prospect was not pleasant, when they saw the hounds turning back by Broadhall Head, where are plenty of bogs, and all heavy laden, the hounds running like mad—when they, the hounds, ran bang up to the joyful faces of Messrs. King, Tink, Soltan, and Captain Weir, on the fox's backward track. These gentlemen had not had a start; but by the grace of good fortune had this very pleasant meeting with the hounds, and were in at the death. Mr. Treby and John Roberts came in, some say ten, some fifteen, and some as far as thirty minutes after the bloody deed was done; certainly every thing was devoured except the head and brush.

I should apologise for filling your valuable pages with a chase in Devonshire, but I hope it may give pleasure to some Devonshire men

—men, every inch of them men— and perhaps may circulate your *Magazine* more fluently in this, according to some *unthinking persons*, worst of all fox-hunting counties. As it is I mean this communication, take it or leave it —*ce n'est egal*.

What an *εναξ εὐδemon* is NIM NORTH! by my faith, I could worship that man from the crown of my head to my heel. I feel a sensation of pleasure when I read his letters. Would that all the pheasants of all the *Vulpecides* (what lots of hecatombs Norfolk would produce!) were heaped up on one pile, their owners well staked and fagoted around it! I would blaze that heap of rubbish, and with my fox-hunting co-mates dance around that burning. We would cry out, "NIM NORTH, and fox-hunting in every county and in every shire under the gracious Sun, for ever and ever!—" and damn'd be he who first cries hold, enough!—of foxes."

A Fox-hunter Rough and Ready.

March 7, 1826.

DEGENERATE BREED OF MAN.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IF not encroaching, a Subscriber begs the favour of you to insert the subjoined.

TO NIMRON.

SIR—IN the delight afforded me by the perusal of some of your excellent observations, directions, and advice, on the subject of breeding for the field, and condition of hunters, it has struck me that your able pen might be wielded to the greatest possible advantage to your country, would you but condescend to turn your thoughts occasionally to the degenerating

breed of man. Alas! *true genuine Englishmen*! how vainly do we look for you amongst the rising generation! Walk, Mr. NIMRON, along the streets of London, or go even into a country church of a Sunday, and what sort of breed do you see? Why, a d—d half-and-half Frenchified, Italianized Englishman; not like *those lads* in whose company I have passed many a rough night on an out-lying picket.

Those days are over, and we imitate that animal which we despise. Can any thing be more preposterous than a stiff-backed, herring-gutted, hour-glass-looking figure, all over whiskers and mustachios, with a *poodle head*, and two or three select curls *bien arrangés*, so as to peep out from under the hat—the creature smelling so strong of *Eau de Cologne*, *Eau de mille fleurs*, and *mille other eaus*, that you may wind him from Hyde Park Corner to Hatcher's? You would not breed from such a fellow, Mr. NIMRON: no, not if you were forced to go *alone* to the covert side for the rest of your life.

Save us then, I pray you, by that *pen* which you so well know how to handle, from degenerating to things such as I have described!!! Point out to these *things*, that, to deserve the name of *Englishmen*, they should be exactly the reverse of what they are. We ought to be proud of it. Let us dress *well*, but not like monkeys. Shew me a man dressed as I have described, and I will shew you an ass. *Clipping* would here decidedly do good: the *valet* would be as satisfied as the *groom* is when his master has the sheers passed over the rough hunter.

Excuse me, Sir, if I have said

too much. I am a soldier, and my feelings on the subject have run away with me. Should you condescend to take up the subject occasionally, I am convinced you would do much good, and I should be gratified in having called your attention to the subject.

Your Admirer,

MILES.

STALLION GREYHOUNDS AND STUD BOOK.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I Approve much of the plan laid down by LEPORARIUS in your last Magazine for March. The same system was proposed, by my worthy friend VAGUS, to me in 1821, during a visit to Boulogne sur Mer: he then wished, from my general knowledge of the pedigree and performance of greyhounds, to compile a Stud Book of the best bred brood bitches and their produce, in the form of Mr. Weatherby's Stud Book. At that time I thought it would be a difficult task; but I am now of opinion I could accomplish it through my correspondents, members of the Coursing Clubs of England, Scotland, and Ireland. I have no objection to make the attempt, provided members of Coursing Meetings will forward to me, postage free, the pedigree, performance, name, colour, and produce of their bitches, the year when whelped, and what the produce has won.

I am in possession of all the pedigrees of bitches sent to my stallion dogs Smoker (Son of Snowball), Champion, Jasper, Tom, Skyrocket, and Racer, the year their produce were pupped. The Treatise on Greyhounds, wrote by Sir William Clayton, and pub-

lished by Valpy, is perfectly correct as to the dam of Snowball being a Berkshire bitch. I can vouch from the authority of Colonel Thornton, who used to call frequently at my house when he resided at Shy Park, having shown him a print of Snowball, engraved by Wm. Ward from a painting by Chalon, in the possession of Major Topham, where the pedigree stated that Snowball was got by Claret, Son of Jupiter, from Lord Orford's celebrated stock, out of Sir William St. Quintin's Berkshire bitch Phyllis. I asked the Colonel if the pedigree was correct: he said it was, and that he had his own Brother Major, who he always thought had more speed than Snowball.

Sir William St. Quintin being dead a great many years, I am afraid none of your readers will be enabled to get a pedigree of Phyllis. At the time she must have been whelped, the greyhound stud of the celebrated Berkshire courser, the late Captain Hatt, was then in high repute—she might then have been procured by Sir William of that gentleman, as every courser of that day held his breed of greyhounds in very high estimation, as will appear from a letter in my possession, wrote by Mr. Mundy, in his 76th year, giving an account of the pedigree of his celebrated dog Wonder. He says, "My friend Mr. Swinfen having purchased Captain Hatt's famous bitch Helen at Ashdown Park, and with Mr. Mundy's Spanker her produce was most excellent. Sweetheart, one of them, was given to Mr. Mundy; from her, by Gosamer (of the Phoenix family, a favourite bitch procured at the death of Sir Charles Sedley) he bred Paramount, whose reputation was

such, after distinguishing himself on Lincoln Heath, Doverage, and other places, that bitches were brought to him from all parts that were within reach of him for at least half a dozen years. He was sire of very good greyhounds in general, and of many very superior ones. Gambit (daughter of the aforesaid Spanker) won the couples at Ashdown Park about the year 1790: she bred many litters by Paramount—invariably right good ones. Gallant (Wonder's father) was one of these litters—he and his sister Gadfly were both incomparable for one season, after which they were destroyed by the distemper. Wonder and Galliard were twins. Mr. Mundy gave Galliard to Major Topham, who won the Cup with him at Malton in a very superior style. Major Topham sent Mr. Mundy in return Susan, a daughter of his Snowball, and sister to his favorite dog Snowdrop. Susan was put to Wonder, and produced Tippoo and Tiger, dogs of the first class. Tippoo was sire of Young Champion. Wonder was a finer dog, and had more powers than Galliard, and his performances always did ample justice to his appearance: whenever he had an opportunity, even in a bad country, he would obtain credit, and in the few good ones which gave him opportunities of real trial he was always victorious. His descendants are among the best in this part of the kingdom."

I may now say the same of Wonder's grandson, Champion, that his descendants are certainly superior to all others, from being the greatest number of winners of Cups, Sweepstakes, &c. for the last ten years. The winners of the Cup, Goblet, and Stakes at Ash-

down Park, the Union Gold Cup of 100 sovereigns, the Fisherton Stakes, Deptford Stakes in February last, at Deptford, are all of his blood. Pilot, that won the Deptford Stakes, was got by my Skyrocket. Mr. Roberts, in his letter to me, very justly says, "My little bitch Reseda won the Gold Cup at Deptford Inn." "The blood of Champion and Platoff united must succeed." Mr. Pet-tat, the owner of Platoff, and myself, the owner of Champion, have long known this, so does Mr. Goodlake. I was the person that wrote him to send Garnet to Platoff—from her produce he had Greyling, a very superior runner and winner of the Ashdown and Beaconhill Cups.

From the *Salisbury Journal*, I see a great deal said of the fine shape and make of Mr. Mills's Marmion. The writer of it must not have looked at Reseda, who is as handsome a greyhound of her size as ever was seen, with most beautiful legs and feet, which the Champion family are remarkable for. When Gohanna beat Riddleworth (late Mr. Hassell's Hippogriff, winner of the Louth Cup), I heard Mr. Capel say, "it was no use for members of their Club to purchase greyhounds of other Clubs, to win a Cup at Ashdown Park." I would as soon take that gentleman's opinion relative to the speed of greyhounds as any man's in England. I am confident the very best bred greyhounds cannot run unless they are properly fed, with good grooming and training exercise, which I suppose has been the case with the late stud of Lord Rivers having run so bad in Ireland, &c. They now miss the superior judgement of Mr. Seal, his Lordship's steward in the kennel

arrangement; and the feeding and training of Richard Fewden, who I always looked upon to be the best trainer of greyhounds in England. I used to admire the fine condition in which his Lordship's were brought into the field, and the fire they shewed when put in the slips.

I see, Mr. Editor, an omission in the list of stallion greyhounds, of the place where my dog Skyrocket covers, which is Hungerford, Berkshire—having in my possession the now fashionable and favorite blood of Platoff and Champion, in Skyrocket, being got by Platoff, out of Snowdrop by Champion; likewise Racer, the last son Champion got previous to his decease in 1821, and as fine a dog as his sire, who he resembles very much in size, make, fine formation of his legs and feet, being descended in his dam's side from Mr. White Parson's famous dog Duke, that Dr. Finch bred so many very superior greyhounds from his blood.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN LIDDERDALE,
Capt.-Adj. Berks Yeomanry.
Hungerford, March 10, 1836.

VINDICATION OF PHILIP PAYNE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

THE remarks of X.Y.Z. respecting Philip Payne are, in my opinion, very ill-natured, though in a part of his letter (however ineffectually) he attempts to soften them. Surely, Sir, is a huntsman, because he is not quite so young as he was thirty years ago—because he has been shaken by bad falls, and consequently, I will admit, cannot be so forward

with his hounds as a man of twenty-five or thirty years of age—to be denied his proper place with the pack, viz. that of being mounted on his old white horse by Lop? I have reason to believe that Philip has been a huntsman ever since the year 1787, if not previously to that period, and is upwards of three score. If X.Y.Z. can come to the scratch in as good form as Philip does, at the age of between sixty and seventy, he shall have my most hearty congratulations.

It is not my intention to deteriorate the qualities of his two whippers-in; their capabilities NIMROD has very justly commended; but I must be allowed to say, as an eye-witness, that, whenever Payne has been prevented by illness from attending in the field, a sad falling off was there! The tactic, the head, the experience of him was then wanting, who, when gone to a better world, will ever live in the recollection of one; who only two seasons ago saw him mounted on the old white horse, up in the same field with his hounds, cheering them in to their fox with his hoary locks bare, below Saraden House, after a run of one hour and twelve minutes, over their best country from Sherborne Low Pastures.

STAUNCE AS OLE WATERLOO.
March 7, 1836.

COURSING.

ASHDOWN PARK MEETING.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Gohanna beat Mr. Browne's blk. and w. b. Baroness; Lord Molyneux's blk. d. Mountain beat Sir H. Vivian's bl. b. Victor; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emerald beat Mr. Pettat's f. b. Prudence; Mr. Capel's blk. d. Jester beat Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Calaban; Mr. Phillips's bl. b. Rat,

* A celebrated hound in the Duke's pack.

thesnake beat Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Modesty; Mr. Roberts's blk. d. Riddlesworth (Hippogriff, winner of the Louth Cup) beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hecate; Mr. Briscall's yel. b. Brenda beat Mr. C. Long's blk. and w. b. Leda; Mr. Pettat's w. d. Pilot beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. and w. d. Grimaldi.

The Craven Stakes, of 3 sovs. each.—Mr. Pettat's f. b. Peevish beat Mr. Briscall's blk. and w. d. Blenheim; Mr. Cripps's yel. b. Calista beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. and w. b. Harriet; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Glossary beat Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jezebel; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emily beat Mr. Roberts's yel. and w. d. Ringleader.

The Ashdown Stakes, of 2 sovs. each.—Mr. Heathcote's brn. and w. d. Higgler beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Glycera; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Elegant beat Mr. Capel's blk. and w. d. Juniper; Lord Molyneux's red and w. d. Medlar beat blk. and w. b. Cosina; Mr. Browne's blk. d. Bravo beat Mr. Pettat's bl. b. Pretty Maid.

Matches.—Mr. Roberts's f. and w. d. Reveller beat Mr. C. Long's blk. d. Leicester; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. and w. b. Bee; Dr. Meyrick's blk. b. Merry Lass beat Mr. Capel's red d. Jackimo; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Pantaloon agst Mr. Roberts's red d. Radical—undecided; Mr. Cripps's blk. and w. d. Charon beat Mr. Phelps's blk. and w. d. Rector; Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Goldmine beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Harpy; Mr. Briscall's blk. d. Brunswick beat Mr. C. Long's blk. d. Lyulph.

SECOND DAY—FEBRUARY 8.

First Ties for the Cup.—Jester beat Pilot—Gohanna beat Riddlesworth—Mountain beat Emerald—Brenda beat Rattlesnake.

First Ties for the Craven Stakes.—Emily beat Glossary—Calista beat Peevish.

First Ties for the Ashdown Stakes.—Elegant beat Bravo—Medlar beat Higgler.

Matches.—Lord Molyneux's f. b. Margaretta beat Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jezebel; Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Mary agst Mr. Heathcote's blk. and w. b. Harriet—undecided; Mr. Cripps's blk. and tan d. Crispin beat Mr. Pettat's bl. b. Pretty Maid; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Edward agst Mr. Briscall's blk. d. Brunswick—undecided; Mr. Roberts's f. d. Reveller beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. and w. d. Grimaldi; Mr. Heathcote's blk. and w. d. Hector beat Mr. Pettat's w. d. Planet; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Jezebel beat Mr. Roberts's yel. and w. b. Rapture; Mr. Cripps's blk. and w. d. Castor beat Mr. Roberts's yel. d. Ringleader; Mr. Briscall's blk. d. Barldolph beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Euphrates; Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Goldmine beat Mr. Browne's blk. and w. b. Baroness.

THIRD DAY—FEBRUARY 9, (AT LET-COMBE POWERS).

Second Ties for the Cup.—Brenda beat Jester—Mountain beat Gohanna.

Craven Stakes.—divided between Mr. Cripps and his brother, Mr. E. Cripps.

Ashdown Stakes.—Elegant beat Medlar.

Matches.—Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Castor beat Mr. Roberts's yel. and w. d. Ringleader; Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Ceres beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gigwheel; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Glossary beat Mr. Roberts's red d. Radical; Mr. Browne's blk. d. Bravo beat Mr. Cripps's blk. tan d. Crispin; Mr. Roberts's blk. b. Reseda beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. and w. b. Ellen; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Picnic beat Mr. E. Cripps's w. d. Edgar; Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. Goliath (Shippery's Snail, winner of the Beaconhill Cup) beat Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Calaban—two courses.

FOURTH DAY—FEBRUARY 10, (AT ASH-DOWN PARK).

For the Cup.—Brenda beat Mountain and won the Cup, and Mountain the Goblet.

There were two courses for the Cup. The first was given no course, owing to some hits being made just where the hare started. The dog went through one with the hare; the bitch ran into another, and got unsighted. It was the general opinion she never saw the hare when slipped: the dog went nearly home with the hare, and killed her; on his return, they were put into the slips, a hare soon jumped up, but the dog was so lame that he could not run in the first part of the course; in the latter part he got warm, and began to shew his usual speed, and killed the hare. Brenda, however, had done too much, which decided the Cup very properly to her. Brenda and Mountain were of the Champion blood, Gohanna and Elegant are the Platoff and Champion united.

MALTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

For the Cup.—First Class—Major Bower's red dog Ballouk beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. d. Brilliant; Mt.

Swann's dun b. Missy beat Mr. Lumley's red d. Saracen; Mr. Best's red b. Marigold beat Mr. Vansittart's red d. Lupin; Mr. Best's w. b. Minna beat Lord Macdonald's blk. b. Jane; Mr. Fox's bl. b. Emily beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Wilton; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom beat Mr. Vansittart's w. d. Miller; Mr. Swann's blk. and w. d. Dart beat Lord Macdonald's red d. Rufus; Major Bower's dun d. Belzoni beat Marquis of Huntly's blk. d. Vic.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, run in Classes, on Tuesday and Thursday.—First Class.—Mr. Fox's brin. b. Fly beat Mr. Vansittart's red b. Ellen; Major Bower's red b. Bagatelle beat Lord Macdonald's blk. d. Rattle.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday.—First Class.—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pelter beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Sultan; Mr. Best's w. b. Spy beat Marquis of Huntly's blk. d. Vandyke.

Matches.—Mr. Swann's bl. b. Jessy beat Mr. Best's red b. Clara; Mr. Lowther's dun d. Hector beat Lord Macdonald's bl. d. Regulus; Marquis of Huntly's blk. d. Van beat Mr. Vansittart's red d. Marlborough; Mr. Vansittart's red d. Leopold beat Mr. Best's w. b. Mayflower; Mr. Fox's red d. Clinker beat Mr. Vansittart's blk. d. Robin; Mr. Lumley's red b. Cressida agst Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Whisker—undecided.

WEDNESDAY—FEBRUARY 22.

For the Cup.—Second Class.—Mr. Best's red b. Marigold beat Major Bower's dun d. Belzoni; Mr. Swann's dun b. Missy beat Mr. Best's w. b. Minna; Mr. Swann's blk. and w. d. Dart beat Mr. Fox's bl. b. Emily; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom beat Major Bower's red d. Ballouk.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, run in Classes on Wednesday and Friday.—First Class.—Mr. Best's dun d. Meteor beat Lord Macdonald's dun d. Bruiser; Mr. Swann's red d. Miller beat Mr. Fox's bl. dog Trusty.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, run in Classes on Wednesday and Friday.—First Class.—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Wilton beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and w. b. Lightning; Marquis of Huntly's blk. and w. d. Vulcan beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. d. Escape.

Matches.—Marquis of Huntly's red d. Victor beat Mr. Fox's dun b. Truth; Mr. Swann's dun d. Clermont agst Mr. Fox's blk. b. Lynx—undecided; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pan beat Mr. Best's bl. d. Tickler; Lord Macdonald's yel. and w. b. agst Major Bower's red d. Bolivar—undecided; Mr. Best's bl. b. Gratitude beat Mr. Vansittart's blk. d. Rodney; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pilot agst Mr. Best's bl. d. Guy—undecided; Mr. Best's red b. Madge beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. d. Ruler; Lord Mac-

donald's dun d. Rambler beat Major Bower's bl. d. Brighton; Major Bower's brin. d. Bowler beat Mr. Cayley's w. d. Match'em; Mr. Cayley's w. b. Cowslip, beat Major Bower's yel. and w. d. Bona.

THURSDAY—FEBRUARY 23.

For the Cup.—Third Class.—Mr. Swann's blk. and w. d. Dart beat Mr. Best's red b. Marigold; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Phantom beat Mr. Swann's dun b. Missy.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday.—Second Class.—Mr. Fox's brin. b. Fly beat Major Bower's red b. Bagatelle.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, run in Classes on Tuesday and Thursday.—Second Class.—Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Pelter beat Mr. Best's w. b. Spy.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, run in Classes, on Thursday and Friday.—First Class.—Mr. Best's red d. Turk beat Mr. Swann's bl. d. Jessy; Marquis of Huntly's bl. d. Van beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pan.

Matches.—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Whisker beat Lord Macdonald's w. b. Villa; Lord Macdonald's red d. Rufus beat Mr. Lowther's dun d. Hector; Lord Macdonald's bl. d. Rattle agst Major Bower's red and w. d. Biscuit—undecided; Mr. Best's bl. b. Gratitude beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Vampire; Mr. Vansittart's red b. Ellen agst Mr. Swann's red and w. d. Ringlender—undecided; Mr. Fox's red d. Clinker beat Sir J. Johnstone's yel. and w. b. Marion; Lord Macdonald's bl. b. Jane agst Mr. Best's bl. d. Guy—undecided; Mr. Fox's blk. and w. d. Tossie beat Mr. Vansittart's red d. Lapis; Mr. Fox's blk. d. Trusty beat Sir J. Johnstone's red d. Warwick; Mr. Vansittart's red d. Leopold beat Mr. Cayley's blk. and w. b. Nettle; Mr. Vansittart's blk. d. Rodney beat Mr. Cayley's w. b. Cowslip.

FRIDAY, FEB. 24.

For the Cup.—Fourth Class.—Mr. Lowther's b. d. Phantom beat Mr. Swann's bl. and w. d. Dart, and won the Cup.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, run in Classes on Wednesday and Friday.—Second Class.—Mr. Best's d. d. Meteor beat Mr. Swann's r. d. Miller.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, run in Classes on Wednesday and Friday.—Second Class.—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Wilton beat the Marquis of Huntly's blk. and w. d. Vulcan.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, run in Classes on Thursday and Friday.—Second Class.—Marquis of Huntly's blk. d. Van beat Mr. Best's red d. Turk.

At the above meeting, on Thursday, Mr. Croft's celebrated dog Wellington beat easy Mr. Crum-

mack's dog, Mellish, for 50 sova. Great sums of money were lost on the above event. This dog also beat Wonder, which beat the noted dog Sowden (the winner of the Strensall Cup) at the last November Coursing Meeting at Malton.

Wellington likewise beat Mr. Catle's famous bitch Flora, for 40 sova. at Huggate; and received 20 sova. forfeit from the said bitch, in a second match. Mr. Moiser's dog Titus is the sire of Wellington.

NIMROD'S SECOND TOUR.

(Continued from page 335.)

IT was observed by a certain great Captain of the present day, that it was scarcely fair to write the history of the late campaigns during the lives of the heroes who contributed to their glorious results. Associating little matters with great, the remark was made, that it was *supposed* I should not touch upon the Shropshire hunt until I was clear of the county. The latter, however, was no easy task. The Social Principle may be said to be improved upon in that neighbourhood; and it is a difficult matter (at least I found it so) to turn one's back on such kind friends. All that I can add is—I am "poor in thanks."

My last letter concluded with my visit to Emral on the 11th of January. On the 12th, Sir Bellingham and myself returned to Kingeland*—having worked by turns as our fingers were able to feel the ribbons, for a colder day was never felt. As we sat over our wine, my host rang the bell, and told his butler to see what o'clock it was, and to look at the thermometer. His answer was—"Half-past nine, Sir Bellingham, and the thermometer at 29."—"My G—d," said I, "but that is a clever fellow! I never heard of any one

attempting to take a measure of *Omnipotence** before." In this state of affairs, however, I thought it time for me to be off, so got upon the box of my old favorite coach—the Shrewsbury Union—the next morning at nine o'clock, and worked till the stars began to shine, and *the thong froze in my hand*, when I was glad to get into a snug corner of the coach. The next day I arrived at home, where I remained till—as NIM NORTH has it—I saw "symptoms of a thaw, and visions of coming sport began to dance before my eyes," when I took my departure for London, on my return to Shropshire.

I intended patronizing the Wonder Coach, and getting to Shrewsbury in one day; but finding it rested on Sundays, I put myself into a night coach on Saturday evening, the 24th of January, and arrived at my old quarters—Sir Bellingham Graham's—by dinner, the following evening. The Monday's fixture was Nescliffe, half way between Shrewsbury and Oswestry, on the great Irish road, whither my host conveyed me in his drag.

I must just turn out of the road, for one minute, here. In most other countries, if a man wishes to

* The name of Sir Bellingham Graham's house.

† The word Thermometer is derived from the Greek words *θερμ*, heat, and *μετρον*, measure. Of course the word Thermometer must come from *θεος*, God, and *μετρον*, measure.

anticipate his friend's performance for the day, the question he would ask would be—what horse do you ride? Not so, however, in Shropshire. There are two or three of my friends in that sporting, and, I must add, most hospitable county, to whom the most likely question, whereby to elicit the truth, would be—not, what horse do you ride to day?—but, *what have you had to drink?* The fact is, the fences come very quick in Shropshire, and a little jumping-powder is often found useful; so going into the public-house at Nescliffe, by way of a beginning, I put the following question to the landlord: "How much brandy has Mr. Mytton had this morning?"—"None, Sir," was the reply. "I cannot swallow that," said I. "It is true I assure you," said Boniface. "What else has he had then?" I resumed. "Some egged ale, Sir."—"Ah!" said I, "some of your Shropshire Squires, like many others, want a little egging on now and then."

The following anecdote will shew what a poor chance some men have when quite sober against others a little primed:—I remember the present Lord Forester, being on a visit at Wynnstay some years back, when a friend of his was very much badgered by a certain Welch Squire—now no more—to run him a race over the country, for one hundred guineas a-side. Observing him always to decline the challenge, his Lordship thus addressed his friend:—"Why, B——, I have seen you ride very decently across Leicestershire; why don't you tackle this Welch Squire? The next time he offers it, take the bet, and I will stand half of it." B——, who was a

cautious one, thus replied:—"Why if I could be sure he would come out sober, I would take his bet to-morrow; but d—n the fellow, he will come out half drunk, and beat me."

One other anecdote passed across my mind here, when speaking of asking a man the question of "*what horse do you ride?*" The facetious Mr. Edward Goulburn—now exercising his talent at the Bar—formerly hunted in Warwickshire; and seeing a Worcestershire Squire laughing violently, he went up to him and said—"Quid rides*?" My friend, not much of a linguist, replied, "My Magog horse." This liberty with the Latin language was, I think, never excelled but once. An Oxonian was being examined a few years since for his degree, when the following passage presented itself:—*Loquebantur Apostoli miracula Dei. Anglice—*"The Apostles set forth the miracles of God." The young one, however, rendered it thus:—*Apostoli*, "Oh ye Apostles"—*loquebantur*, "look about you"—*miracula*, "here's a miracle"—*Dei*, "by God." This, however, was a lucky hit; for the examining master shut the book, and exclaimed—"By G—d you are a miracle, and you shall have your degree."

We had a beautiful find on Nescliffe Hill on this day, and a very sharp twenty-five minutes, with the bitch pack—to ground. It was near, however, being a day of sorrow. "That good sportsman, and true friend to fox-hunting," as he is so properly termed in your last—Mr. Lloyd of Aston—got a most severe fall, and very narrowly escaped being killed. To use his own words, he was going "at the rate of forty miles an hour, to the

* What do you laugh at?

"tune of the Ladies," when, in some very deep ground, his mare fell with him, and all but broke his neck. When I saw him picked up, his face was as black as his hat, and from the discoloration that afterwards appeared on the vertebrae of the neck, it was evident that it was "a near go." Having myself had three awful falls of this description, I always pull to my horse in deep ploughed land, and hold him as hard as I can; whereas my friend (always quick) was going with a slack rein—making up lost ground from a previous fall.

Tuesday the 24th, went to meet Sir Richard Puleston's hounds at Petton, about half way between Shrewsbury and Ellesmere, and one of his best fixtures; but the frost had made its appearance again, and we could not throw off, which disappointed me much, as I was anxious to see my old friend's pack once again in the field. On my return to Kingsland, I accompanied Sir Rowland Hill and his brother (as also Sir Richard Puleston, who was on a visit there) to Hardwicke, the seat of Lord Hill, where, after an excellent luncheon, I amused myself with inspecting—not his kennel of fox-hounds, but—his Southdown sheep and pigs. Previous to this day, I had flattered myself that I knew something of a pig; but his Lordship's old pig-man soon convinced me to the contrary, and appeared to hold in utter contempt every remark I made. Notwithstanding this, I may perhaps venture to say, that Lord Hill's pigs are very first-rate of their kind, and his Southdown wethers the best I ever touched. Their weight was from 25lb. to 30lb. per quarter. His Lordship has in his service the late Lord

Bridgewater's celebrated shepherd; but after my reception from the pig-man, I thought it best to steer clear of him.

On Wednesday the 25th, Sir Bellingham sent the dog pack to Hardwicke, to shew them to Sir Richard Puleston, and we followed them in the drag. Frost harder and harder, and neither of us very lively on the road. Another good luncheon, a glass of his Lordship's old Shropshire stingo, and a cigar set all matters straight, and we had another look at the pigs. There was a large party in the house—chiefly composed (as is the case in this part of Shropshire) of Hills and Corbets; but, as old Ned Bates* says of the Dromo hounds, "they are a rare sort," and therefore there cannot well be too many of them.

Lord Hill has not long completed Hardwicke; but he has made an excellent house of it, and turned his sword into a ploughshare. The painted glass in his windows is beyond any thing beautiful, and does infinite credit to the artists, who reside at Shrewsbury. In the dining room is an excellent likeness of the Great Captain of the age, and also a full-length portrait of Lord Hill, by Sir William Beechey. The latter is not wanting in resemblance, but there is an air of fierceness in the countenance that does not belong to the original. If the words of the Poet can be applied to any one, to Lord Hill are they certainly due:—

"In war, he's savage as the chafed tiger;
In peace, as gentle as th' unweaned
lamb!"

On Thursday the 26th, we dined at Berwick, the magnificent seat of Mrs. Powis, within two miles of Shrewsbury. This was the se-

* Sir Richard Puleston's huntsman.

cond day fixed upon for a trial of strength and speed between the greyhounds of Sir B. Graham and Lord Denbigh, and his two brothers, who all reside part of the year with their grandmother, Mrs. Powis; and the fine meadows by the river Severn's side were well calculated for the sport. Jack Frost, however, put a veto on our morning's sport, though he could not controul the pleasures of the evening. The trial, however, has since taken place, and I hear the Yorkshire Baronet won the day.

Lord Denbigh is getting a little slack, and does not send a stud into Leicestershire, though he can always command good hunting from his seat, at Newnham, in Warwickshire. His Lordship's next brother, however, Mr. Henry Fielding, is, I believe, still going well, and he left us as soon as sport began, and got to his horses in Leicestershire. I was much pleased with the appearance of a four-year-old grey horse, by Sir Harry Dimsdale, bred by Lord Denbigh, and ridden by him occasionally as second horse. There was some money depending as to whether he or a four-year-old of Mr. Lloyd's, of Dongey, were the cleverer animal of their respective ages, and it was almost difficult to decide. Each will, no doubt, one day or other, be sold for a large price, though his Lordship's horse may have the turn, from his colour and size.

Friday the 27th, we dined at Condober, the splendid seat of Mr. Smythe Owen, about six miles from Shrewsbury. Upon a fine hunting morning, I seldom think of the works of Art; but with a lot of horses standing at livery, in a hard frost, the mind seeks for something to divert it from the melancholy

prospect, and I took a survey of Condober House. I was much struck with the grandeur of the fabric. Its front occupies three sides of a quadrangular court, and displays all the beauties of architectural ornament. It was built by a Judge Owen, in the reign of Elizabeth, from a plan of the celebrated Inigo Jones; and a beautiful print of it is to be seen in "*Neale's Views*." Long may its owner live to enjoy it! I have had many a gallop over a country with him, and he is a steady good friend to fox-hunting.

One short digression here:—Your readers may recollect my mentioning Mr. Lloyd, of Rhagat, in my account of the Amesbury Coursing Meeting. My object for alluding to him here is to shew, that a man whose judgment is good in certain parts of animal economy, is apt to be not very much out in others. Mr. Lloyd is no fox-hunter; but no man knows the shape and make of a greyhound better than himself, and he is esteemed one of the best farmers, and judges in cattle, in the principality of Wales. He was of our party at Condober, and Mr. Smythe Owen accompanied him the next morning to the kennel, to see Sir Bellingham's bounds. Strange to say, Mr. Lloyd instantly selected *Vulcan* among the Gentlemen, and (by no means inappropriately) *Brimstone* among the Ladies! I pulled my hat off to him, and exclaimed, "Sir, you are a Judge!" and turning aside added, "and so you ought to be, for you was got by a Judge*."

On the morning of the 28th, an alteration was visible in the weather. Instead of a cold cheerless fog—or, what is called a black frost—which had continued for

* Mr. Lloyd's father was a Judge in our Courts of Law.

some days, the sun rose in all its splendour, and Nature tried to look gay. "We shall have a change," said one: "we shall hunt on Monday," said another. They were right: we did hunt on Monday; but not at a good place, which was fixed, but in the Battle-fields coverts, just to give the hounds some work, as the country was not quite fit to ride over.

After hunting on this day, Sir Bellingham and myself proceeded to Acton Reynald, the seat of Mr. Andrew Corbet, only son of my old friend Sir Andrew Corbet, in whose amusing society I have spent many happy hours. There was a large party in the house for a *battu* in the woods the next day, but I preferred going with the Cheshire hounds, which met at Shavington, the seat of that hearty old buck—that real specimen of an Irish Nobleman—my Lord Kilmorey, who turned out a small regiment of sportsmen from under his most hospitable roof.

This was my first appearance with the Cheshire hounds; but as I have seen more of them since, I shall confine myself to a few observations at the present moment, and only report the transactions of the day. We found immediately, and lost a bad fox at the end of an hour and twenty minutes—partly owing to there being two scents at first, and the hounds not getting well together. Having only one horse out, and having to return to Acton Reynald to dinner—a distance of nearly twenty miles—I did not wait for the second fox, neither did more than a dozen out of a very large field. He shewed them, however, a most beautiful forty-five minutes, running into him in the open, to the great satisfaction of those who saw the thing.

An unfortunate circumstance, however, occurred. In crossing a large sheet of water, where the ice was only partly thawed, two couples of hounds got under it, and were drowned; and I was sorry to hear Sir Harry Mainwaring say, they were all very useful ones to the pack.

February the 1st, Sir Bellingham's hounds met at Acton Reynald, where we were ready to receive them. We had forty minutes, and ran to ground. We had some beautiful hunting over a moor, and the scent was capital in covert. It was also a particularly good day for hearing hounds; and the music of the dog-pack in Shawbury wood, when close to their fox, was quite enchanting. I said to myself—

"Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the
groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

We expect too much when we expect an uninterrupted flow of pleasure, not to be disturbed by the various accidents or inconveniences of life. When I quitted Kingsland, I left my horses all well; but on my return, I found my favorite mare had taken fright at a coach in the frosty weather, and had spoiled herself. She was at the time my show-mare for condition, and indeed allowed to be a model of it. My only consolation is, that she will breed me some good colts; and I shall put her to Sir Bellingham Graham's Sir Charles, being a horse of immense power, and one of the cleverest hunters I ever saw in the field. I had another little trial of temper. When at Halston, I ordered my groom to send a helper on my covert hack to Oswestry (six miles)

for a stamp. He sent him to Shrewsbury (six and thirty), and in coming home, she ran away, fell down, and broke both her knees!

On Thursday the 2nd, Sir Bel-lingham accompanied me to see a celebrated pack of harriers, which hunt in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury. They are the property of Mr. Harries, of Cruckton Hall, who has kept them about twenty-seven years, and they struck me as being very complete indeed. Their height does not exceed nineteen inches; but they combine a good deal of strength, with very correct symmetry. There was a huntsman and whipper-in—each sufficiently mounted; and these, with the Squire's pad-groom (all in the same toggery), made a respectable appearance.

Our day's sport was a good one. We had two sharp little bursts; and then hunting beautifully up to a hare on foot, we had forty minutes *very quick indeed*, with blood at the end of it. On my observing that there was a short pack in the field, Mr. Harries told me he never took out more than thirteen or fourteen couples. "This," said he, "is a strongly-fenced country: my hounds must muse; and when there are more of them, they are only in each other's way, and get ridden over by the horsemen." I admitted the justness of his remark.

This day being devoted to the *sout*, we accompanied Mr. Lyster, of Rowton Castle, home from the field, and finished the morning with coursing. Mr. Lyster having only lately recovered from an alarming illness, I had not, previous to this time, seen him in the field. He is, I believe, not only as good as any man in Shropshire—but, Sir Bel-

lingham says, as good as any man he ever saw. After partaking of his hospitality for the night, we got steady from hare, and met the Shropshire fox-hounds the next day at Boreaton, the seat of Mr. Hunt. Plenty of pheasants, but no fox. Drew on to Leighton Shelf, and found at least a leash. This is a most picturesque covert—overhanging the banks of the Severn, the property of Mr. Lloyd, of Dongey, and extremely ornamental to his new house; but the most infernal place for hounds I ever came across. A bad fox may beat the best pack in England in an hour; and it went to my heart to see Sir Bellingham galloping that fine horse, Treacle, up and down its deep rides, without, apparently, the smallest chance of sport.

I have one word to say here of our friend Stephen Matthews, who certainly stands first in the list of "zealous sportsmen" amongst the Shropshire yeomen. He was, however, more than usually *zealous* on this day. At one time Sir Bellingham caught him casting his hounds; at another, he rode over hounds, scent and all; and, at another, I myself saw him larking away at a clipping pace, across the country, to the very spot where he was sure to head the fox; and he did head him. "How now!" said I; "is this the good sportsman—the Stephen Matthews I have heard so much of?"—"Truth will out," says the proverb; and out it came at last. It seems that Stephen Matthews, a short time before we found this fox, rode up to a friend of mine, and said—"Are you dry?" My friend, *of course*, was dry. "Come along with me," said Stephen, "and I will take you to the best tap of ale in Shropshire."

How much my friend took of this best tap in Shropshire I will not say; but I was credibly informed, that four half pints of it found their way into Stephen Matthews's stomach. Now I very much admire Stephen Matthews as a sportsman and as a rider, but he does not require a spur in the head and one on the heel too. He should also recollect, that a fox, once headed, is generally spoiled for the day; and though he may say *he did not meet the fox*, when I saw him galloping towards that part of Leighton Shelf covert from which he was likely to break, yet he may depend upon it the fox heard him and his black mare coming, and consequently did not break as he otherwise would have done.

Job, it is said, never was a master of fox-hounds, or he would not have been so extolled for his patience; and I am firmly of this opinion: for hard-riding men would have put him to the test,—perhaps beyond endurance. I hope Mr. Matthews will excuse what I have said. I should be sorry to offend him; for, as I said before, I like him in the field; and I like him the more for hearing him say, that though he had *seven couples and a half of young ones*, he would ride a fox-hunting as long as he was able.

After hunting on this day, Sir Bellingham and myself dined at Acton Burnell, which was the fixture for the next morning. This is the fine seat of my very old friend Sir Edward Smythe, of whom I have spoken before; and who hunted Shropshire six seasons. Sir Edward is the representative of a very ancient Roman Catholic family; and—whether on a Friday or a Monday; whether in Lent or out of Lent—a more jovial fellow

is not to be found in His Majesty's dominions. Though this worthy Baronet has plenty of game, he is a strict preserver of foxes, and generally finds a good one.

The day I am speaking of did not prove an exception. We found in the park; and, after upwards of two hours through a deep and distressing country, lost him by a holloa from a keeper, who thought he had marked him to ground. At the second check, I heard Sir Bellingham say, we had been running him an hour and ten minutes.—quite enough for the country: we went over.

A man, who traverses the kingdom as I do, must stumble upon variety. I witnessed in this run what I never witnessed before—namely, three gentlemen riding at gates, and—without their horses falling—tumbling over their heads. The trio was composed of Mr. Byrne, a friend of Sir Edward Smythe's, but a native of the Sister Kingdom; Mr. Rock—a very thrusting young one; and Mr. Mytton! Mr. Byrne, I was told, was determined never to be so served again, as he went to a brook, and wetted the knees of his breeches, to enable him to stick to his saddle. I never heard of this experiment before; but, as far as I am a judge, there is only one other step to be taken with the breeches!

I never hear of a man falling from his horse, without thinking of my friend Sir Bellingham Graham's definition of a loose seat. He calls it “a wash-ball seat”—the analogy (and a most happy one it is) being taken from a wash-ball slipping about in a basin. I also admire his idea of a gull—a man who believes every thing he hears, and who, consequently, is

often imposed upon. When speaking of such a one, a few days back, he observed, "Oh, that fellow will swallow any thing; he don't require a *balling iron*."

Monday the 6th, met at Arcall Mill, and had a beautiful find in a gorse-covert—rather a rare thing in Shropshire. The day was extremely stormy, and we could do nothing with our first fox. A curious circumstance occurred with the second. The pack slipped away with him, down wind, out of a large covert, unseen or unheard by any one of a numerous field, excepting Sir Rowland Hill and Mr. Owen (heir-apparent to Woodhouse), who had all the fun to themselves, and ran into him in twenty-five minutes. So much for woodland hunting in a very tempestuous day! It was curious to see the field scattered in all directions, but none of them able to get a glimpse of the pack.

The fixture for the 8th was the Twemlows—the crack covert in the Shropshire Hunt. Twice was it fixed upon during my visit to Sir Bellingham, and as often were we booked under the mahogany of that good sportsman, Mr. John Crewe, for the purpose of being near it; as also of seeing Mr. Wickstead's hounds; but were each time stopped by the frost. On the 7th, however, we took up our abode at Prees Hall, the seat of Sir Robert Hill, which is within two miles of the covert. Anticipation is seldom confirmed, and we had a very bad day's sport.

Independently of the pleasant party we met at Sir Robert Hill's, I experienced a great treat in meeting with an old schoolfellow, of whom I had, for some time, lost sight, but who has been more than twenty years Vicar of the parish

of Prees. His Reverence had been doing the honours of Sir Rowland Hill's tithe-day, but came to us in the evening, and amused us much.

The Vicar of Prees is what I call a good old-fashioned clergyman. He is—as I hope all Rugby men are—quite above the vulgar association of groans and tears with piety and devotion, and is not yet stricken with the new light. "Gravity," says Lord Shaftesbury, "is the essence of imposture;" and who would envy the character Cæsar gives of Cassius?

—"He loves no play,
As thou dost, Anthony: he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a
sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his
spirit
That could be mov'd at any thing."

The Vicar of Prees is no humbug. He sings a hunting song to his parishioners; tells them a good story at his tithe feast; and gives them the best his house affords. His invitation to Sir Bellingham and myself for the next time the hounds came to the Twemlows, was rather unique. "My charet," said he, "is of the finest vintage; and if you will drink enough of it, it will make your eyes look like boiled gooseberries."

The Vicar of Prees has a great mind to be a sportsman. Like the Abbot of old,

"He gives not of the text a pullet hen,
That saith that hunters be not holy men;"

so he accompanied us the next morning to the covert's side; and could we have persuaded him to have left his *spencer* behind him, his appearance would have been far from amiss. He takes the *Sporting Annals*; reads the *Sporting Magazine*; and told me he had bred a thorough-bred colt, now four years old, which he thought could

win a King's hundred. Notwithstanding this, having some episcopal blood in his veins, and otherwise well connected, I think he has an eye to the lawn sleeve.

My greatest amusement was yet to come. The next morning, before we went a hunting, I accompanied the Vicar to see his stud, and I will exhibit them to the reader as they were exhibited to me:—"Here," said the Vicar, "is the mare I am going to ride. *There* is the pony that beat all Sir Bellingham Graham's hunt—but mind ye, not with me upon him. *There* is the finest pair of coach-horses in all England—only one has lost an eye, and the other is broken-winded; and *there* is the colt that is to win the King's Hundred." Now, reader, I am certain you will not be surprised when I tell you that I got no wrinkle on condition in my visit to the Vicar's stables; but you must smile when I tell you that the *four-year-old colt, bred by himself*, which was to win the King's Hundred, proved to be a *three-year-old filly*; and if ever she wins a Maiden Plate, I will engage to eat her, Plate and all.

We were to have met the Vicar again at Sir Robert Hill's on Wednesday, but were obliged to return to Kingsland for Thursday's hunting, at Condover. We had a beautiful thing on this day of forty-five minutes—with the ladies*—till we came to the Severn, when all our fun was over. The hounds crossed, and killed their fox in gallant style. This was the best part of Shropshire I ever rode over: the fields were of fair size; the ground

sound; and the fences such as required a hunter to get well over.

I had the pleasure on this day of seeing Mr. Henry Lyster's performance on his famous mare, The Doe. The Doe is very small, but very strong, and was purchased from Mr. Mytton for eighty-five guineas—having carried his whipper-in. For the weight she can carry, I think she is not to be beaten, and Mr. Lyster was certainly first man on this day. Mr. Mytton and Mr. Rock went gallantly; but Sir Bellingham Graham surprised us all. He was on a horse always considered slow; but so determined was his rider to be with them, that, though he got a bad start, he soon got among the first flight. I could judge of his pace, being myself on a fast one; for though I got out of the covert not a hundred yards behind him, I never could catch him till I found him in a ditch†, at the end of the burst. I am happy to have it in my power to mention this, as the horse he rode was purchased at a strong price from a good fellow (Captain Gordon, of the Blues), but had not hitherto answered the character he bore. This, however, should be added:—he had been unwell at the beginning of the season, and was only then coming to himself.

On Friday the 10th, business called me home, and afterwards to the "little city." On Tuesday the 21st, I patronized the Wonder coach, which travels to Shrewsbury in one day—*alias* in seventeen hours. This, however, is no wonder, as far as pace is concerned; for Jack Pere's wheel often goes

* The hitch pack.

† The fence he rode at had every appearance of being single, and was single where I got over it; but there was a very deep ditch on the other side, at the place which he charged, and the consequence was inevitable.

round three times for the Wonder's twice. Nevertheless the Wonder is a capital coach. A man may set his watch by it on any part of the road, and passengers may be assured that they are safe. As it is not timed at much more than nine miles an hour, and it carries no parcels, there is no galloping to make up time, but a steady trot does it. I drove it a good part of the way, and never remember "springing them" above three times. The stages are very short—seldom exceeding eight miles—and this is the only way to work a fast coach to advantage.

As a proof of the time the Wonder keeps, I will state the following fact:—"What is your time into Coventry?" said I to Lilly (whom I knew when on the Prince of Wales, and a very good coachman he is), as I was driving his horses from Towcester to that place. "Four o'clock," said he. As I pulled up the coach in the market place, I heard the clock strike! Mr. Peters, who horses it over this ground, stood by, and I complimented him on the working of his coach, and told him I had never had hold of three nicer little teams than his were. Indeed, I did not see one big horse on the whole ground.

There are two sets of foreign horses that work in this coach on the Coventry ground, but they belong to the other coachman. I went into the stable and saw four of them, and found them of curious colours, with full tails. I understand they do keep their time, but not with that ease with which the native horses perform, as their action is high and round-about.

Although I have pronounced the Wonder to be no wonder, yet when I was drinking a cup of coffee at the Lion Inn, in Shrewsbury, a

little after eleven o'clock at night, and recollected that I had done the same thing that morning, in London, at ten minutes past five—the distance one hundred and fifty-six miles—I began to think that I ought to give it full credit. "At all events," said I to myself, "how it would make my grandfather stare, were he present to hear it! All the balling-irons in England would not make him swallow it."

Speaking as a coachman, I was much pleased with the form of the Wonder coach. It is on the same principle with the rest of the Ball and Mouth coaches; but it only weighs eighteen hundred, and is very near the ground—perhaps rather too much so for large horses. No coaches I have ever travelled on, or driven, carry their loads so steadily as those that come out of this yard; but they are apt to be unnecessarily heavy. The use of the patent axle-tree—always adopted here—is also a great safeguard to the public, as there is no losing of wheels, by which so many lives have been lost.

The next morning I put myself into a post-chaise; and arrived at Mr. Mytton's by breakfast, and found my horses all well. My groom told me it were well I was arrived, as he thought "the Squire would have been a top of some of 'em before another day was over." To say the truth, I fully expected it; and, it must be admitted, he was entitled to a ride.

The fixture for the day was Mr. Mytton's house, whither Sir Beltingham had arrived the day before, to be ready for business. We had a beautiful find in a large piece of gorse, and a good fox went away; but the day precluded a chance of sport, as it was extremely stormy, without an atom of scent. We did not find again;

and it was apparent to all, how necessary it is (if the country is to be hunted) that gorse coverts should be made between Halston and Shrewsbury. Sir Watkin was in the field on this day; and if I had not known that Tom Penn was dead, I should have guessed as much by the altered condition of his horses.

The next day the Shropshire hounds met at Pitchford Park, seven miles on the other side of Shrewsbury, but as I had no horses in that part of the country, I did not meet them. Mr. Mytton went, and saw a fine run of one hour and twenty minutes. Sir Bellingham rode Captain Gordon's horse again on this day, and was capitally carried.

Exclusive of this, I missed another fine run with the Shropshire hounds, by not being within reach of them. The day after I left Sir Bellingham's house the last time, he had the run of which Mr. Mytton speaks in his letter. By all accounts it was a tickler; but I much admired the modest, though sportsmanlike, description given of it by the master of the pack, in a letter to myself:—"I am sorry," said the Baronet, "you were obliged to go yesterday, as I trust we are getting into a vein of sport. The first half hour to-day a most awful pace, from Babbins wood, over a very fair but deep country; and I shall curtail what I could make into a long rigmarole account, by stating, that at the end of one hour and forty minutes, I had in my hand the finest bit of (what some people call) vermin I ever touched in my life. We killed him between Chirk Castle and Llangollen; and the connoisseurs

were good enough to say the gentlemen (the dog pack) did their business meritoriously." This sporting Baronet's modesty did not end here. He said he was never so ridden away from in his life as he was (as indeed were all the field) on this day by Mr. Mytton, on his Hit-or-miss mare; and I understand that Will Staples could scarcely go the pace with her. It is true, Sir Bellingham was not on the fastest in his stable; but nothing can be much better than Mr. Mytton's Hit-or-Miss mare.

On Friday the 24th, met Sir Richard Puleston's hounds at Penley Green, and drew what are called "the Duke's Woods"—the property of the late Duke of Bridgewater. The late Lord Bridgewater behaved in a very liberal manner to Sir Richard, by having excellent rides made through these extensive coverts, which make them very useful to hounds; but as far as sport or pleasure is concerned, they are but ill calculated to afford much of either. On the next day a brace of bagmen were turned out before Mr. Mytton's hounds: but the account of that memorable day, a few remarks on Sir Richard Puleston's and the Cheshire hounds, and the merits and demerits of the Shropshire riders, must be deferred to the Number for the next month. On the morning, however, that we were amusing ourselves with Mr. Mytton's bagmen, the Shropshire hounds had a capital run of one hour and eighteen minutes from Cotterell's Gorse, which sounds rather better to a sportsman's ear.

It is necessary I should say something more of Sir Bellingham Graham's kennel*. His dog pack

* Sir Bellingham's kennel generally contains from fifty to sixty couples of hunting hounds.

comes under the denomination of a grand pack of hounds; in stature quite equal to Mr. Warde's, though a lighter sort of hound. They are very close hunters, extremely patient with a baffling scent, and their pace (as, I believe, has on a late occasion or two been proved) something approaching to awful. They are larger, however, by the admission of their owner, than is desirable in so close a country as Shropshire. The bitch pack—the *Ladies*—are Sir Bellingham's favorites, and in my humble opinion perfect. The dash of the fox-hound is conspicuous here; and to see these bitches pushing to their game, is, to me, one of the finest sights this world can afford. Their form is particularly elegant; and though they don't say so much about it as the dog pack, they are not deficient in tongue. So fond is Sir Bellingham (always the case with fox-hunters) of "the Ladies," that I heard him say, if he only hunted three days a-week, he would never take a dog hound into the field. With two such whippers-in behind them as Will Staples and Jack Wigglesworth, and mounted as they are, Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds cannot fail of being handy; and their condition is powerful and even.

As I have before observed—in the dog pack—Vulcan is the crowning ornament. Indeed I think it is not in nature to form a more perfect animal of his species, and he does not belie his looks. He is by Sir Bellingham's Vanquisher (by Mr. Osbaldeston's Vanquisher), out of his Joyful. The following also are very clever: Twister, by his Tapster, out of his Abigail; Jericho, by his Aimwell, out of his Jubilee; Vault, by his Render, out of his Vanity

—the latter, the right style of hound for Shropshire.

Amongst the bitches, Brimstone stands first. She is by Marmion, out of his Jesabel. Patience, by his Abelard, out of Purity—full of the old Pytchley blood: Famous (well named), by Lord Lonsdale's Reveller, out of Sir B's Faction: Juliet, Jingle, Jollity, and Jealousy, by Mr. Osbaldeston's Piper, out of Lord Lonsdale's Joyful: and Purity and Parasol, both from Mr. Warde, are also very clever. I am now only speaking from my own recollection and observation; but had I the master of the pack at my elbow, no doubt a better selection might be made.

Now for a word or two about the country. Were it not for a few "ifs" Shropshire would rank rather high among the provincials. In the first place, it is able to stand four days a-week, and the coverts are very well stocked with foxes. It also, on the whole, holds a fair scent, but a very great part of it is not only wet, but boggy. It is also extremely deficient in gorse coverts, but I believe this evil is about to be removed; and it is—a great drawback to sport, and very annoying to a huntsman and his hounds—the most hollow country I ever hunted in. In the course of this season, Sir Bellingham ran thirteen out of fifteen of his foxes to ground, which I never heard of any hounds doing before. Such earths as are not used for breeding should be dug out, and iron grates should be placed on the mouths of drains which are able to admit a fox. The first of these remedies, however, will not always succeed, as, from the loose nature of the soil in many parts, fresh sports and earths would be made in each succeeding year.

As a country to ride over, as far as leaping is concerned, Shropshire is an easy one—that is to say, the part comprising the Shropshire Hunt. Although the fences come quick, yet there is nothing to stop a hard-riding man on a good hunter; and timber need but rarely be taken. The common Shropshire fence—say nineteen out of twenty—is a small live or dead hedge, *not bound*, placed on a small bank, with one ditch, and that not generally a large one. These fences, however, stop horses in their pace, for they must be taken quietly. Were a man to attempt to clear bank and all at one fly, he would not go long; but he is generally safe over them if he have a hand on his horse, and will allow him to “foot well” (as we call it) before he springs. In some countries that I have hunted over, the common Shropshire fence would be considered little more than a gap. Strong places, however, do every now and then occur, and—what makes small fences large ones—the horses are almost always going in deep ground. Horses, indeed, that can go well over Shropshire, can go well over most other countries.

There is, however, one part of riding over Shropshire which requires a good man and a good horse, and even these will not always do. I allude to the black, boggy drains, which abound in the low meadows, and which will not admit of a horse approaching their banks near enough to be certain of clearing them. If he do clear them, the exertion is a severe one, and an over-reach, or a lost shoe, is too often the consequence.

If we are to believe all we hear, we have been led to expect a turn in our favour, as far as regards

scent. I have heard it asserted, that a considerable fusion of ice has taken place in Northern latitudes, and that in the approach to East Greenland, there are ten thousand acres of sea clear of ice, which have not been so before in the memory of the oldest man. Hence philosophers argue that our seasons in this country will gradually become milder, and that the vineyard in England will again be as common as the wheat field. What effect this change would have on the faculty of hounds I will not determine; but of this we are assured—that a worse season for scent than the present, up to a certain period, is not upon record. It has not been the case with this pack, or with that; but—with only one exception which I am acquainted with—no hounds within my sphere of knowledge have had their usual sport, up to the going away of the frost. Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds did not furnish the exception; for he himself informed me, that up to the time alluded to, he never had so disastrous a season. With the exception of the Woodhouse day—which was a trimmer—and one or two pretty bursts, he had nothing in the shape of sport until after I had been with him nearly a month; but since the frost, he has been doing very well—seldom missing his fox, with a good run.

That Sir Bellingham Graham should like Shropshire as a hunting country, cannot for a moment be imagined. He lit the candle at the wrong end for this. Had he begun with Shropshire, and proceeded to Leicestershire, the case would have been altered; but few people like to go back in the world. The way, however, in which he has hunted it—with an establish-

ment very nearly equal to Leicestershire — entitles him to the greatest credit; but though he does not like the country, I have heard him many times declare, that *he likes the people*, and here is the spur to his exertions. It is reported that he is about to relinquish it after this season. I never heard him say so; and if he does, I can answer for this—he will do it with regret; but if it be to his advantage, where is the man who would re-pine? A substitute, however, will with difficulty be found.

When Sir Bellingham Graham asserts that he “likes the people” in Shropshire, we may naturally conclude, he chiefly alludes to those of his own rank in life, with whom he every day associates. I think, however, I may take upon myself to say, he goes one step further than this, and includes, in his panegyric, the yeomen and farmers who reside within the limits of his hunt; and well he may. I have ridden over the majority of our English counties, but never did I meet such hospitable and jovial fellows as the Shropshire and Staffordshire farmers*. With them, “What will you drink?” is the next question to “How do you do?” and, now and then, “What will you drink?” comes first. Some of them, however, as Sir Bellingham says, are “zealous dogs,” particularly after a certain hour of the day. What a contrast does this conduct exhibit to that of a neighbouring county! After a fine day’s sport with the Cheshire, a few days back, I was riding home with Will Head (the hunts-

man) and his two whippers-in, when a very respectably dressed farmer came out of his house to ask the particulars of the run. He came, however, empty handed, and never asked us to break our fast. “It is a sign we are not in Shropshire,” said I to Will. “Lord, Sir!” replied he, “a jug of ale is a rarity in Cheshire, unless you pay for it.”

The Baronet told me a good anecdote of one of those Shropshire farmers. He was about as big as any two moderately sized men, and was sitting on his horse in a covert, whilst the hounds were running their fox very hard below him. “Now they are *physicking* an him,” said he to Sir Bellingham, as he rode by—his countenance sparkling with delight.

NIMROD.

March 9, 1836.

(To be continued.)

P. S. I take the liberty of adding to my letter, part of one lately arrived from Melton, which cannot fail being interesting to the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*.

“You will be glad to hear our sport has improved since the frost. We have not had one day to be complained of. On Saturday, all three packs had very good runs: the Duke, a most extraordinary day. A good thing in the morning, and afterwards found a fox at Sproxton Thorns—leaving Croxton Park on the right; through Waltham Pasture, leaving Goadby on the right, under Melton Spinney—Sealford Gorse on the left, and Piper’s Hole on the right; Clawson on the left; Howes Gorse on

* The hospitality of Staffordshire quite equals Shropshire. I remember on one occasion, when Mr. Mytton hunted that country, that a regular dianer was provided for the field. There was white soup, patties, side dishes, &c. &c. I also well remember how small the fences appeared when we were running our afternoon fox.

the right, pointing to Croxton Basset, leaving Langor on the left. Here he turned; left Langor on the right, and lost at Howe's gorse owing to fresh foxes being on foot. The only man with them at this time was Lord Wilton—Geosey and Co. having been beaten about an hour.

"Maxse, whose good luck I am going to tell you of, was the last with them, except Lord Wilton, who tired his horse, and got a farmer's between Langor and Harby.

"Lord Lonsdale had a most brilliant forty-five minutes on that day from Woodwell head to Goadby park, and killed. Maxse, who was capitally carried, ordered a fresh horse, at twelve o'clock, to Waltham Pasture, thinking Lord Lonsdale was likely to run that way; and as they went home, after their kill, he road to Waltham pasture for the chance of meeting the Duke, and just got on his horse as the hounds came by. Thus he saw the two best runs of the year—indeed these two years—on the same day.

"On Monday, in the Welsford country, the Duke had a brilliant fifty-six minutes—ten miles, point blank. Lord Lonsdale had also two capital things on Tuesday; and the Squire a most brilliant hour over the cream of the Harborough country, and a capital evening run, tiring all the nags—both from Shankton Hall. Yesterday, both he and Lord Lonsdale had good hunting runs.

"Melton is getting very full. Young Locke and De Burgh, and four very gentlemanlike young Irishmen—viz. Young Power, two Baileys, and Ponsonby—are amongst us!"

NIMROD.

A FEW LINES ON THE GAME LAWS, AND SUMMERING THE HUNTER.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.
SIR,

IT has been lately observed to me by certain friends, that some additional strictures on the Game Laws would at the present moment not be ill-timed. But with the utmost deference to their opinion, it appears, that, in the present stage and state of that disheartening subject, *doings* are rather the object of requisition than *sayings*; and doings obviously belong to a superior class in the State. The subject moreover has been so long hackneyed and wiredrawn from end to end, that mortal man had need be furnished with a new cargo of brains, in order to elicit anything upon it wearing the semblance of novelty. I shall, therefore, comprise what I have to say on this subject in a few lines.

It is the earnest wish of all moderate men, of those indeed who are friends to both parties, the minority as well as the majority, that the minority, or upholders of the extravagant privileges of the Game Laws, would condescend to give a serious and patriotic consideration to the subject, and of their own mere motion generously put an end to a system, which not only trenches materially on the rights of the great body of the people, but has so long been unpopular, and even, it may safely be averred, universally odious. It is the mitigated system of the baronial ages, utterly inconsistent and at variance with the principles, opinions, and habits of the present generations of men; and therefore cannot fail to increase in general

odium and reprobation, to the constant annoyance and outrage of the sensibility of the mere prejudiced defenders, not of just and acknowledged rights, but of privileged wrongs. That so great a number of the landed Aristocracy have declared against the Game Laws, carries great weight in the question; and that number would be heavily increased, but through a reluctance to give pain to friends. The bloody details, through the channel of the public papers, with which we are constantly disgusted, and which, from the present aspect of things, seem rather probable to increase than to admit of remedy, form a strange anomaly in a civilised state of society. Justly or otherwise, these outrages on common policy and settled government are generally attributed to the continuance of the present system; and the Game Laws, to which every patriot would wish a rational and quiet termination, will not be many years longer endured by the people of England. The *volumus leges Angliæ mutari*, applied to this and to so many other objectionable parts of our legal code, may be thus aptly interpreted: *We have got the staff in our own hands, and we will not part with it, so long as our swords shall retain their edge.* Thence has arisen the dire necessity of sharpening opposite edges. And your wary politicians; your real performers in that line, who do the trick neatly; in fine, your men of the concrete, never fail to give this instruction to their pupils—Listen to none of their *abstractions*, the invariable purpose of which is, to abstract some vested interest from us, which, we being seized of it, are religiously determined to keep, *coute qui coute*,

perfas aut nefas. With an acquiescence enforced by law, and seemingly sanctioned by custom, but with occasional explosions, minority of that which is to be final and decisive, the thing proceeds; in the meantime, its volunteer factors, and those who profit by it, never fail to remind us how much they like a law which ‘works well.’

Now for the ancient and well-worn controversy on summering the hunter; in returning to which, I must premise that such revival is not in the slightest degree intended for a mere display of the use of the logical tools; its purpose is, to lead the question to those points, on which its ultimate settlement seems necessarily to depend.

Let us begin by clearing away certain impediments which might otherwise obstruct the course of elucidation. It is tendered to us, as a reason for changing the plan of summering the hunter, that hunting is now a very different thing to what it was in former days; and that our hounds now go so fast over the country, that, to ride to them, is rather to engage in a race than in a fox-hunt. No sportsman can controvert an everyday truth like this, or possibly be ignorant of it; at the same time, no *stabulist* taketh ought from it, since all it proves is the necessity of riding well-bred hunters, not that of changing their mode of training; the proof of which is, that these well-bred horses, summered abroad according to the old and general modern mode, run up to hounds with as much speed, and through the longest day, as stoutly as the best of those which are summered in the stable. There is also another congenial misconception

abroad on the subject. Our juvenile sportsmen take it for granted that speedy hounds, and racing across the country, are pure novelties, the improvement of their own day; and talk or write familiarly of the existence of the "old English hunter," and the old Southern hound, as in possession of the hunt thirty or forty years ago. Now, this, my boys, is all flummery, and would be very properly answered by Betty Martin, were she still at hand. Forty years ago, both horses and hounds went full as fast as they now do; and as to the old English hunter, he was then *non est inventus*; and the same may be said, with equal truth, of the *Talbot*, *slough hound*, *blood hound*, or thorough-bred *Southern hound*, and the *masstiff*. None of these have been generally visible in my time, though very early in life I got a glimpse at a sort of *fac simile* of each of them. The true statement of the case is this—at that period, the crack packs only, were of the crossed and speedy sort, the majority throughout the country being still a heavy and pains-taking breed. At the present, the picture is reversed; our hounds are almost universally light and speedy, heavy packs being uncommon, and confined to a few particular parts of the country.

I refer the inquisitive reader to vol. 1. of *Rural Sports*, the able and justly celebrated work of my countryman, the Rev. W. Barker Daniel. Let the portrait of Blunder, in the Number for February, be confronted with that of Merkin in *Rural Sports*; let the performances of her and others of her day be taken into consideration; and then let the sportsman judge of the style in which the fox-hounds of so many years back got over the

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country. The ancient *Talbot* and blood hound of the South seem to have been first crossed by a lighter species from the North; subsequently to which, the gaze or greyhound cross took place, combining the speed of the latter with the stoutness of the old Southern hound. The vermin and other crosses have since taken place; all combining to produce that lightness of ear, and form, and tendency to speed, which distinguish the modern fox-hound—an animal of mere art and composition, which it would be a contradiction in terms to style *thorough-bred* of any distinct species. In fact, we are so enamoured of crossing, not always to that unadvised improvement which has been worked in the hound, that we have scarcely any creature thorough-bred in the country, the race-horse excepted.

Between forty and fifty years since, these were some few studs of hunters kept within doors throughout the year—green meat, lucern particularly, being allowed them, with a daily walk in a field or paddock adjoining. In such mode I kept my hacks that I rode in the summer, never tying a hack up, but always keeping it in a loose stable. Nimrod's method of doing this business is precise in all particulars, and admirable; and certainly, were it necessary to the hunter, a better plan; with one exception, could not be adopted. No horse in training condition, and consequently highly susceptible of atmospheric impression, should be turned abroad by night in a changeful climate. At the time above quoted and the present, a very near parity of practice in the case has prevailed; a few particular persons have kept their hunters going throughout the summer,

whilst all the rest have turned them off to grass. Now I am far from asserting, or thinking, that Wisdom always honours numbers with her august presence, or that the few may not be right; but, nevertheless, numbers carry about them the consequence of an authority not to be condemned or slighted previously to thorough consideration. Thence the *factum* as well as *dictum* is indisputably necessary. It behoves the stabulists to open their budget, and produce a considerable number of grass-summered hunters, which apparently, and with sufficient certainty, on that account have failed in the field through want of condition. Their theory must then be embraced, with whatever reluctance, from those true lovers of the horse, who would regret being constrained to deprive him of his dearest privilege. The horse, to whom of all animals we are under the heaviest obligation for the service, accommodation, and pleasure he affords us, and whose reward is a life of the keenest misery, increasing in proportion to his age and decrepitude—the hard labour, bruises, strains, and abuses he suffers, during the hunting campaign, surely entitle him to a few months of ease in the genial season, in his natural element, that grassy bed which Nature herself has spread for him, where he may take his holiday, and pursue his own inclinations free from the wearisome constraint and toil of never-ending stable discipline. He will thence return to his accustomed labours with renewed spirit, vigour, and powers—truly a giant refreshed. Such is the information I have received from all the horses of my acquaintance, and they have not been few; and I ap-

peal to every hunter in His Majesty's dominions.

The flies are brought forward in full chorus of hum and bus, as a strong objection; but few proprietors keep their hunters abroad to the height of the fly season; and those hunters which are turned out early soon get their hides so hardened, that a fly does not make that impression which it is able to do, upon a horse in stable condition. As to horses running about their pasture, and injuring themselves, such a thing certainly may happen by way of an exception; but there never was, nor is there such a general and well-founded complaint. They soon become accustomed to their pasture, and remain quiet and contented. Care of the feet, tips on the toes, and constant inspection, are old matters of course. According to my experience, it is not correct, that horses with incipient ligamentary strains and hurts in their joints and feet receive no benefit from a run at spring grass; on the contrary, I have ever found it highly remedial in those cases, putting off the evil day, which constant confinement to the stable, whatever precautions may be used, is sure to accelerate. The winter's run is for extreme cases; but it seldom succeeds with aged patients, long accustomed to the stable; and such should ever have good dry sheds, well littered, and a sufficient allowance of corn. It, however, must not be forgotten, that horses, already affected in their wind, must on no account be turned to grass, nor suffered to fill themselves with green meat; the result will generally be that they will return completely broken-winded.—As to condition, I repeat, that active and actual proof

weigh more with me than the evidence of the finger or the eye; and if a horse has stood his work well in training, his bellows blowing freely, and his meat sticking by him, I would excuse his coat at the commencement of the hunting season, for not having acquired the burnish of the latter end; and not quarrel with him for the appearance of a little extra flesh upon his bones, which, if constitutional and hardy, will rather contribute to carry him through a long day, than to bring him to a stand still. It must be noted moreover, that grass flesh comes off with more ease than flesh acquired in the stable. This I am well aware is not, nor ever has been, in my day, fashionable doctrine, our ultra stabulists being passionately devoted to the sight of a fine coat, and keeping the nags constantly going. The prejudice has been mainly derived from the running stables, the interest of their keepers being bound up in it. But there is a certain period of training, varying according to various constitutions, in which the horse reaches the summit of his powers of both speed and continuance; and beyond which no farther length of either meat or training can push him one single atom, although it may, and often does, deteriorate and shorten him: and if there be any error in our present and surely-improved system, it resides in the *over*, not under, training the galloper. To this cause it is materially owing that so many young horses are tried for good ones, prove winners during the first season, train off, and are then sold for hunters, or for worse purposes. And to the same cause is to be traced the ruin of so many

three-year-olds—not to early training, which, in fact, is generally unavoidable for very obvious reasons.

I am not, nor have I ever been, absurd enough to assert that horses cannot be kept in health and condition in the stable: witness the London stables: but when their superiority is maintained, it is grounded on a partial view; and the broken wind, loss of sight, grogginess, and foundering of thousands upon thousands are overlooked. But this is ever the hypothetical mode of going to work; and, to borrow the sentiment of an old and highly-esteemed friend of mine, what is the life of man or horse when put in competition with a hypothesis? A hypothesis, however, though it eat neither hay nor corn, may prove a very chargeable beast to keep. In Mr. Farquharson's last forty-mile run, how many of the *five* horses that were in had been stabled, and how many summered abroad, during the previous season? How many of the hunters of old, which ran to Merkin, Bluecap, Loungey, and Wanton, were summered in the stable? I never heard of one. The antagonists of turning horses abroad yet acknowledge the benefits of the cooling and febrifugal earth, by the allowance of a portion of it as necessary to their system. And if either prejudice, or a real sense of conviction, should bias a trainer of hunters in its favour, he cannot possibly adopt one more excellent, or more elaborated and refined than that of Nimrod. This part of the subject impels me to be a little episodal. In my youth, I had a young friend, indeed much about my own age, and I was the *fidus Achates* and the

sage Mentor. More by luck than by wit, as the vulgar have it, I gave my friend a piece of advice, from which he derived benefit through life. He was so full of it, that his constant phrase was—"I had rather be wrong with you than right with any other man." I tried again; but my counsel would not run two heats; it failed, and my friend was let in with a jog. I never heard again of the right and the wrong. Thus it may happen with summering the hunter. Many sportsmen, young ones particularly, will rather be *wrong with Nimrod than right with any other man*. However, in most respects, they cannot find a more able instructor, certainly not a more pleasing one.

I must yet enter one more and still stronger protest against a certain position. I allude to NIMMON'S choice of the hard road for shunter, and a walk to Edinburgh! Had he seen the condition of the legs and feet of racers after heats at Epsom, in a parching season, and the effect on their racing afterwards, as I have done, and the mischief to the joints of trotters from hard roads, I think he would have been more wary in their commendation. No doubt, indeed, there is great difference of effect between walking and the speedy paces.

As an old and practical pig-feeder, I have remarked, in my General Treatise on Cattle, on that egregious scientific humbug, fattening swine on antimony, which, on its first appearance, many feeders actually took *au pied de la lettre*. I should rejoice to see firing and nicking horses put an end to, and wish success to the mercurial plaster which we formerly used, with some addition. I agree en-

tirely with NIMMON on *clipping*, unless these be an exception in regard to certain rough cart horses, that dry with so great difficulty. I had never heard the term *screaming*, until quoted by NIMMON. It is a severe and cruel duty to a thin-skinned horse. As to *creepers*, I have known some good ones. NIMMON has given Osmar too early a date in chronology; he, and the successful Compiler Bartlett, druggist in Bow-street, both lived within my memory. Osmar was a gentlemanlike man, a surgeon and a fox-hunter; and, as I was informed by a farrier who knew him, occupied the same premises in Oxford-street, quitted some years since, by Moorcroft. Osmar was an unfortunate and unpatronised man, though his book laid down the true foundation of English horse-shoeing—no disparagement to the five hundred and ninety-nine Treatises on that subject written since his time, all assuming to be on a different principle, one from the other, and all equally infallible—and although friend Bracey Clarke has been rash enough to publish, that "Osmar knew nothing of the matter."

JOHN LAWRENCE.

HINT FROM A SPORTSMAN.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine* SIR,

ALL the Sporting World resounds with the praises of the prints in your valuable work. Mr. Maxee's Hunter, in the last Number, is life itself; but your Dog and Fox (the work, I understand, of a young hand) wants correction. The fox is not natural, and the selection of the dog still worse.

Whoever saw or heard of a spaniel and fox? It should have been a good wire-haired terrier. Mr. Cooper, junior, will; I am sure, profit by this hint.

A SPORTSMAN.

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE POACHER.—No. III.

Rob's Happiness—His Father—Strangers
—Quits his native place—Wife's death
—Battle in the London Ring—Misery
and death—His Mother's madness and
present occupation.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in depe dongeon cast,
Now, Cloudeale, sayd the trye Justice,
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

Alas! then said good Adam Bell,
That ever we see this daye!
He had better with us have taryed
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

OLD BALLAD.

I Am sure that your readers are not nearly so concerned as I myself am, at the interruption that has broken in upon the narrative of the POACHER; but when I tell you that a severe and dangerous illness has been the sole cause, I am sure they will, after due consideration, return a favorable verdict, and banish all surmises of the writer's neglect or laziness from their minds. Well, Sir, we left Rob Brandywyn certainly in a most enviable situation, both as to his superiority over the physical powers of his neighbours, and the enjoyment of one of the merriest-hearted damsels that ever "tripped o'er village green." How little could any one imagine that he should ever in the slightest respect realize these beautiful and manly

lines of one of our most esteemed poets—

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim,
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound,
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound!

But, as my friend Horace says, *mutatur in horas*, so we need not go very far back. There is no occasion to search into the musty tomes of "foul antiquity," to prove the vicissitudes of this sublunary world. About this time Rob had in a great measure succeeded his father as gamekeeper to Sir C. —; that father, who, for his known attributes as a marksman*, both with the fowling piece and the rifle, had succeeded in establishing an extraordinary reputation in his resident county—that father was now bending rapidly towards "the bourne from which no traveller returns;" not hurried on by any disease, but like a worn-out veteran, breaking up from the continued exercise of an active life.

Rob, from his faithful honesty towards his master, and the well-known roughness of his salutes to the midnight poacher, was of course greatly dreaded by that desperate class of men, and proved himself an able successor to the aforementioned veteran. Many a murky visage, many an old hand, was obliged to quit in "sullen majesty" the well-stocked preserves of Sir C. —. The very name of Rob was a prelude to their capture; and, like the war-whoop of the savage Indian, struck terror into the stoutest heart. Poor Rob!

* In Sir C.'s hall is the head of a stag, with the mark of the ball exactly in the centre as shot by Rob's father. Many stories are even now recorded of that humble and veteran sportsman.

the manliness and sincerity of his character had gained him the esteem of all his equals.

It happened that on a day appointed the ring of Llangothlen was to be again formed—again the resort of all the chivalrous spirits of that district, and indeed far and wide the summons was borne on an ill-omened blast. The day arrived; all, as usual, was proceeding with the highest glee, and, barring the discomfiture of the vanquished, joy beamed in every countenance. There the raw inexperienced novice was seen peering over the shoulder of another, gaping with astonishment at the athletic and tremendous form of Rob; while on the other hand the knowing amateur was seen to examine with curious admiration the tact and strength of his various manœuvres. Just when Rob was in the height of his glory, when a fine glow of enthusiasm had mantled his benevolent countenance, and every muscle was swelling with his exertions, a gentleman, attended by two or three stout looking men, stepped out of a carriage-and-four, that had been drawn up near the scene of action and walked up to the ring. All eyes were turned upon the strangers, who seemed to view the proceeding with wonder and delight. Rob's superiority was particularly noticed by them; and even Dick the Wrestler, who had for so many years borne away the prize, now sank into insignificance before this mighty one of Llangothlen.

Some additional prizes that were awarded by the strangers tended greatly to prolong the sport, and give a new vigour to the exhausted frame of many a lusty competitor. The day being at length concluded, each disappeared; and bending his

way towards his humble roof, filled with admiration of the prowess they had that day seen exhibited, sought in the arms of "slumber sweet" that delicious repose, which only binds the unburthened conscience with its silken chains.

Far different was the case with the strangers: they had on that day been introduced to a scene of life, the existence of which they had been totally ignorant. They had never dreamt of the determined hardihood, the unyielding stuff which is indigenous in a Cambrian breast; and, while they spent the evening in jollity and good-humored jokes, did not forget the formation of a plan, by which Rob could be induced to quit his paternal hearth, rush from his Penates of Llangothlen, and be regularly trained for an introduction to the London Ring! Yes, gentle reader, start not! Did your heart never feel for a tale of woe, a tale of desolation and ruin, a tale that would "harrow up the soul," and

"stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief?"

The very next morning their plans were to be put in execution. The dependants and companions of this stranger, who were no less than celebrated pugilists, who had trod the hallowed turf of Moulsey Hurst—one of whom had even aspired to the exalted pre-eminence of a stage, and of whose antagonist it might be said, that he had sought

"the bubble reputation,
E'en in the Cannon's mouth,"

now sought the "lowly thatched" cottage of Rob—that dwelling of joy and comfort, and of whose bliss and peace they were so shortly to be the murderers. Rob, of course, treated them with becoming re-

spect; and to him, ignorant of their matured machinations, their conversation wrought such dreams of blood and glory, wealth and gaiety, coupled with their master's extreme liberality, and the certainty with which he would be enabled to ensure all those acquirements, that our young hero's heart throbbed to do the same—to step in the same path of glory, little conscious of the real pleasure and contentment that dwells in the troubled breast of a professional prize-fighter. They gained their point. Rob was immediately to be well sparred and trained; and it was soon spread in the pugilistic circles of the metropolis, that a "new big one" was about to be produced, at whose prowess the very timbers of the Fives Court would start forth, and stunted Nature burst her bonds, and exclaim—

"This was a man!"

Rob was exceedingly surprised at the dexterity and force with which the blows of these boxers were put in, and at first displayed great awkwardness in stopping and warding off their repeated attacks; indeed, the violence he used nearly dislocated the joints of the practitioners; and in wrestling, neither of them could withstand his impetuosity for an instant.

Rob had a great deal to learn; but the animated discourse of his present companions had so fired his breast, that he was determined ere long to be at the top of the tree. A match was consequently soon made; he quitted the service of Sir C. —, whose displeasure ever followed him afterwards; and, in running after this Will-of-the-wisp phantom of wealth and glory, ruined his prospects for ever.

Rob's dress was immediately changed; the shooting jacket was laid aside for a blue cloth coat; and the laced boots, for a pair of fashionable top boots; and with "all the means and appliances to boot," he quitted the delightful retreats of Llangothlen's lonely vale, in the carriage of his patron and backer, on whom Rob looked with a sort of reverence and fear, lest he should not answer his anticipated expectations. From this time, all his former contentment and happiness were swallowed up in the giddy whirlpool of extravagant pleasure and forced gaiety; the love of gambling stole unawares upon him; and, in drawing nearer to the metropolis of vice and dissipation, he found himself, like Hacho after the accursed honey, to be an altered man.

Rob was taken by his patron to be present at the next prize fight, which happened to take place at Colnbrook, not far from London; first, between two light-weighted men, and to end with those emblazoned stars of the ring, Ward and Sampson. Every thing here was new to him; the painted green-stakes, the ropes, the well-measured ring, the rounds of carriages present, and the respectability of the thousands there collected, perfectly astonished him. It was a brilliant day, and he was introduced to all the worthies of the Ring. Here he first beheld the man, whose feats of arms had kindled such a flame in his breast, whose name had resounded through his native vale, and whom the land of Old Cider claims as her darling offspring—Tom Spring. It was scarcely more than a fortnight since his last victory over the warm-hearted Langan, and he still car-

ried the shades of punishment on his front ; but his peculiarly manly countenance bespoke courage and humanity to be its composites. Langan was there ; and Josh Hudson, in his white beaver, rolled on the grass, in all the fat and good humour of selfish superiority. These were the ephemeras of the pugilistic cohort ; the *ἀπαλλοι*, or the second rate, are not worthy of embellishment.

The whole preparations for the mortal combat were completed—Belasco, in his best array, as one of the seconds, was on the ground with his man ; umpires were appointed, and the fight began. Every one knows how it ended, so I need say no more ; every one knows how the “nishe boy” was discomfited by the last spark of energy that lighted up little Arthur’s exhausted frame. Rob was delighted with the day’s amusement ; the capital management apparent through the whole affair, and the seeming fairness of the fight, particularly drew forth his admiration.

But stop ! I had nearly forgotten to give you even a slight account of the second contest :—It was not so good as the first ; the men were not so nearly matched ; the very attitude of the Black Diamond evidently awed the Patagonian. Rob could scarcely believe his own eyes—he could not at all unravel the mystery of Jem Ward’s walking in to his antagonist, and levelling him to the earth with apparently slight exertion. No struggling, no over-reaching, no round hitting, but straight knock-down blows were the order of the day. The youth was compelled to give in after half an hour’s severer work than the Brummagems had cut out

for him ; and carrier-pigeons were immediately sent off to that ancient town of “dirty memory,” with the doleful news.

Rob retired, delighted with the idea that he himself was shortly to become the most prominent actor in a scene similar to the one he had just witnessed. A few weeks passed on in active and unremitted duties of training and ring-mannerism, till the day at length actually arrived, ushered in by the congratulations of his friends, as about to be a source of triumph and felicity to him. The same preparations were attended to, and every thing being managed rightly the fight began. Rob had been particularly cautioned to begin on the defensive, which rule he observed, much to the chagrin of his adversary, to whom he had been described as a rough country article, easily disposed of ; but soon finding that the increasing weakness of his adversary required different treatment, he launched forth with all the severity of his wonted punishment. Various shifts and manœuvres were now brought into play by the falling man ; time was prolonged to its utmost : all would not do : still he was backed by the Londoners. How could he fail ? “He shall not fail !” was the cry. The shrill whistle was heard, and quickly answered by a simultaneous rush to the ring : ropes were now to be cut : the beaten man to recover by a seasonable prolongation of time : Rob to receive, in the mean time, various thumps and kicks, and thus the thing to be made sure. But, alas ! “tell it not in Gath,” these mighty purposes were frustrated by the firm and determined opposition of Rob’s adherents. After the usual requi-

sition of whips, sticks, &c. had been in force, and the groans of the wounded and dying had died away, tranquillity was restored. The fight proceeded for a short time longer, and all was over. Rob was beaten!—and how? Ah! that is a question few can answer—a problem that the wisest sophists of the age could with difficulty solve. Rob began with every advantage, was proceeding rapidly, the efforts of his enemies had been quelled; still he was a beaten man! Did his courage fail him?—did his extraordinary strength fail him? Both! a vile impostor, under the specious character of second, administered the conquering drug during the fray. The wily villain had listened to the seductive proposals of some scheming cold-blooded rascal—the inspiring draught was impregnated with the debilitating ingredient, and the whole fabric sank in ruins. Rob, who had by degrees been rendered almost senseless, could not believe that he had been defeated; but, alas! when the harsh and accusing spirit of his patron burst forth, one burning thought, as the lightning scatches the majestic oak, seared his very heart: he perceived too late by whom he was surrounded—he now appreciated their code of honour and integrity, and sighed and sighed again to reach his once-loved and happy home!

In a short time, being entirely discarded by his patron, who wanted the ingenuity to unravel the treachery, and who gave him to understand what were his only ideas on the transaction, he departed, though sorely stricken in heart, with some consolation, once more to repose on the bosom of his delightful and romantic vale. He reached it—all was altered; a stranger's property had, in this

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short period, taken possession of the various places where his own had been accustomed to hang—the door of his cottage was open. Yet he hoped to greet his beloved wife.—No! strangers every where beset him, till he espied at some distance his old enemy “Dick the Wrestler,” whistling as he went in all the contentedness of domestic and rural life. From him he learnt the state of his affairs. His wife, after being haunted by various apprehensions for his safety, had died in child-bed: his mother had been discarded from the premises of Sir C. on account of her son's late expedition, and he was evidently now a ruined man. Sir C. would not have a single dealing with him; all his former friends looked on him with suspicion; he felt himself to be accounted evil in the eyes of his neighbours. His soul could not endure it—he sought his mother's hut, and with her repaired to the more northern part of Wales, and became a POACHER. Here he built a wild sort of hut; and by this wretched employment, for which he was so thoroughly adapted, gained a miserable livelihood. Things thus mournfully went on—Rob's noble spirit was for ever blighted; and he would most likely have ended his days in this sad habitation; but one dreadful, eventful night altered the scene: one deed—one horrible deed, d—d him for ever! He had now been watched for some time with most unceasing vigilance by the surrounding keepers; and one night, when prowling about on his usual occupations, two men rushed upon him. What was to be done? Rob felled them both—one, alas! never lived to dole out the accusing tale; but the other existed only to give the fatal evidence before this earthly tribu-

3 E

nal. Rob, after a series of adventures, exceeded only by a once-unfortunate Monarch, harassed by day and night, at length like the Chief, who, feeling like a rotten stick*, surrendered himself, was at length captured, tried, convicted, and hanged! By this time he was so completely worn out, both in body and mind, that death seemed more preferable to him than life, and he suffered calmly and firmly. When upon the scaffold, like the renowned Fergus MacIvor, he cast one last solitary look to the blue hills that shut out his native abode of happiness and innocence, and with his back towards the late scene of his nefarious livelihood, this world closed on him for ever!

No bosom trembles for thy doom,
No mourner wipes a tear;

The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away!

Poor, poor Rob! my heart bleeds for him! What was his fate, and what might it have been? Alas! too often has the lowly flower been plucked by the hand of the seducer! alas! though "born to blush unseen," has too often experienced the sad reversion of alluring novelty. Rob, who enjoyed the entire sway in his native village, the puisne Monarch of Llangothlen, resigned all, and came to nothing! At length, regarded as a midnight murderer, every one gazed on him with horror—no tears were shed—no sighs mingled with the breeze—few prayers in his behalf breathed towards the portals of Heaven; but all hailed with rapture the hollow music of the solitary drum that called forth the wretched culprit to seek the mercy

of an offended God! His name still lives in the memory of hundreds, but so shackled with tales of crime and woe, it were far better that every remembrance of it had been buried with him.

His poor mother from this time became raving mad! She now spends her time in buying rabbit and hare skins at different houses, and is always given a good meal wherever she stops; but her senses are blighted for ever; and the melancholy stanza that I myself heard, and recorded in these pages, is incessantly chaunted by her. Poor thing! she is perfectly harmless, and I hope spared much pain that the unfortunate end of her son must otherwise have caused. She, too, must soon quit this weary road; and, as "My uncle Toby" says, "God alone knows the secrets of the heart!"

A stone has been placed over Rob's grave by a person who pitied his misfortunes, with this inscription—"Here lies poor Rob Bradywyn;" and a portion of the sighs and groans that attended poor Yorick's last moments still hover over the lowly mound. The youth of the surrounding district are still moralised by the melancholy tale!

P. S. I should have given you a more detailed account of the POACHER's life; but, like the "*Laudator temporis acti*?" of your November Number, times are changed with me; but, unlike him, I hope not entirely to lay by my "sporting pen." I wish you would let us know what our pugilistic corps is doing, who is "talked of as champion," &c. A general armistice seems to be the case. Fie! fie!

DAFYDD Y GARRY-WEN.

* Philip of Pokanoket, who, after being chased and hunted through his native forests, on fording a river wetted his gun, from which accident he became suddenly "like a rotten stick."

STALLIONS, 1926.

[The figures at the beginning of each paragraph denote the age of the horse.]

17. **ARDROSSAN**, at Haughton-mains, near Hexham, at 10gs:—by John Bull, out of Miss Whip, by Volunteer.

14. **ANTICIPATION**, at the Stud Farm, Ludford, near Ludlow, at 10 sovs:—by Hambletonian, out of Hyale.

0. **ARABIAN HORSE**, of the Nedjed race, at the Hale, near Edgware; winners and mares that have bred winners, gratuitously.

20. **ASHTON**, at Chisledon, near Swindon, Wilts, at 5gs:—by Walnut, out of Miss Haworth, by Spadille.

10. **BANKER**, at Appleton Cottage, near Warrington, Cheshire, at 5 sovs:—by Smolensko, out of Quail, by Gohanna.

13. **BOBADIL**, at Newland, near Monmouth, Gloucestershire, at 10gs:—by Rubens, dam by Sky-scraper.

15. **BELLEROPHON**, without Micklegate Bar, York, at 5gs:—by Orville, dam by Adamant, grandam by Paymaster.

9. **BORODINO**, at Nafferton, near Driffield, Yorkshire, at 5gs:—by Smolensko, dam by Stamford—Miss Buckle.

10. **CARDINAL WOLSEY**, at Bramham, at 5gs:—by Cardinal York, dam by Precipitate, grandam Young Magnolia.

16. **CANNON BALL**, at Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, at 10gs:—by Sancho, dam by Weathercock.

14. **DINMONT**, without Micklegate Bar, York, at 5gs:—by Orville, out of Mary, by Sir Peter.

12. **DOCTOR SYNTAX**, at Felton Park, at 11 sovs:—by Paynator, dam by Benningbrough—Jenny Mole.

18. **EPPERSSON**, at Craigmillier

Castle, near Edinburgh, at 10gs:—by Delpini, out of Legacy, by King Fergus.

6. **ELECTROMETER**, at Hampton Court, at 2 sovs:—by Thunderbolt, out of Pearl, grandam by Boudrow.

14. **FILHO DA PUTA**, at Farnsfield, Nottinghamshire, at 15gs:—by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnett, by Waxy.

23. **FYLDENER**, near Stratford-on-Avon, at 10gs:—by Sir Peter, out of Fanny, by Diomed, grandam Ambrosia.

5. **GRENADIER**, at Beverley, at 5gs:—by Blacklock, out of Miss Cranfield, by Sir Peter, grandam by Pegasus.

8. **GODOLPHIN**, at Latimers, near Rickmersworth, at 10gs:—by Partisan, out of Ridicule, by Shuttle; twenty-five mares exclusive of those of his owner.

5. **GREY WHISKER**, at Hilton, near Yarm, at 5gs:—by Whisker, dam by Wizard, grandam Lisette.

8. **LOBY**, at Kirk Merrington, near Rushyford, Durham, at 5 sovs:—by Walton, dam by Trumpator—Demirip.

0. **MAHOMET**, at the Horse Bazaar, London, at 7½gs:—by Mulley, dam by Dick Andrews.

9. **MACDUFF**, at Bramham, near Tadcaster, at 5gs:—by Macbeth, dam by Waxy—Selim—Lady Brough.

7. **MAY-DAY**, at Carleton, near Carlisle, at 5 sovs:—by Ardrossan, dam by Sir Peter.

7. **MYSTIC**, at Nafferton, near Driffield, at 5gs:—by Hedley, out of Cecilia, by Worthy.

10. **MINOS**, at Howden, Yorkshire, at 8gs:—by Camillus, out of Lady Rachel, by Stamford.

0. **MAJOCCHI**, at King's Farm, Woodford, Essex, at 2gs:—by the Cole Arabian, dam by Lignum Vita.

12. **MANFRED**, at the Stud-farm, Ludford, near Ludlow, at 10 sovs:—by Election, out of Miss Wasp, by Waxy.

6. **NICOLO**, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10gs:—by Selim, dam by Walton, grandam Young Giantess, by Diomed.

5. **OSMOND**, at Woolviston, near Stockton-upon-Tees, Durham, at 5gs:—by Filho da Puta, out of Banshee.

17. **OISEAU**, at Beverley, at 10gs:—by Camillus, dam by Ruler, grandam Treecreeper, by Woodpecker.

15. **OUTROY**, at Stapleton, near Carlisle, at 10gs:—by Camillus, dam by Waxy, grandam Mrs. Candour.

10. **PALMERIN**, at Pickering, Yorkshire, at 5gs and a half:—by Amadis, out of Orvillina (Sister to Orville), by Beningbrough.

0. **PET** (first called Borac), at Haynes's Stables, Riding-house Lane, Regent-street, at 7gs:—an Arabian of the Montefic tribe; winners and dams of winners, gratis.

8. **PETER LELY**, at Huntingdon, near York, at 7gs:—by Rubens, out of Stella, by Sir Oliver, grandam Scotilla.

8. **POLYGAR**, at Wakefield Lodge, near Stoney Stratford, at 5gs:—by Walton, out of Parasol, by Pot80's.

7. **POTSHEEN**, at Farringdon Berks, at 5gs:—by Usquebaugh, out of Mistake, by Waxy.

16. **PRIME MINISTER**, at Easter Moncrieffe, at 10gs:—by Sancho, out of Miss Hornpipe Teazle, by Sir Peter.

5. **RICHARD**, at Lambton-grange, at five sovs:—by Orville, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford, grandam Sophia.

12. **RENOVATOR**, at Lynn, Norfolk, at 10sovs:—by Young Trum-

pator, dam by Coriander, grandam Lily.

6. **SHERWOOD**, at Farnsfield, Nottinghamshire, at 7½gs:—by Filho da Puta, out of Lampedosa.

9. **ST. PATRICK**, at Cowling, near Bedale, at 10gs:—by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews.

7. **SIR WILLIAM**, at the Wyndstay Arms, Oswestry, at 5gs:—by Sir Paul, out of Streamlet, by Rubens.

12. **STAINBOROUGH**, at Smailholm, near Kelso, at 5gs:—by Dick Andrews, out of Hornpipe, by Trumpator.

5. **SWISS**, at Broughbridge; blood mares gratuitously:—by Whisker (Sister to Corduroy), by Shuttle.

24. **SASENAGH**, at Colehill, near Farringdon, Berks, at 5gs:—by Waxy, dam by Herod, grandam Maiden.

5. **SILKWORM**, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, at 5gs:—by Castrel, out of Corinne, by Waxy, grandam Briseis.

7. **SHUFFLER**, at Easter Moncrieffe, at five sovs:—by Walton, dam by Drone, grandam by Match'em.

6. **STRATHERNE**, at Easter Moncrieffe, at 5sovs:—by Whisker, dam Shuttle, grandam by Oberon.

16. **SMOLENSKO**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs:—by Sorcerer, out of Wowski, by Mentor, grandam Waxy's dam.

10. **SNOWDEN**, at Pimley, near Shrewsbury, at 5gs:—by Skiddaw, dam by Delpini, grandam Miss Cogden.

12. **SOBER ROBIN**, at King's Farm, Woodford, Essex, at 4gs and a half:—by Orville, out of Harpy, by Phœnomenon.

11. **STREPHON**, at Eaton Muscott, near Shrewsbury, at 5gs and a half:—by Rubens, out of Nymphina, by Gouty.

8. THE CHANCELLOR, at Shrewsbury, at 5gs:—by Haphazard, out of Canidia, by Sorcerer.

6. TANCRED, at Moreton's Stables. Croydon, Surrey, at 5gs:—by Selim, dam by Hambletonian, grandam Sarah.

10. TARAGON, at Puddington, near Chester, at 7gs:—by Haphazard, out of Arquebusade, by Sancho, grandam by Pot8o's.

26. TRUMPATOR, at Lynn, Norfolk, at 30 sovs:—by Old Trumpator, dam by Conductor.

0. THORNTON, at Beverley, at 5gs:—by Camillus, out of Miss Hornpipe Teazle.

9. VAMPYRE, at Wakefield Lodge, near Stoney-Stratford, at 5gs:—by Waxy, out of Vestal, by Walton.

17. WOFUL, at Newmarket, at 15gs:—by Waxy, out of Penelope.

11. WELBECK, at Helmsley, at 7gs:—by Soothsayer, out of Pledge, by Waxy, grandam Prunella, by Highflyer.

10. WRANGLER, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10gs:—by Walton, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian.

14. WHISKER, at Brompton-on-Swale, near Catterick, at 21 sovs:—own Brother to Whalebone.

7. YOUNG ECLIPSE, at Blechingley, Surrey, at 5gs:—by Election, out of Joanna Southcott.

5. YOUNG INTERPRETER, at Newmarket, at 2½ sovs:—by Soothsayer, out of Blowing, by Buzzard.

5. YOUNG SOOTHSAYER, at Barrow's Brook, near Cirencester, Gloucestershire, at 2½ gs:—by Welbeck, dam by Cardinal York, grandam by Remembrancer.

5. YOUNG SIR HARRY DIMSDALE, at the Horse Bazaar, London, at 7½gs each:—by Sir Harry Dimsdale, out of Sigismunda.

6. YOUNG TRAMP, at Mickle-

gate Bar, York, at 5gs:—by Tramp, dam by Gabriel, grandam by Magnet.

4. ANDROGEUS, at Haigh Park, Leeds, at 5½gs:—by Minos, out of Miss Cragie, by Orville.

17. CAMELOPARD, at Wentworth Lodge, at 5 sovs:—by Camillus, out of Minstrel, by Sir Peter.

20. CERVANTES, at Wentworth Lodge, at 15 sovs:—by Don Quixote, out of Evelina, by Highflyer.

7. FIGARO, at Mr. Kirby's Stables, York, at 10½gs:—by Haphazard, dam by Selim, out of Young Camilla.

12. LEDSTONE, at Northaller-ton, at 5gs:—by Wizard, out of a Sister to Smuggler, by Hambletonian.

17. OCTAVIUS, at Topcliffe, Thirsk, at 10gs:—by Orville, out of Marianne, by Mufti.

9. WAVERLEY, at Dirughouses, York, at 10gs:—by Whalebone, out of Margaretta, by Sir Peter.

0. DUPLICATE, at Barmby Moor and the Neighbourhood, at 7½gs:—by W.'s Ditto, dam by Beningbrough, grandam by Delpini.

0. SNOWDON, at Pimley, near Shrewsbury, thorough-bred mares at 5gs, other mares 3gs.

0. GAUNTLET, at Wolseley Bridge, Staffordshire, thorough-bred horses, 5l., country horses, 2l.

0. CLINKER, at Barnoldby-le-beck, near Grimsby; by Sir Peter Teazle, blood mares 5l. 5l., other mares 2½gs:—dam Hyale, by Phenomenon.

0. MANDEVILLE, at the same place as Clinker; blood mares 5l. 5s., other mares at 2gs:—by Young Woodpecker, his dam Platiner by Mercury.

10. PROSELYTE, at Asgurby, near Sleaford, at 3gs and 7s:—by Sorcerer, out of Pope Joan, by Waxy, dam Prunella, by Highflyer.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

WINDSOR, March 11.

THE present week with His Majesty's hounds has been most productive of excellent sport to the lovers of stag hunting. On Monday they had a most beautiful run of an hour and three quarters; they started from Wellington Bridge, near Virginia Water, and took near Blackwater. On Wednesday they met at Salthill, and, after a sharp burst of one hour and ten minutes, took at a farm house called Hard-to-find, near Marlow. On Friday they met at Iver Heath, and after one of the hardest runs this season, of two hours and a half, the stag was unfortunately killed at Chesham, near Amersham. Lord Maryborough, Captain Sullivan, Davis the huntsman, and Freeman the whipper-in, were the only persons in at the death.

Windsor, March 18.—During the hunt, on Friday, an accident occurred, which must have proved fatal but for the courage of Mr. J. Wiggington, a highly respectable inhabitant of Eton. A Lady had joined the hunt upon a spirited horse; in crossing Stoke Common, she was unable to restrain his course, so as to avoid a gravel pit, and they were both precipitated into the deepest part, containing water from eleven to thirteen feet in depth. All the spectators were appalled, and unable to render any assistance. Mr. Wiggington rode up, and threw himself in the water, and rescued the lady, amidst the universal admiration of those who witnessed the courageous act. It is understood that the Lady's name was Osborne. This, it is said, is the third occasion in which Mr. Wiggington has been happy enough to save the life of a human being under similar danger.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR—The following is an account of a run with the Beckhampton Hounds, which I hope is worthy of a page in your Magazine:—

The Beckhampton Stag-hounds met at the Lushington's Arms Inn, Beckhampton, on Tuesday, February 28, and a fine hind was uncartered at twelve o'clock on the hill, called Folly Hill, close to Beckhampton, and on the North side of the London road, before a numerous field of sportsmen. The deer, on being uncartered, took a north-west direction, leaving the village of Yatesbury on the left, and Monkton on the right, straight to Cliff Ancey, down the chalk hill to Hillmorton, when it took a turn to the right, through Goat Acre, for Lyneham; leaving the last village close to the left, it crossed the Oxford and Bath road near the windmill on the Common, keeping a north-west direction, close to the woods of G. H. Walker Henage, Esq. to Torkenham Wick, a seat of Sir R. Buxton, Bart. and within two miles of the town of Wootton Bassett, when, turning to the left, it crossed the Wilts and Berks Canal. After crossing a short distance, it turned again to the left, leaving the village of Gritenham on the right, and Lord Holland's Wood to the left, through Dauntsey and Christian Malsford, to the banks of the river Avon, which it skirted for more than a mile, and then crossed near Segary Mill, following the river a short distance on the opposite bank, when it turned to the left, leaving the village of Segary to the right, for Startly, over that Common to Rodbourne, near the seat of Richard Pollen, Esq. where they came to a check, by the deer's re-tracing her steps in a dirty lane, and, owing to the quantity of hares, there was some difficulty in making a cast. After a delay of forty minutes, which was a great relief to the horses after so long a run, the hounds were again settled to their game, and went off at a good pace to Corston, passing close to that village, within two miles of the town of Malmesbury, and crossed the common belonging to that borough, called King's Heath. This

common, which has been lately enclosed, divided into small allotments, and cultivated by spade husbandry, is a stiff heavy clay, intersected by deep ditches of stagnated water, and nearly two miles across. After getting out of the common, the deer pursued its way into the inclosures belonging to Norton, and left that village close to the left, when it took a more westward course; crossing the Foss Way (the old Roman road from Bath to Cirencester), it passed near the seat of the late Thomas Smith, Esq. of Eason Grey, and followed a brook, one of the parent branches of the Avon, till stopped by coming to the wall of Pinkney Park, the seat of Richard Eastcourt Cresswell, Esq. The deer then took to the left, leaving the town of Sherston to the right, near the village of Luckington, when she was turned by a shepherd's dog to the right near to Wick Farm, within one mile of Badmington Park, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, when she turned short to the right, and went back straight into the town of Sherston, and was taken, unhurt, in the stable of George Cresswell, Esq. at half-past five o'clock. The distance the hounds went could not be less than fifty miles; for, as a crow would fly, from Beckhampton to Luckington is twenty-seven miles; and the game passed through twenty-four parishes. The first part of the ground from Beckhampton to the bottom of the hill below Cliff Ancey, is arable land—clay on chalk. From this to the river at Christian Malford, is as fine a country to hunt over as any Leicestershire can produce—a deep rich soil, generally pasture, divided into small inclosures, with stiff fences. From the river to Corston, a cold, hungry sand; and after crossing Malmesbury Common, already described, the ground was light and stony, part arable and pasture, in good-sized inclosures, some stiff hedges, and a few walls.

Owing to the length of the run, there were only in, when the deer was taken, besides Mr. Angell and the whipper-in, H. Smith, Esq. of Marlborough; W. Brown, Esq. of

Horton; the Rev. Mr. Ashe, of Langley; Mr. Axford, of Woolton Bassett; and a sporting innkeeper, of Devizes, named Dallimore, who rode over hounds and every thing, at starting; but the distance, though he was well mounted, beat both his judgment and his horse—for it died the same night, after getting it back to the Angel Inn, Chippenham.

There were a great many falls, but none seriously hurt. The Rev. Mr. Hawkins, of Avebury, had a severe tumble just as the hounds were coming to a check near Rodbourne. This Gentleman, from his enthusiasm for sporting, had the misfortune to lose a leg some years since, and being also obliged to ride in glasses, although he rides exceedingly bold and well, yet, in taking his leaps, he is obliged to put his leg (the timber one) straight forward, and not keeping it high enough, it took the stump of a tree, and he was thrown back on his head with great violence, but fortunately he was not much hurt. All the rest, with the exception of H. Smith, Esq. got a wetting in some of the numerous brooks they had to cross. B. J. Angell, Esq. the owner of these hounds, lives at Rumsey House, two miles from Calne, on the Bath road; he is quite a young man and young sportsman, as this is only his second year of keeping hounds. He hunts them himself, assisted by a whipper-in; and, though young, bids fair to excel, as he spares neither pains nor expense, and his gentlemanlike deportment in the field gives universal satisfaction. The hounds hunt two days a week—Tuesday and Friday. The uniform of the Hunt is a scarlet coat, with drab waistcoat, gold buttons, with a full headed stag and the Roman letters B. H. on them. Should the annexed account of this run prove acceptable, I am in hopes of being able to furnish you with more of their runs on a future occasion.

I am, your constant reader,

A MOON RAKER.

Marlborough, March 3, 1836.

We have received the following account of a fine run with Mr. Pole's hounds, from a friend in Hampshire:—On Saturday the 11th of March, Mr. Pole's hounds met at Chinham, near Basingstoke. The day was fine, and the field numerous and respectable. The coverts from Chinham to the Vine were drawn without finding; but in Morgasson Wood they unkenelled a large dog fox, who went off at a good pace, passing the Vine and along the Sherborne road till he came to the village; he then turned off to the left and made for Chinham, where he headed and ran back past the Vine to Morgasson, where he hung for half an hour, making circles through Peper Wood to Beaurepaire (the residence of our friend NIMRON, and I wish he had been with us,) and back, when he left his old haunts (which he was doomed never to see again), putting his head straight-forward towards Newlands, crossed the Aldergate road, and so on to Pember Church, Crepper Hill, Wyford, Prince's Grove, Witch Lane Coppice, Baughurst Church, till he came to Kingsclere Holt, where he turned to the left to Wolverton, and across to Sandford Wood, passed some deep inclosures, and crossed the Kingsclere road to Dairy-house coverts. Leaving these, he was repeatedly viewed at a short distance before the hounds, and often threw his head over his shoulder, as if to measure his distance from the pack. At this time he appeared much beat, and, descending into a narrow lane, was met by two pigs, who ran at him open-mouthed, and chased him some distance, till, hearing the hounds at their heels, the *grunters* got in turn alarmed, and bolted, cock tail, into a cottage door, upsetting two children who were making "mud pies" on the sill; afterwards he ran on to Kingsclere wood-lands, crossed Headley Common, and entered the inclosures beyond, with the hounds close at his brush, and was chopped by the leading hound as he made his fly from the fence, and they both fell into the ditch together, where he met his fate. This was about four miles from New-

berry, and a direct line of fifteen miles from Morgasson Wood, and was run without a check. The country was uncommonly deep and distressing to the horses—so much so, that out of a large field only five or six horsesmen were in at the death, or ever came up. The hounds did the thing uncommonly well, and behaved handsomely throughout, and fully maintained the appellation of their late worthy and lamented owner, Mr. Chute, of *Malum in Pereo*.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR—I observe in the *Sporting Intelligence* accounts of different runs that have taken place this season. I was present at one with the Badsworth hounds, which, if you think worth publishing in your Magazine, is at your service.

On Saturday, the 24th December, the Badsworth hounds met at Bolton Bridge, and tried Wath Wood, where they found immediately, and went away in direction for Swinton Common, where he doubled to the right toward Dorfield Gorse and got into a drain; in less than five minutes he was bolted, went gallantly away in view, through the Wood again, over Swinton Common, crossed the river Don, then through Denaby Wood, Barcliff Bank, Conisbro' Cliff, the Carrs, and they ran in to him, just making Edlington Wood; in an hour and forty-five minutes from the drain, with scarcely a check. Among the few who faced the river, I observed the huntsman, Mr. J. Fullerton, Rev. J. Armytage, Mr. C. Walker, Messrs. Brown, Hall, Hoby, &c.—I remain, yours, &c. VERITAS.

Chelmsford, March 7.—Lord Petre and the gentlemen of his hunt, had an extraordinary good day's sport on Thursday, March 2, with his second, but excellent pack. His hounds met at Woodham Ferris, and, after drawing two or three coverts, they proceeded to that of New England, belonging to Mr. Trussell, where Topper presently unkenelled a brace of foxes. The sweet and anticipated harmony was soon in full chorus, and

after a ring or two in covert, as fine, strong, and gallant a fox as ever broke covert appeared, and led them a chase of thirty miles, running through sixteen parishes. Reynard set off with a strong side wind towards the Farnbridge Hall country; but the pace the hounds went for the first half hour obliged him to turn down wind, across a difficult country for hounds to go fast over, across many roads and commons in Danbury; consequently the next half hour was slower, and reynard got a head, skirting Blake's Great Covert, across the navigation into Mr. Newman's country. The horsemen were obliged to go to the bridges, and the hounds alone went over the river with a strong blowing wind. The fox was headed by some ploughmen at work, and a fresh fox was halloo'd by foot people, but the hounds were steady to their work, and hung close to the line of chase, through Toppingo large covert, on to Colonel Strutt's park, by the gardens and plantations, still running down wind, but now in a good and well-hunted country, which reynard seemed no stranger to, making the coverts and most difficult haunts to evade his pursuers; but it was of no avail—the hounds in fine condition and too good to be shook off. Their hunting was beautiful, and the hits and work of Benedict, Dreadnought, and Delicate, were conspicuous during the day. On going through the great covert Troys like shot, Nelson came forward and took the lead at a killing pace, over a fine country to the Green Dragon wood, where this gallant fox first stopped for safety, and made a good deal of work for the hounds in that covert. He broke away again into Mr. Conyers' beautiful country; the old hounds were now high on their mettle, and it was in vain for a fox to contend with them: reynard was also getting weak; they therefore soon ran up to him, when he tacked short back into Gubbins Green grassy and swampy common. Here the scene was very interesting; his Lordship, on his fine horse Favorite, very fresh, and the rest of his stud in a condition fit to

set off again for another hour; a few others also of light weight were tolerably fresh, but many that were up would have told a sad tale, if the chase had not ended. At this moment the hounds were clashing and turning with the fox; the company did not want reminding *not* to ride *before* the hounds; at least I can speak for myself, on a tottering and tired nag; but I was afraid of being in a situation that might meet the impetuous rush of the hounds at this moment; and they would have captured half a dozen of us. Sam Hart, the huntsman, alert and steady at his post; Will, the second whip, easy as an old shoe; but Joe, the first whipper-in, busy as usual, and as eager to catch the fox as the foremost hound, went *slop* into a ditch of water up to his middle, with old Whynot, who had got the fox. Joe seized on his prize, and came out with a countenance fierce as a tiger; his face streaming with blood, as if he had been drawing a badger, and welcomed his Lordship's ear with the first *who-hoop*. The chase lasted three hours, and ended in Little Leighs, *seventeen miles* as the crow flies, from the covert wherein reynard was first found.

Lord Petre's hunt had another brilliant day's sport in the Danbury country on the 16th March, with the same pack as on the 2d, and to their fame added one laurel more. His Lordship met at Danbury, and intended throwing off at Blakes, but was informed by the gamekeeper to the Rev. B. H. Bridges, of a litter of cubs in that covert, which, although strictly protected by that gentleman, he does not partake of the sport himself—but in that, as well as on all other occasions, his liberal acts are extended to the feelings of others; and, indeed, the hunt is much indebted to the preserves of that gentleman for their sport this season. His Lordship took the hounds on to General Strutt's, who also preserves; when that worthy veteran viewed the fine pack with much gratification as they passed his mansion; after which they began drawing immediately,

but did not find until they came to Hanging Wood, where the hounds had not been in long before old Waffer proclaimed the glad tidings of a fox on foot; he broke covert immediately, and in an instant hounds and horses were at the top of their speed in a most distressing country, across Rams Farm, Jenkins, skirting Hazely Hall, in a line for Maldon town; turned to the right up to Mundon Furze, and through like shot for Latchingdon; again to the right by Clarke's Groves, straight on to and over Purleigh Howe, again to the right nearly back to where he was found; the pack carrying a beautiful head—Benedict, Boaster, Dreadnought, and Danger, with their slashing rate, at the top; Painter and Rhoderic over the roads, and at every turn their hits were so quick, that the pack was never at fault a moment. Again they went like wild-fire for the Woodham country, in a line for Edwin's Hall, skirting most of the coverts to Woodham Hall large covert, straight through to Bicknacre, where he headed short back, and the hounds run in to him at Woodham Hall. The chase lasted one hour and twelve minutes, at such a pace as nothing but speed, condition, and bottom could keep with them. Sam Hart, the huntsman, on Gurney, was well up. His Lordship rode the chestnut horse Dandy, and Captain Petre was in a good place on his bay horse Striver.

The Berkeley stag-hounds met on Saturday, Feb. 25th, at Littleton, and took at Hayes, after a gallant run of 55 minutes. During the chase an accident (which might have been serious) occurred. Mr. Newton, of Walton, in taking a leap of a hedge, with ditch on the other side, failed in clearing it; Mr. Henry Smith, of Richmond, being immediately behind, took the leap, and descended upon Mr. N.'s horse with such violence, that both horses rolled some paces from the spot. Mr. H. S. was considerably hurt, but is now doing well. Mr. Newton was not much injured.

Dear Chase at Sea.—A hind

from Youlston Park, Devonshire, afforded most extraordinary sport to a small field of sportsmen, early in February. After a sharp run on *terra firma*, she took the sea near Ilfracombe, followed by a number of dogs, which continued the pursuit at least five miles from the shore, where both the pursuers and pursued were taken by two men, completely exhausted by this new trial of their energies at sea. Sir A. Chichester liberally rewarded the boatmen for their intrepidity. The hind is reserved for another day's sport with the Youlston hounds.

The Derby stag, Robin Hood, afforded good sport to the Brighton Subscription Harriers on Wednesday March 8, and again in the following week. On the first day he ran twelve miles, and was secured at a spirit shop at Lewes, where *sans ceremonie* he had taken refuge. The second day he was uncartered near the Devil's Dyke, taking his course to Perching, Poyninga, Saddlescomb, Pangdean, and Ditchling; he then returned to the low country on for Chillington, but suddenly changing his mind he took soil near Brook House; thence he again started, and shortly afterwards ran into a barn, where he was taken.

Extraordinary Stag Hunt.—Wednesday March 22, Robin Hood, after a severe burst of an hour, crossed the harbour of Shoreham, when the huntsman took boat, crossed with his hounds, and resumed the chase as far as Lancing, where the deer at one o'clock fearlessly committed himself to the sea. Many hounds followed and were near being drowned. The deer continued to steer south till all had lost sight of him, and concluding he was lost, returned home. Mr. Martin of Rottingdean, a member of the Hunt, resolving to leave nothing undone that could by possibility be effected for the preservation of the stag, applied to Lieutenant Jones of the Coast Blockade, and who, at his request, put off with his men in a boat, in the hope of coming up with him. Their efforts were successful: they fell in with him at something

shot of a league out, and they did not leave him, until by means of a rope, which they threw over his head, they had brought him back to the beach. While in the water, which he had last entered at one o'clock, and could not be taken from it till fifteen minutes after three, and consequently was swimming to within ten minutes of three hours, he had scarcely betrayed any symptom of exhaustion—but his legs could no longer support his weight on returning to land; he was therefore carefully borne to Lancing, and where, it is pleasing to add, he now remains, in the full recovery of his strength, and every way capable of affording additional diversion.

The Committee appointed, by a meeting of gentlemen held at Dalverton, Somerset, for the preservation of the red deer, have received subscriptions amounting to 44l. to reimburse farmers for injury caused by the animals on their estates, thereby to prevent the extirpation of the deer. A small addition only to the sum already obtained, if annually continued, will ensure full effect to the exertions of these gentlemen, and preserve the remains of a noble sport.

Gallant Fox-Chase.—On Thursday the 23d of February, Mr. Meynell's hounds met before eleven o'clock, at Ingleby House, near to Foremark Park (Sir R. Burdett's), in Derbyshire. After drawing the covert, gorse-terrace, once over without scent, the hounds were again put into the wood, and found directly. The exhilarating sound of "tally-ho" was heard at five minutes before twelve o'clock. A large old dog fox went away (the hounds close to his brush) for Ticknall, thence by Castle Day kennels, Melbourne Coppy covert; over Breedon Lordship to the Cloude Wood, Leicestershire; by the Aspinall Wood to Osgathorpe, Belton Low Woods, Gracedieu Toll Bar, to Mr. Cropper's cottage, by Gracedieu Park Wood; thence right across Charnwood Forest to Sharply Rocks, the New Church, by the Oaks new covert to Charley; turned to the right

for Green Hill, then close to Barton Hill, which the fox did not go into; over the Barton Grounds, for Shaw Lane, Markfield Wind-mill, by Stewards Hay Woods to Newtown Linford, back to Bradgate Park walk, for Mr. Denning's at Ulverston Abbey, passing it, and farther about half a mile, poor Reynard fell into a ditch, quite done up, the gallant pack being close to him; thus was he killed, in the most sportsmanlike and flattering manner, exactly at two o'clock, after a run of two hours and five minutes. It was a most gallant run—the distance seventeen miles from point to point—further endways, perhaps, than any fox ever ran before in so short a time. At starting there was a tolerably good field, not a large portion of whom saw the end of it; but it must be flattering to Mr. Meynell, the master of the hounds, that he was in at the death. Mr. Pole, of Railborne; Mr. Batts, of Barton; Mr. Radford, of Smalley; Mr. Soar, of Etwell; the whipper-in and huntresses, were also at hand: but it may not be too much to record for Leicestershire, that Mr. George Hackett, of Barrow Hill Lodge, led the field during the whole chase, and got the brush—carried by a horse rising five years old, by Miss Astley's late horse Friday.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine,

SIR—It gives me infinite pleasure to be able to inform you, that the country I live in (Worcestershire) is at this time ably hunted by Mr. Hooker, who appears to have as good a disciplined pack as any old established one I ever saw; they also perform their work admirably in the field. Mr. P., though I should think he rides at least sixteen stones, is always near his hounds; and he appears to be always right in making his casts. I sincerely hope he will never give offence by his zeal to afford sport, and that he will always have the enormous payment he so justly merits. Mr. P.'s hounds met last Friday at Sharnaley Wood, which is considered one of his worst fixtures, the foxes seldom

leaving covert. We soon found a brace: one, which about two-thirds of the hounds followed, made for Astley Wood, and another large wood, only separated from Shrawley Wood by a narrow meadow; here reynard was headed; he then took a ring nearly all round Shrawley Wood. We now had got nearly all the pack with this fox, and he again made, and effected his point: being very hard pressed, he went straight through Astley Wood, took the open country for Gloshampton Plantations, and thence we had a fine burst, nearly in view, to Abberley Hills, a bad place to drive a fox from; however, in this instance there was no delay, all seemed straight forward work, and on we went merrily crossing the Stourport road, to Lord Foley's young plantations, then over the Ludlow road, and through his Lordship's extensive park, where the melody was delightful. Reynard was now afraid any longer to face the open, and turned about to the left, to some other plantations of his Lordship, but found no resting place, and once more the open country appeared before the high-settled pack. We went direct through Little Witley, and thence crossed the Ludlow and Worcester road, and on to East Grove covert, where, within one hundred yards of a breeding earth, we ran in to him, after a good run in and out of covert of two hours.

As a proof that foxes and game can be had in the same covert, I can state from good authority, that in East Grove covert, which is not more than six or seven acres, there is almost annually a litter of cubs, and in which covert you can scarcely walk ten yards without treading up pheasants, hares, and rabbits.

I beg to inform your valuable correspondent, THE OLD FORESTER, that had the articles of the half-bred Produce Stakes at Ludlow, to which he alludes in your last Number, been according to his proposition, it would have had three or four additional subscribers to it: why it was not so, and only admitted the produce of half-bred mares, I know not; but

this I know, that the Clerk of the Course was applied to, requesting the admission of the produce of half-bred mares or horses; and he was so particularly civil, that he never answered the application. I dined at the Ludlow Race Ordinary in 1824 and 1825, but saw no half-bred stakes produced in any shape, with others for signatures.

I remain, Sir, yours, very respectfully.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

March 4, 1826.

For-hounds.—A Correspondent writes us, that he has fifteen couple of fox-hounds to dispose of, which have been regularly hunted up to the present time—in an established pack, many of them only one and two year hunters; the price thirty-five pounds. To any person applying by letter, post paid, the address of Correspondent shall be forwarded.

Hunting Accident.—On Wednesday the 18th of March, that bold sportsman, Sir Richard Sutton, had the misfortune to occasion the disunion of the bone of his thigh, which it will be recollected was broken at the commencement of the hunting season, and from the effects of which accident he considered himself to be nearly recovered. We understand this renewed misfortune was caused by the shock of his horse in the act of taking a leap. Sir Richard was conveyed from Swallowbeck (three miles from Lincoln), where the accident took place, to his residence at Sudbrooke; and, we are happy to understand, is doing as well as the nature of the fracture will allow.

The Tuck.

Newmarket Houghton Meeting, 1826.—Mr. Mills's Apelles agt Mr. Greville's c. by Whalebone, out of Gramarie, even weights, A. F.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1827.—Mr. Mills's Panic agt Duke of York's Elisabeth (who is allowed 2lb.) A. F.—5 and 6 to 4 on Panic.

Furley Hill Hunt Races.—These Races took place on the 30th February. 'The Hunters' Stake of 50 wms.

for horses belonging to members of the Club, was won by Mr. Lowther's Magician beating six others. There were three heats; and in the second Mr. Smithson's Flora fell in making play, and Trott, her rider, had his shoukler dislocated.—Sweepstakes of 7 sovs., eight subscribers, won by Mr. R. Bouverie's gr. c. Phantom beating Capt. Randall's Young Moses and Mr. Matthews's Gossip—a good race.

Riddledowns Hunt Races.—The Hunters' Stake of 50 sovs. each was as good a race as ever was seen. Thirteen horses, 11 stone each, started over the mile and a half course, gentlemen riders. After four excellent heats, Major Richardson's Rambler won the Stake, beating six others—the others being distanced by running out of the course. It was a sporting race, and much money lost and won.

Audley End Races.—These races, which took place the 2d of March, at the close of the Hunt, drew together a splendid assemblage of the best families in Oxfordshire. The Hunters' Stake of 50 sovs. to carry 12 stone, gentlemen riders, was won at three heats by Colonel Petre's Mermaid beating Mr. Suffield's Ajax, Capt. Smith's Mercury, and Mr. G. R. Osbaldeston's Mercury—Capt. Thelluson's Phoebe and Mr. L. Bouverie's Ajax drawn after the first heat. It was an excellent race.—The Oxfordshire Stakes of 10 sovs. each, six subscribers, was won by Mr. Mellish's Reubens beating Colonel Thorn's Julia and Mr. L. Udny's Matlock.

RACES TO COME.

Middleham	-	-	April 3
Newmarket Craven Meeting	-	10	
Haigh Park Spring Meeting	-	10	
Newmarket First Spring Meeting	-	24	
Chester	-	-	May 1
Newmarket Second Spring Meeting	-	8	
York	-	-	15
Manchester	-	-	16
Epsom	-	-	23
Newton	-	-	June 14
Buxton	-	-	21
Haigh Park	-	-	27
Newcastle-upon-Tyne	-	-	July 3
Ludlow	-	-	5
Newmarket July Meeting	-	10	

Knutsford	-	-	July 23
Kendal	-	-	Aug. 1
Wolverhampton	-	-	14
Burton-upon-Trent	-	-	24
Warwick	-	-	Sept. 5
Lichfield	-	-	13
Tewkesbury	-	-	14
Doncaster	-	-	18
Walsall	-	-	27
Brecon	-	-	28
Richmond	-	-	Oct. 3

COURSING.

The Cup given by the Air and Carrick Coursing Club was run for on Tuesday, the 28th February, at Guil-treehill. The day being fine, and the hares strong, the sport proved excellent.

First Class.—Mr. Shaw's Rover beat Mr. Hunter's Carriak; Mr. Douglas's Spring beat Mr. Shaw's Nimble; Mr. Oswald's Norah beat Mr. Campbell's Fly; Mr. Campbell's Kate beat Mr. Hunter's Omar; Captain Hay's Suffolk beat Mr. Oswald's Swallow.

Second Class.—Rover beat Spring, Suffolk beat Norah, Kate ran a-bye.

Third Class.—Rover beat Suffolk, Kate ran a-bye.

Fourth Class.—Mr. Shaw's Rover beat Kate, and won the cup.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

There has already been some pigeon shooting at the Battersea Red-House Inclosure, but not for any considerable stake. At the close of the hunting season, which is now fast approaching, the grand matches between Lord Kennedy, Capt. Ross, and Mr. Osbaldeston will be decided.

Some members of the Ashton, Midgham, Heston, and New Hats Clubs, had a day's sport in Brampton Valley, Windsor Forest, the 18th March, for a subscription medal and a sweepstakes. The parties were very close in their shooting—Heston killing 68, Midgham and Hats 66 each, and Ashton 65.—The same Clubs had another match on the 25th—Midgham and Ashton against Heston and the New Hats, for a good stake, and the two former won it.

COCKING.

The return main between Chickster and Havant was decided on Tuesday, March 21, at the Bull's Head Inn, New Tichbourne, in favour of the

latter, who were three a head, and won the stake bag after losing the bye.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Mr. D——n, a sporting member of Christ Church, backed himself for a large sum to walk six miles within the hour, without previous training of any sort; which task he performed in fifty-nine minutes and twenty seconds. Mr. D. is a short gentleman, standing about five feet six inches, and is very slight.

SPORTING AND THE ARTS.

We beg to call our readers' attention to a beautiful little print this day published from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A. It is a portrait of the Hon. Grantham F. Berkeley's *Swometer*, a dog equally celebrated as a deer greyhound and a retriever. The engraving is by Mr. Raddon, and having seen the original we can vouch for his having done the picture justice, and himself much credit by the execution.

NATURAL HISTORY.

On Sunday morning, March 8, the Captain of the Duke of Newcastle's yacht, the *Lincoln*, discovered a pike floating on the surface of the lake at Clumber, which was found to contain in its throat a carp weighing 9lbs. it had been attempting to gorge; in doing which, it appears that the biter was bitten. The length of the pike was four feet four inches, the jaw twenty-seven inches, and its weight 23lbs. So great has been the destruction of life amongst the smaller class of fishes there by these voracious fresh water shark, that his Grace ordered the lake to be drawn, which was done on the Monday; the result was, that a large quantity of pike was taken, some of which weighed from 40 lbs. to 47 lbs. each and upwards, carp 14 lbs., and perch from 7 lbs. to 10 lbs.

An otter, which has for more than eight years preyed upon the fish with which the brooks in the neighbourhood of Stapleford, near Bridgnorth, abound, and had hitherto evaded every attempt to take him, was on Monday, Feb. 18, driven from his place of concealment in the Foot-ridge, near the former place, and at-

tacked by a small terrier, and was killed with a spear by Mr. Smythman, of Roughton. The animal was of a very large size, and weighed 27 lb.

A very valuable mare, employed by Mr. Neyler, of the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, in the posting business, foaled a remarkably fine colt, on the night of Friday, March 17, under the following very extraordinary circumstances. There was so little idea of her being in foal, that the preceding week she had been driven twice to Rodborough and back, a distance of thirty-two miles each day, and on two other stages; and on Friday she was driven to Northleach, and did not return till twelve o'clock at night, when she was put into the stable without any apparent ailment.

The following is the number of vermin killed by Lord Gwydyr's gamekeeper, Mr. Richard Burnham, on the hills of Callander and St. Fil-lans, from December 1824, to December 1825:—7 eagles, 4 foxes, 20 martin cats, 11 badgers, 10 mountain wild cats, 12 polecats, 62 house cats, 13 stoats, 5 weasels, 8 hedgehogs, 106 glodes, 82 ravens, 13 hawks, 190 hooded crows, 24 magpies, 10 jays, 39 owls, daws, &c.—624 head in all. In consequence of the destruction of so many of these ravenous creatures, the game is rapidly becoming plentiful on these fine estates.

Nine Esquimaux dogs, belonging to Captain Lyon, dragged 1611 lbs. one mile (1760 yards) in nine minutes, and work in this manner six seven or eight hours a day.

About three months since, Mr. Richards, residing at Wincanton, Somerset, had a greyhound bitch with three puppies. The same Gentleman had a spaniel bitch, which found the puppies out a few days after they were whelped, and took possession of the bed, and absolutely prevented the mother from suckling or coming near them; and so firmly did she resist the approaches of the greyhound mother, that she at length quietly relinquished the care of her offspring to the spaniel. Perhaps the most singular part of the case is, that she

spaniel had not puppies of her own for eighteen months preceding, and yet Nature provided her with a bountiful supply of nutriment for her newly-adopted progeny.

POACHING.

An active gang of poachers has lately been discovered in Essex; and most of them brought to justice, one of whom, named James French, has made the following confession. He states that the names of the gang were—John Bonner, Jacob Harrington, James Cottis, Thomas Bunns, James French, — Sach, and William Harrington; the latter has absconded. William Harrington was the receiver, and traded in Leadenhall-street, where application was once made to the *honest* conductor of the concern, for permission to inspect his books; but he declared he had some *thousands* to spare as well as the Magistrates through whom the request came; that neither them nor the Lord Chancellor should peep into his *warrens*, without risking a *snare* or a *net*. Harrington was master of the *ordnance*; he kept the nets and snares, and such was the extent of their means, that at one time they had six hundred among them. French says, that in one week he caught forty-five hares; he sold them to Harrington at 2s. 6d. each; and he carried them to their *old chap* in Leadenhall-street, at 3s. 9d. each. They sent *thirty-seven* hares the week before Christmas. Sach is said to be the cleverest snarer in the country; he has caught more hares and pheasants than any man. Hares are generally snared, but pheasants are taken by *burning brimstone rags* under the trees they are perched upon; and they are thus taken without the injury done by a *trap*. The informant was lately in one wood, where he set his snares, and took twelve hares in a short time after turning off his dog, and then made his escape. A dog possessed by this gang has all the qualities of a *terrier*, a *hound*, and a *lurcher*; he is reckoned by them invaluable. He runs *mute*; never sends his game; if he by accident gets into a *snare*, he makes no noise, but

gnaws himself out. When the ground has been rotten and slippery after a frost, this dog has caught many hares. French's instructions to gamekeepers are, to watch from *three o'clock* in the afternoon until after dark; from two hours before light until two hours after, especially in foggy weather. We find these men have been guilty of stealing sheep, fowls, and corn, in connection with as many as *fifteen* persons. French says that the *green broom trade* covers many sinners.

Dugilism.

Notwithstanding the dissolution of the P. C., and though the great *humnaries* of the Ring are partially obscured; the twinkling of a few minor stars shew that some anxiety is evinced to revive the system. There is, indeed, little doubt, if "*honesty*" were the order of the day, but that supporters would be found ready and willing to patronize "*good men and true*." Brown, the Bridgenorth hero, takes a benefit on the 28th March, when he purposes challenging Jem Ward, or any man in England, for from three to five hundred pounds, and, if refused, to lay claim to the Championship.

Byrne, under the patronage of Halton, was matched against Manning, well known in Lancashire, from his having defeated Glossop, the Derbyshire Champion; and the battle took place at Sterling, nine miles from Dublin, on the 17th of February. Thirty-five rounds were fought in one hour and a minute, all in favour of Byrne, who was scarcely hurt, while Manning exhibited dreadful marks of punishment. The Magistrates, however, arrived at this period with a strong body of police, and put an end to further proceedings by binding all parties to keep the peace.

A battle between Rough Robin and John Doyle took place on the borders of Wicklow. Robin had so much the best of the encounter, that Doyle's friends broke into the ring, and actually attacked Robin and Reynolds, his second. The latter was knocked down, kicked and trampled

upon, and but for the interference of S. Byrne and Halton, the consequences might have been fatal. The battle money was awarded to Robin.

On the 9th of March, the noted Sam Wedgbury set to with a wheeler named Northover, in the Chalk-farm fields. It was a manly fight of seventeen rounds, in thirty-five minutes. In the 15th, Sam gave his opponent a touch under his *listener*, which made him *wheel* round like an article of his own manufacture. He stood up, however, two more rounds, rather as a mark for Sam than with a chance of *returning*, and he was taken away, a losing but a game man.

On the 14th March, Donovan and Jennings fought at Noman's Land, Herts. After six-and-twenty rounds, in which he never had a chance, Jennings gave in, exhausted nature having cried "enough."—A second fight between Jones, the sailor-boy, and Nolan, an Irish lad, closed the sports of the day, in favour of Jones. Nolan was a good deal punished, while Jones's superior science kept his face clear from even a scratch.

The match between Barney Aaron and Dick Ayres took place at Noman's Land on the 21st of March; in which forty-one rounds were fought, all to the disadvantage of Ayres, who, whatever he might have been, is now too much on the wane to recover the laurels he lost with the Pet of the Fancy, who finished him without a chance. In the last round a blow was accidentally given by Barney when Ayres was on the ground, which put an end to the fight,

the partisans of the latter claiming the stakes from a foul blow. One umpire did not see anything wrong, and the other considered the blow purely accidental and unintentional. The referee decided that the fight should proceed, which being refused by Ayres's backer, a meeting was appointed to take place on the 23d, between the backers of both men and some friends interested in the fight, when it was decided that Barney was entitled to the battle money.

SPARRING.

Gaynor took a benefit at the Tennis Court on the 7th of March, which was respectably, but not numerously attended. The sets-to gave great satisfaction. Gaynor and Oliver wound up the sports of the day, the latter "quite correct," but rather slow: he came off, however, with considerable *eclat*, shewing that if he is not what he will always be remembered as a good one of his day.

Randall gave a real treat to the Fancy on St. Patrick's day, at the Tennis Court. The sets-to were of a superior description, and that of Sampson and Crawley, who stood six rounds, was one of the most energetic displays of fine science and hard and determined hitting ever exhibited. They took off the gloves, both nearly exhausted, amid the enthusiastic applause of the Court.—Randall and Aby Belasco finished the sports of the day, in a light friendly manner, wherein was much more stopping than hitting; and the assembled multitude retired highly delighted with the treat provided for them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE thank our correspondent "F. C." for the hints in his letter, and shall pay attention to them.—"Observer" has promised us we shall again hear from him.—A letter from "The Old Forester," and several other communications, stand over for our next Number.—A letter from "A New Forester" arrived at the moment of closing our labours for the month.—In answer to the questions of "C. C."—as to his first we reply, that the party betting the odds undoubtedly lost his wager—to the second, it depends whether a match or a plate; if the former, there is no bet, as the match is undecided: if the bet was on a plate, the money is then put together and equally divided.—The correspondent who furnished us with the article inserted in our *Sporting Intelligence*, p. 365 of last Number, headed "*Sporting Extraordinary*," informs us that the article in question was an imposition practised on him, and fabricated at Osborn's, from whom he obtained it.

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END OF VOL. XVII. NEW SERIES.

THE

Racing Calendar, 1825.

STOCKTON MEETING, DURHAM, 1825.

THURSDAY, August 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10ga. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. J. Robinson's b. f. by Catton, dam by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (Hodgson).....	1	old, 7st. 10lb.	2
Mr. Parkinson's b. f. by Whisker, 4 yrs		Mr. Darnell's b. g. Chronicle, by Ebor, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	3
		Five to 4 on Chronicle. Won easy.	

FIFTY POUNDS for maiden horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Clarke's br. g. Mexico, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (Hodgson).....	1	3	1
Mr. Parkinson's b. f. Jannette, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st.	4	1	2
Mr. Kirby's ch. f. by Androssan, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2	2	2
Lord Tyrconnel's br. g. Cravat, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3	4	dr.

FRIDAY, August 19.—The WYNARD STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50ga. added, for all ages.—Heats, two miles.—Eleven subscribers.—The second horse to receive 20ga. out of the Stakes.

Mr. Russell's b. c. Caccia Piatti, by Whisker, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (Johnson), 1	1	Mr. Riddale's b. c. Cook Robin, by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	3	
Mr. Bounthwaite's ch. f. Governor, by Mile, 4 yrs old, 8st.	4	2	Mr. Jaques' b. f. by Walton—Vic-tress, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	dr.

The GOLD CUP, value 100ga. by nine subscribers of 10ga. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Haworth's gr. m. Minna, by Camillus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (T. Lye)....	1	4 yrs old, 8st.	3
Mr. M. W. Chaytor's ch. f. Lady Bab, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2	Mr. Hustler's br. f. by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st.	4
Mr. Jaques' b. f. Ringlet, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2	Lord Londonderry's ch. c. Decar Johnson, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	5

SATURDAY, August 20.—HUNTERS' STAKES of 10ga. each, for horses not thorough bred, 12st. each.—A winner once to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; and thrice, 7lb. extra.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Harrison's <i>Randolph</i> , aged (Sir T. Sykes).....	1	Mr. Hopkinson's Collins, 6 yrs old	3
		Mr. Sutton's Rallyasco, aged	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 20ga. each, for fillies, 8st. each.—One mile and a half.

Mr. T. Robinson's ch. f. <i>Vitala</i> , by Catton, dam by Remembrancer	1	Hambletonian	2
Mr. J. Robinson's b. f. by Catton—		Mr. Lambton's b. f. Figurante, by Comus.....	3

ONE HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Russell's b. c. Caccia Piatti, by Whisker, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Johnson), 4	1	4	1
Mr. Haworth's gr. m. Minna, 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	3	2	1
Mr. Chaytor's ch. f. Lady Bab, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	1	3	5
Mr. Kirby's br. c. by Bourbon, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	2	5	2
Mr. Darnell's b. g. Chronicle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	3	4	3

BURTON-UPON-TRENT MEETING, 1825.

TUESDAY, August 23.—The BURTON GOLD CUP of 100 sovs. in specie, by nine subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Twice round the Course and a distance.

Mr. Yates' gr. f. <i>Fille de Jole</i> , by Filbo da Puta, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb (Spring)	1	Mr. Mytton's br. c. Oswestry, 4 yrs, 8st. 2	
Vol. XVII. N. S.—No. 88.		Ld. Anson's b. c. Sligo, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Wood's br. f. <i>Rosaria</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	0	Mr. R. Pigot's b. f. <i>Miss Robson</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	0
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. <i>Portrait</i> , 4 yrs old, 5 to 1 agst <i>Owsestry</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Siligo</i> , 5 to 1 agst <i>Portrait</i> , and 7 to 1 agst <i>Fille de Joie</i> . Good race.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds.—New Straight Mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. J. Turner's br. f. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filbo da Puta, 8st. (T. Farlow)	1	Lord Anson's ch. f. <i>Miniature</i> , by Rubens, 8st.	3
Mr. Yates' b. f. <i>Madame Poki</i> , 8st.	2	Six to 4 on the winner. Easy.	

THE ANGLERSY PURSE of 50 sovs. for maiden horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Yates' b. f. <i>Madame Poki</i> , by Paulowitz, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	1	Mr. Mytton's br. f. by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	2	4
Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Miss Robson</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	5	Mr. Walker's gr. g. by Minjames, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	4	ch.
Mr. Wood's br. f. <i>Rosaria</i> , 4 yrs old,	5	Six to 4 on the winner. Very easy.		

MATCH for 50 sovs. 9st. each.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Robson's ch. m. <i>Sunflower</i> , 6 yrs old.	1	2	1
Mr. Sandbury's b. h. <i>Worthy</i> , by Woodman, 4 yrs old.	2	1	2
Six to 4 agst <i>Sunflower</i> ; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on her; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on <i>Worthy</i> .			

WEDNESDAY, August 24.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—T.Y.C.—Half a mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. J. Painter's ch. a. <i>Muscreeon</i> , by Muley (H. Arthur)	1	Mr. Mytton's b. f. by Cannon Ball, out of Miss Hap	4
Mr. Massey's b. f. <i>Claudia</i> , by Paulowitz, out of Fitz Paul's dam	2	Mr. Longden's ch. c. <i>Whitlance</i>	5
Mr. Hiles's ab. c. <i>Northwood</i> , by Tagua,		Six to 4 on the winner. Easy.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. a. <i>Owsestry</i> , by Filbo da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (T. Whitehouse)	1	2	1
Mr. J. Nott's ch. f. <i>Miss Foote</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	3	1	2
Colonel Yates' gr. f. <i>Fille de Joie</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	2	ch.	
Six to 4 on <i>Miss Foote</i> , 2 to 1 agst <i>Owsestry</i> ; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on the winner; after the second heat, 5 to 2 on <i>Miss Foote</i> . First heat won in a canter, the second a good race, and the third won in a canter.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1821.—New Straight Mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Yates' b. c. <i>Cain</i> , by Paulowitz, 8st. 4lb. (Spring)	1	Mr. Benson's b. c. <i>Comrade</i> , by Parthian, 8st. 7lb.	2
Two to 1 on <i>Cain</i> . Good race.			

The Earl of Chesterfield and Sir R. Grosley, Bart. are appointed Stewards for next year.

BEDFORD MEETING, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, August 24.—**THE WOBURN STAKES** of 10gs. each. Two-mile heats.—The winner to be sold for 400gs. if demanded, &c. Twelve subscribers.

Mr. O'Connor's ch. h. <i>Wiseacre</i> , by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 9st.	1	Lord Tavistock's ch. c. <i>Shadow</i> , by Phantom, out of Silvertail, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	ch.
Colonel Wilson's Black <i>Daphne</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	2		

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. <i>Shadow</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	0	1	1
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Pucelle</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	1	0	2	ch.
Mr. Lantour's ch. f. <i>Gertrude</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	3	3	ch.	
A very good race.				

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1825.

3

THE OAKLEY HUNT STAKES of five sovs. each.—Heats, to start from the distance post and once round.—Eighteen subscribers.

Mr. Leeds' ch. h. <i>Glow-worm</i> , aged, 11st. 1	1	Mr. Edwards' ch. c. <i>Merlin</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. 2	2
Colonel Lantour's ch. h. <i>May-Day</i> , aged, 11st. 1	1	Mr. Edwards' ch. c. <i>Merlin</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. 3	3

THURSDAY, August 25.—FIFTY POUNDS for horses, &c. of all ages. Three-mile heats.

Col. Wilson's bl. m. <i>Black Daphne</i> , by Juniper, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 1	1	old, 7st. 11lb. 2	2
Mr. Bates' gr. f. <i>Fair Daphne</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 1	1	Mr. Edwards' ch. c. <i>Merlin</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. dis.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 50s. each, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance. Eleven subscribers.

Lord G. W. Russell's b. f. <i>Selection</i> , by Octavius, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1	1	Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. <i>Nobbs</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 4	4
Mr. Stephenson's gr. f. by Skim, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3	2	Mr. Bates' gr. f. <i>Fair Daphne</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 5	dis.
Mr. Messer's b. f. <i>Duckling</i> , by Phantom, dam by Orville, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. 2	3	Mr. Sowerby's b. c. <i>Clavelino</i> , dam by Sancho, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6	dr.

KNIGHTON MEETING, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, August 24.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, about two miles and three quarters.

Major O. Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Hollyhock, 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (<i>Darling</i>) 1	1	Mr. Bower's b. c. by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 4	3
Mr. Watt's b. m. <i>Pavitt</i> , by Bustard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2	2	Mr. Vever's ch. f. <i>Vaga</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 3	dis.

Vaga broke down when coming to the distance post, was then winning very fast, and would no doubt have won the second heat easy.

THE RADNORSHIRE STAKES of three sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Edwards' b. f. <i>Miss Downs</i> , 4 yrs old (B. Jones) 1	1	Mr. Veyman's b. g. <i>Weston</i> , 4 yrs old 3	dis.
Mr. Rogers' b. f. <i>Young Fanny</i> , 4 yrs old 2	2	Mr. Kinsey's b. f. <i>Eliam</i> , 4 yrs old 4	dr.

THURSDAY, August 25.—HUNTERS' SWEEPSTAKES of 50s. each, with 20 added.—Heats, twice round and the long length.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Walker's bl. m. <i>Tenbury Lass</i> , aged, 10st. 12lb. (<i>Howells</i>) 1	1	Mr. W. Jones's b. g. by Admiral ... 5	2
		Mr. W. Smith's b. m. <i>Per Chance</i> ... 2	3

TONBRIDGE WELLS MEETING, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, August 24.—MANOR BOWL of 50 sovs.—Three miles and a distance.

Mr. H. Smith's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2	1	1
Mr. White's ch. m. <i>Fortune-teller</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. 1	2	2
Mr. Peine's ch. f. <i>My Lady</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 3	3	dr.

VISITORS' PLATE of 50 sovs. Three miles and a distance.

Mr. West's b. c. 5 yrs old, 7st. 3	0	1	1
Mr. Harrison's bl. g. <i>Charley</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. 1	0	2	2

THURSDAY, August 25.—TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Three miles and a distance.

Mr. Brown's br. g. <i>Markman</i> , by Paynter, out of Shepherd's dam, aged, 9st. 11lb. 1	1	5 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 3	2
Mr. Mansfield's b. f. <i>Erincom Mary</i> , Won cleverly. This is the seventy-second race that Markman has run, and the 46th plate he has won. 1	1	Mr. Holbrooke's b. h. <i>Felix</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 3	3

FARM HANDICAP of 50 sovs.—Three miles and a distance.

Mr. Bailey's b. h. 1	1	Mr. Smith's bl. m. 2	both
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ABERYSTWITH MEETING, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, August 24.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, h. ft. for hunters, &c. 12st. each.—Two-mile heats.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Phillipson's b. g. <i>Uncle John</i> (late Hope)	2	1	1
Mr. O. Wynne's b. g. <i>Idris</i> , aged	3	2	2
Mr. Williams' b. g. <i>Pavilion</i> ,	(bolted)	1	dis.
Mr. Poole's b. m. <i>Fair Play</i>	4	3	dr.

The GOGHERDAN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for all ages; the second horse received 10 sovs. out of the stakes.—Heats, once round.

Captain Davies' b. m. <i>Minna</i> , by Grimaldi, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	3	1	1
Captain Davies' ch. f. <i>Fiddle-de-dee</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st.	1	3	3
Mr. Mytton's br. m. <i>Cara Sposa</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	2	2	2
Major Parry's m. <i>Maria Darlington</i> , aged, 9st. 7lb.	dis.		

THURSDAY, August 25.—The TOWN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Peel's gr. h. <i>Lara</i> , by Quizzer, 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	1	2	1
Mr. Mytton's <i>Cara Sposa</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	2	1	2
Mr. O. Wynne's b. g. <i>Idris</i> , aged, 9st. 11lb.	3	dr.	

The COUNTY STAKES of four sovs. each, added to a piece of plate, &c. was won, at two heats, by Captain Davies' ch. f. *Fiddle-de-dee*, 4 yrs old, beating two others.

FRIDAY, August 26.—The HANDICAP STAKES of three sovs. each, with 25 added; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. O. Wynne's b. g. <i>Idris</i> , aged, 10st.	2	1	1
Mr. Williams' b. g. <i>Pavilion</i> , 11st.	1	2	2
Mr. Peel's b. g. <i>Drummer</i> , 9st. 10lb.	dis.		

BURDEROP MEETING, WILTS, 1825.

THURSDAY, August 25.—GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by ten subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. F. Craven's b. c. <i>Longwaist</i> , by Mr. Fryse's ch. h. <i>Dr. Eady</i> , aged, 7			
Whalebone, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (Pavis) ... 1 9st. 2lb.	1		2

The SWINDON STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added:—for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Day's ch. c. <i>Burgundy</i> , by Usque- Mr. Goddard's b. f. <i>Pretension</i> , by An-			
baugh (Howard) 1 ticipation	1		3

MATCH for 100 sovs. between Mr. Goodman's *Young Robin Adair*, 5 yrs old, and Mr. Hayne's *Miller of Coleashill*, 4 yrs old, 12st. each, four mile heats, was walked over for by the former.

SILVER CUP, value 50gs., added to a Sweepstakes of 25gs. each.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Goodman's <i>Young Robin Adair</i> , Adair, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	3	3
by Robin Adair, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. Mr. Perry's Turf Cutter, 4 yrs old,		
(Howard) 2 10st. 8lb.	4	dr.
Mr. Smith's Viscount, 5 yrs old, Mr. Speckman's Little Betty, 4 yrs,		
11st. 4lb. 2 10st. 8lb.	5	dr.
Mr. Merriman's ch. g. by Robin		

FRIDAY, August 26.—HANDICAP PURSE of 50 sovs., free for any horse. Two mile heats.

Mr. Dilly's <i>Hottentot</i> , by King of Mr. Goddard's b. f. <i>Pedigree</i> , 4 ym			
Diamonds, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. old, 7st. 10lb.	2	3	
(Pavis) 1 Mr. Smith's Viscount, 5 yrs old,			
Mr. Fryse's ch. h. <i>Dr. Eady</i> , aged, 7st. 4lb.	3	dr.	
9st. 2lb. 4	2		

A FORGED HANDICAP of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Ockenden's ch. m. <i>Yngymac-</i> Mr. Smith's Viscount, 5 yrs old,			
<i>gwyn</i> , by Fitzjames, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7st. 4lb.	2	dr.	
(Pavis) 1	1		

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1825.

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WEYMOUTH MEETING, DORSETSHIRE, 1825.

THURSDAY, August 25.—The KING'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Dilly's ch. m. <i>Prooddy</i> , by Don Cossack, aged, 11st. 7lb. (S. Day).....	1	Mr. Fellowes' b. m. <i>Escape</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb.....	2
A fine race.			

FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, given by the Mayor, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Farquharson's b. c. <i>Presentiment</i> , by Anticipation, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (A. Percy).....	1	2	1
Lord Palmerston's ch. m. <i>Biondetta</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st.....	2	1	2
Mr. Ryan's ch. c. <i>Salisbury</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	3	2	3

A most excellent race, and won by a head.

HUNTERS' STAKES of three sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Radclyffe's <i>Getaway</i> , by Driver, aged, 11st. 8lb. (Capt. Stewart)	3	3	1	1
Mr. Hick's <i>Maguet</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 9lb.....	0	1	2	2
Mr. Davis's ch. g. <i>Grand Compounder</i> , by Haphazard, aged, 12st. 8lb.....	0	2	dr.	
Mr. Radclyffe's John, 5 yrs old, 12st. 1lb.....			4	dr.

This was the finest race ever seen, each heat won by only a head.

FRIDAY, August 26.—MATCH for One Hundred Sovereigns.—One mile.
Mr. R. Radcliffe's bl. *John*, by Governor, 5 yrs old, 10st. 7lb..... 1
Mr. Small's b. m. *Cinderella*, 6 yrs old, 10st. 9lb..... 1

THE TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 60 sovs., for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. <i>Black-and-all-Black</i> , by Octavius, aged, 9st. 8lb.....	1	1
Mr. Biggs' ch. f. <i>Elizabeth</i> , by Ser-torius, 3 yrs old, 8st.....	2	dr.

THE MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, about two miles.
Lord Palmerston's ch. m. *Biondetta*, by Rainbow, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1 1
Mr. Farquharson's b. c. *Presentiment*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb..... (fell) dis.

THE LADIES' PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

Mr. Biggs' ch. f. <i>Elizabeth</i> , by Ser-torius, 3 yrs old.....	1	1
Mr. Farquharson's b. f. by Water-loo, 4 yrs old.....	3	2
Mr. Ryan's ch. c. <i>Salisbury</i> , 4 yrs old.....	2	dr.

MATCH for 50 sovs., 11st. 7lb. each.—One mile.
Captain Caldwell's *Whipcord*..... 1 | Mr. J. Smith's Broom..... 2

TIVERTON RACES, DEVONSHIRE.

FRIDAY, August 26.—The GOLD CUP.—Heats, three miles.
Mr. Harris's gr. g. *Grimace*, by Swinley, aged, 11st. 11lb..... 3 1 1
Captain Acland's b. f. *Rosemary*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb..... 1 2 0
Mr. Bott's ch. h. *True Blue*, aged, 12st..... 2 3 0
Four others started, but were drawn after the first heat, in which *Grimace* fell, and was nearly distanced.

THE TRADESMEN'S SILVER CUP.—Heats, two miles.
Mr. Harris's gr. g. *Grimace*, aged, 11st. 11lb..... 1 1
Captain Acland's b. f. *Rosemary*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb..... 2 2
Six others started, but the contest was entirely between the above.

THE LADIES' CUP, for Yeomanry horses.—Heats, two miles.
Mr. E. Clarke's ch. m. *Norna*, by White Rose, aged, 10st. 4lb..... 1 1
Mr. Nicholl's b. h. *Eagle*, 6 yrs old, 10st..... (bolted) 2 dis.
Four others started.

SATURDAY, August 27.—A GOLD CUP, for all ages.—Heats, three miles.
Mr. Bailey's b. g. *Dotty* (late Inniskillen), by Gainsborough, aged, 11st. 11lb..... 1 1
Captain Acland's b. f. *Rosemary*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb..... 2 2
Mr. T. Hole's ch. m. *The Witch*, 5 yrs. 11st. 2lb..... 3 3
Mr. Bott's ch. h. *True Blue*, aged, 12st..... dis.

THE TRADESMEN'S SILVER CUP, for galloways.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Day's <i>Wigoby</i> , 10st.....	1 1	try, 10st.....	2 2
Mr. Jarmon's b. g. Child of Indus.....	1 1	Mr. Govett's b. g. <i>Francia</i>	2 2

In consequence of *Francia* being started without the jockey weighing, the Steward pronounced him distanced.

MATCH for 100 sovs.

Mr. Bailey's b. g. <i>Dotty</i> (late Indis-killen), by Gainsborough, aged.....	1	Mr. Winslow's ch. m. <i>Witch</i> , 5 yrs old, 2	
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STOURBRIDGE MEETING, WORCESTERSHIRE, 1825.

TUESDAY, August 30.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Heats two miles.

Colonel Yates' b. c. <i>Cain</i> , by Paulowits, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.....	1 1	by, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2 2
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Miss Malt-</i>		Major O. Gore's br. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.....	3 2

A fine race.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each. Heats two miles.

Colonel Yates' b. f. <i>Madame Poki</i> , by Paulowits, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb....	1 1	Major O. Gore's gr. h. <i>Row Leone</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st.....	3 2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>The Maid of Mansfield</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ...	2 2	Mr. Hill's gr. f. <i>Niobe</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	4 2

A capital race.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Heats three miles.

Major Hawkes named ch. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , aged, 12st (Mr. T. Pickernell).....	2 1 1
Sir Thomas Winstington named b. g. <i>Tom Starboard</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st.....	1 2 2
Mr. Pickernell's ch. h. <i>Woodman</i> , aged, 12st.....	2 2 2

The first heat won easy: the last two well contested.

WEDNESDAY, August 31.—The TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added.—Half a mile.

Mr. Yates' b. f. <i>Little-to-peep</i> , by Paulowits, 8st.....	walked over.
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The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages. Four miles.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Bartley's b. c. <i>Flairile</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	1	Mr. Horden's ch. h. <i>Massacre</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	2
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The MAIDEN STAKES of five sovs each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Two mile heats.

Major O. Gore's br. c. <i>The Moor</i> , by Muley, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	1 1	Mr. Richardson's gr. c. by Walton, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	2 2
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Four others also started.

The LADIES' PURSE of 80 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs each, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Tench's b. g. by Ambo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	1 1	old, 8st. 5lb.....	2 2
Colonel Lygon's b. g. <i>Tripoli</i> , 5 yrs		Mr. Wood's br. f. <i>Rosaria</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	3 2

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages.—Heats.

Major O. Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Holyhock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12st.....	1 1	Colonel Lygon's br. g. <i>Tripoli</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	4 2
Mr. Hill's gr. f. <i>Niobe</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	2 2	Mr. Bradley's b. g. <i>Lottery</i> , 8st. ...	3 2

MORPETH MEETING, 1825.

TUESDAY, August 30.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50 sovs. for maiden horses, &c.—Heats, twice round the Course.

Mr. Hudson's br. f. <i>Pickells</i> , by <i>Smoketoe</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.....	1 1	Mr. Chambers' ch. f. by <i>Whaleworth</i> , dam by <i>Remembrance</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.....	4 2
Mr. Parkinson's b. f. <i>Jannette</i> , by <i>Whisker</i> , dam by <i>Woodpecker</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2 2	Mr. Lambton's ch. f. <i>Figure</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , ditto.....	3 2

Five to 4 agst the *Whisker* filly, and 6 to 4 agst the winner. Two very fine heats.

WEDNESDAY, August 31.—The GENTLEMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50*l.* for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats twice round and a distance.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. <i>Forrester</i> , by Don Cosack, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	Mr. Rounthwaite's ch. f. <i>Governess</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.
(Templeman) 1 1	Five to 4 on the winner. Easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25*l.* added.—Heats twice round the Course.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's b. h. *Sir Henry*, by *Comus*, 6 yrs old.....walked over.

THURSDAY, September 1.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25*l.* added.—Heats twice round the Course.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Rounthwaite's f. *Governess*, by *Milo*walked over.
The Silver Cup was not run for from want of horses.

ABERDEEN, FORFAR, KINCARDINE, AND BANFF MEETING, SCOTLAND, 1825.

THE MEETING STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.—Twenty subscribers, 1*st* of whom having declared forfeit within the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.—Two miles.

Lord Kennedy's b. c. <i>Skiff</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (J. Garbutt)..... 1	Mr. Farquharson's ch. h. <i>North Star</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 2
Won easy,	

FIFTY SOVEREIGNS for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Maule's ch. h. <i>Ledstone</i> , by Langen, aged, 8st. 11lb. 1	Mr. Fraser's gr. c. <i>Richmond</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2
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THURSDAY, September 1.—A **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Farquharson's ch. h. <i>North Star</i> , by Octavian, 4 yrs, 9st. (T. Lye)..... 1	Mr. Maule's br. h. <i>Prosody</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 2
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SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Hon. Captain Gordon, M.P. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Farquharson's <i>North Star</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (T. Lye) 1	Sir D. Moncrieff's <i>Benvodich</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2
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FIFTY POUNDS given by the Earl of Kintore.—Two miles.

Mr. Guthrie's *Glenash*, by *Bustler*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.walked over.

THE CALEDONIAN WELTER STAKES of 30*g.* each, 10 ft. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Lord Kennedy's b. c. <i>Skiff</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 1	Mr. Farquharson's <i>North Star</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. (broke down) 2
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FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Marquis of Huntley, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Maule's ch. h. *Ledstone*, aged, 9st. 2lb.walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Kennedy's b. c. *Skiff*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.walked over.

KINGSTON MEETING, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1825.

TUESDAY, August 30.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 3*5* added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. R. Davies's b. m. <i>Mima</i> , by Grimaldi, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 1	Dea, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 2
Mr. J. Philipson's ch. f. <i>Fiddle-de</i>	Mr. Walker's bl. m. <i>Tenbury Lass</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb. 3

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with a **SILVER CUP**, value 30*g.* added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats.

Mr. Wajker's bl. m. <i>Tenbury Lass</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb. 1	2lb. 2
Mr. O. Wynne's b. g. <i>Idrie</i> , aged, 12st.	Mr. Price's <i>Rodney</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 3

WARWICK MEETING, 1885.

TUESDAY, September 6.—The GUY STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Ethel</i> , by Bustard, out of Stella, 8st. 1lb. (Spring).....	1	Mr. West's b. f. <i>Mystery</i> , by Phantom, 8st. 1lb.	3
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Dr. Faustus, 8st. 4lb.	2	Lord Warwick's b. c. <i>Mephistophiles</i> , 8st. 3lb.	4

Even betting on Dr. Faustus; 6 to 4 agst Linnet, and 5 to 1 agst *Mystery*. Won cleverly.

The LEAMINGTON STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 100 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile Course.

Mr. F. Craven's b. h. <i>Triumph</i> , by Fyl-dener, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (S. Day)...	1	Mr. T. Gisborne's b. f. Susan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.	4
Mr. West's ch. h. Claude Lorraine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2	Mr. Tomes' b. c. Sir Gray, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	6

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. *Euphrates*, aged, Twenty-two Subscribers paid 16 sovs. ft., and 11 others having declared by the time prescribed paid only 5 sovs. each.—5 to 4 agst Claude Lorraine, 2 to 1 agst *Triumph*, 4 to 1 agst *Euphrates*, and 8 to 1 agst Susan.—A very fine race, and won only by a neck.

SWEETSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>General Mina</i> , by Camillus, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (Whitehouse)	1 1	Mr. Davies' b. m. Minna, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	3 6
Mr. Dilly's b. f. <i>Spree</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 6 2		Lord Warwick's b. c. Hajji Baba, 4 yrs old, 9st.	5 0
Mr. Howe's b. c. <i>Warwick</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st.	2 0	Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	4 d.

Even betting on the winner, and 2 to 1 agst *Spree*.—A most excellent race, and won only by a head.

ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Sir T. S. M. Stanley's b. c. <i>Doctor Fometsu</i> , by Filho da Puta, 8st. 2lb. (Whitehouse)	1	Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Madame Poldi</i> , by Paulowits, 8st.	3
Mr. Bartley's b. c. <i>Flexible</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2	Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. <i>Rarity</i> , 8st.	4

Six to 4 agst *Flexible*, and 6 to 4 agst the winner.—A good race.

WEDNESDAY, September 7.—SWEETSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—T.Y.C.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. West's b. c. <i>Syphon</i> , by Smolensko, out of Alpha's dam, (Howard)	1	Mr. T. Gisborne's b. c. Zaniel, by Mango, out of Stamfordia	3
Mr. Harvey's ch. f. <i>Larissa</i> , by Rubens 2			

The following also started but were not placed:—

Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Spectre, out of Miss Allegro	0	Mr. Day's b. c. by Anticipation, out of Caladule	0
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Five to 4 on *Syphon*, and 3 to 1 agst Mr. Day's colt.—A beautiful race.

The GOLD CUP value 100gs., the surplus in specie, by 23 subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Four miles.—Twenty-three subscribers.

Mr. F. Craven's b. c. <i>Longwaist</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (A. Pavis)	1	Mr. West's ch. h. Claude Lorraine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	3
Mr. F. Craven's b. h. <i>Triumph</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2	Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , aged, 9st. 3lb.	4

Five to 4 and even betting on *Triumph*, 2 to 1 agst *Longwaist*, 4 to 1 agst *Euphrates*, and 5 to 1 agst Claude Lorraine.—A severer race was never seen, and won only by half a neck.—Run in 7 min. and 3 sec.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for Maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Touch's b. g. by Ambo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (T. Whitehouse)...	1 1	Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2 d.
Mr. Shepherd's b. f. by Jupiter, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (bolded)	3 dis.	Mr. Boast's br. c. Bitten, 3 yrs old, 7st.	dis.

Even betting on the winner. Won easy.

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1835.

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The HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for regular hunters.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Pickernell's ch. g. <i>Leo</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. (H. Arthur).....	1	1	Mr. Thacker's b.m. Wolverhampton, Mary, aged, 12st.	2	2
Five to 1 on <i>Leo</i> .					

THURSDAY, September 8.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts 8st. 8lb.; fillies 8st. 5lb.—Onemile.—Thirteen subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. <i>Doctor Faustus</i> , by Filho da Puta (T. Whitehouse) ...	1	1	Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Phantom, dam by Stamford	3	4
Mr. Gisborne's b. f. Susan, by Mungo	2	2	Lord Warwick's b. c. Mephistophales ...	4	4
Five to 2 on Dr. Faustus, and 3 to 1 agst Susan. Easy.					

The KING'S PLATE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Elephant</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (Whitehouse)	1	1	10st. 7lb.	2	2
Mr. Dilly's b. f. Spree, 4 yrs old, Five to 4 on Spree, and 6 to 4 agst Elephant: after the first heat 3 to 1 on Elephant. Won easy.					
			Mr. Boast's b. g. Healey, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	3	3

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bartley's b. c. <i>Flexible</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (Calloway)	1	1	Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. Rarity, 8 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2	3
Mr. Gisborne's b. f. Elizabeth, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	4	2	Lord Warwick's b. c. Hajji Baba, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	dr.
			Six to 4 on Flexible.		

ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT AND WESTERN MEETING, AT AYR, 1835.

TUESDAY, September 6.—**The CALEDONIAN ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25gs. each, with 100 sovs. added, for three-year-olds:—colts 8st. 2lb.; fillies 8st. One mile and a half.

Mr. Alexander's gr. c. <i>Kyle</i> , by Viscount, out of Albuera	1	1	Percy's dam	3	3
Mr. Hathorn's ch. c. Glenlivet, by Ardrossan	2	2	Lord Leven's b. c. by Prime Minister...	4	4
Lord Kelburn's b. c. by Ardrossan—					
			Mr. Carnegie's b. c. The Major, by Bostler	5	5

The TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 added:—colts, 8st. 8lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.—Seven subscribers.

Sir W. Maxwell's ch. f. <i>Spawife</i> , by Soothsayer, out of Cutty Lark	1	1	Mr. Blair's gr. c. by Viscount, out of Georgiana	3	3
Sir D. Moncrieff's br. g. Barossa, by Prime Minister	2	2	Sir D. H. Blair's b. f. by Whisker, out of Tartan	4	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—One mile and half.

Mr. Baird's b. f. <i>Clara</i> , by Ardrossan, out of Lady Cramfear, 8st.	1	1	Sir D. Moncrieff's b. f. Enny, 8st.	2	2
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The AYR GOLD CUP of 100gs. value, the surplus in specie, by 12 subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Kennedy's br. h. <i>Lancer</i> , by Stamford, aged 9st. 2lb.	1	1	old, 8st. 5lb.	2	2
Mr. Alexander's br. c. Dunskey, 4 yrs					
			Mr. Carnegie's b. c. The Nick, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3	3

WEDNESDAY, September 7.—**HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE** of 100 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Four miles.

Sir W. Maxwell's gr. h. <i>Ben Ledt</i> , by Viscount, 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb.	1	1	4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	2	2
Lord Kennedy's ch. c. North Briton,					
			Mr. Kennedy's br. h. Lancer, aged, 10st. 3 Won by a head.	3	3

SEVENTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-miles.

Mr. Hathorn's ch. c. <i>Glenlivet</i> , by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	1	1	Lord Kelburne's b. c. 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. 3 Easy.	dr.	dr.
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MATCH for 100 sovs.—One mile.

Mr. Blair's gr. c. by Viscount	walked over and rec. ft.									
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THURSDAY, September 8.—The CALEDONIAN CUP, value 100*g*. for Scotch bred horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Hathorn's ch. c. <i>Glenlivet</i> , by Ardrossan, dam by Rabens, 8 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	1	Mr. Carnegie's b. c. The Nick, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3
Mr. Alexander's br. c. Dunskey, 4 yrs old, 6st.	2	Sir D. Moncreiffe's b. c. Romulus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	4

A good race.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS for all ages:—three-year-olds, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.—Heats, one mile and a half.

General Sharpe's ro. c. <i>P.P.C.</i> , by Whitworth, 4 yrs old	5	1	1
Mr. Baird's b. f. Clara, by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old	3	3	2
Mr. Alexander's gr. c. Kyle, 3 yrs old (bolted)	1	2	dis
Lord Kelburne's br. c. Osmond, 4 yrs old	1	2	dis
Mr. Hathorn's gr. g. Granite, 3 yrs old	4	dr.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. h. ft. for horses that have hunted with the Airshire harriers during the last season, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats once round and a distance.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Battersbee's b. h. <i>Road to Rain</i> , 1	1	Lion	2	2
Mr. J. Campbell's ch. h. <i>Cœur de Lion</i>	3	Mr. Crawford's b. h. <i>Scamp</i>	3	dr.

Won easy.

FRIDAY, September 9.—**ONE HUNDRED POUNDS**, given by the Hunt, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Kennedy's ch. c. <i>North British</i> , by Octavian, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. 1	1	Sir W. Maxwell's gr. h. Ben Led, by Viscount, 5 yrs, 6st. 5lb. (same) 2	dr.
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SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 2*s* added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Ardrossan, out of Percy's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. 1	1	4 yrs old, 6st. 5lb.	3	2
Mr. Alexander's br. c. Dunskey,	3	General Sharpe's ro. c. <i>P.P.C.</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	dr.

FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Kelburne's b. c. 3 yrs old walked over.
Sir W. Maxwell's ch. f. *Spawife*, by Soothsayer, 8st. rec. ft. from Mr. Baird's b. c. by Prime Minister, out of Orange Boven, 8st. 3lb., 100 sovs. each, h. ft. half mile.

TAUNTON MEETING, 1825.

TUESDAY, September 6.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 100 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Fellowes's b. m. <i>Escape</i> , by Colossus, aged, 9st. 4lb. (C. Day) ...	1	1	3 yrs old, 8st.	2	2
Mr. King's ch. f. by Anticipation, 4			Capt. Whalley's <i>Eagle</i> , by L'Orion, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. (bolted)	dis	

The LADIES' PURSE of 50*l*. for horses of all ages.—Heats two miles and a distance.

Mr. Shard's br. c. <i>Razor</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (C. Day) 1	1	3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	3	2
Mr. Day's ch. f. by Carlton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 1lb.	3	2	Mr. Bryant's gr. g. Ghisar, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	dis
Sir C. Rich's b. c. Sir Bingo Binks,			Mr. Govett's b. g. Black-and-all-Black, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	dis

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 2*s*l. added, for three and four-year-olds.—About one mile and half.—Fifteen subscribers.

Mr. Shard's br. c. <i>Razor</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (C. Day)	1	7st. 7lb.	3
Mr. Day's ch. f. by Carlton, 3 yrs old,	1	Mr. Day's br. c. Franconi, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	3

WEDNESDAY, September 7.—The TAUNTON STAKES HANDICAP of 10 sovs. with 30*l*. added, for all ages.—About two miles and a half.

Mr. Shard's br. c. <i>Razor</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	1	Mr. Day's br. c. Franconi, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	3
Mr. Day's ch. f. Carlton, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb. 2	2		

The TOWN PURSE of 50*l*. for all ages.—Heats two miles and a distance.

Sir C. Rich's b. c. <i>Sir Bingo Binks</i> , by Buffalo, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	1
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Mr. King's ch. f. by Anticipation, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3	2
Mr. Shard's br. c. Razor, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3	2
SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Five subscribers.		
Mr. Harris's gr. g. <i>Grimage</i> , by Swinley, aged, 11st. 13lb.	1	1
Mr. Hatchwell's ch. h. Cottager, aged, 12st. 2lb.	3	2
Mr. Bryant's gr. g. Ghizar, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	4	3
Mr. Smith's b. g. Viscount, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.	3	dr.

PONTEFRAC T MEETING, 1825.

TUESDAY, September 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts 8st. 3lb.; fillies 8st.—Three pounds allowed, &c. One mile and three quarters.—Five subscribers.

Lord Milton's b. c. <i>Humphrey Clinker</i> , by Comus, out of Clinkerina (Clift) ...	1	1	pold	2
Mr. Lambton's b. f. Baronesa, by Leo- Six to 4 agst Humphrey Clinker. Won easy.	6	2	Mr. Petre's br. c. Lord John, by Inter- preter	3

The SANDWICH STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts 8st. 3lb.; fillies 8st.—Two-year-olds' Course.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Catton, out of Henrietta (Nelson)	1	1	Mr. Petre's ch. f. Missy, by Catton, out of Agatha	3
Mr. Wilson's b. c. Magistrate, out of Trictrac	2	2	Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Elephanta, by Filho da Puta	4
Seven to 4 agst the winner, 2 to 1 agst Missy, and 5 to 2 agst Elephanta. Won by half a head.				

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts 8st. 3lb. fillies 8st.—One mile and three quarters.—Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. Richardson's br. c. <i>Brownlock</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Kill Devil (Scott) ...	1	1	Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Actæon, by Scud	2
The following also started but were not placed:				
Mr. Petre's b. c. Rothelan, by Tiresias	0	0	Charlotte	0
Lord Milton's br. c. Dramatist, by Comus	0	0	Mr. Houldsworth's gr. c. Androgenus, by Mince	0

Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Brother to Fair Five to 4 agst Brownlock, 3 to 1 agst Actæon, 4 to 1 agst Rothelan, and 6 to 1 agst Androgenus. A very capital race, and won by half a head.

The ALL-AGED STAKES of 20gs. each, with 20l. added.—Two miles and seven furlongs.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. <i>Bazard</i> , by Blacklock, out of Merlin's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Robinson)	1	1	Lord Milton's b. c. Whiskerandos, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3
Lord Sligo's b. c. Canteen, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2	2	2	Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Diadem, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	4
Seven to 4 on Bazard, 3 to 1 agst Canteen, 4 to 1 agst Whiskerandos, and 7 to 1 agst Diadem. An excellent race.				

MATCH—Mr. R. Milne's ch. c. Actæon, 5 yrs old, 10st. agst Mr. Ramadan's br. h. Heigrave, 5 yrs old, 8st. Two miles, 100gs. h. ft. OFF.

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats one mile and three quarters.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. f. <i>Parthenes</i> , by Cervantes—Marianne, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (Templeman) ...	1	1	Lord Sligo's b. g. Bequest, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2	2
Two to 1 on Parthenes. Easy.					

WEDNESDAY, September 7.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by 12 subscribers of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, the surplus to the winner in specie, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles and seven furlongs.

Lord Sligo's b. c. <i>Canteen</i> , by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs old, 8st. (W. Scott)	1	1	Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Actæon, by Scud, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	2
The following also started but were not placed:					
Mr. Wilson's ch. f. Carmelite, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	0	0	6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	0	0
Lord Scarbrough's b. m. Fair Charlotte,			Mr. Haworth's gr. m. Minna, by Camillus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	0	0

Five to 4 agst Fair Charlotte, 7 to 2 agst Canteen, 8 to 1 agst Minna, and 7 to 1 agst As-tazon. Good race, and won by a head.

FIFTY POUNDS for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats two miles and a half.

Mr. Lambton's b. f. <i>Baroness</i> , by Leopold, out of the Duchess, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. (West)	1 1	Mr. Petre's br. c. Lord John, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	4 3
Lord Fitzwilliam's br. f. <i>Parthenessa</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	2 2	Lord Wilton's b. h. <i>Mystic</i> , by Hedley, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	3 dr.

Five to 4 agst *Parthenessa*, and 7 to 1 agst Lord John: after the first heat, even betting on *Baroness*.

THURSDAY, September 8.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Seven furlongs.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's b. f. <i>Paris</i> , by Catton, dam by Luck's-All (Nelson)	1	Mr. Lambton's b. f. by Ebor, out of Orphan	4
Lord Eitzwilliam's br. c. <i>Mulatto</i> , by Catton	2	Mr. W. L. Fox's b. c. <i>Redbreast</i> , by Perchance—Cock Robin	5
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Elephanta</i> , by Filho da Puta	3	Mr. R. Milnes's b. c. by Catton—My Lady's dam	6

An excellent race, and won with difficulty.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st.—Last mile and quarter.—Six subscribers.

Sir M. W. Ridley's b. <i>Fleur de Lys</i> , by Bourbon, out of Magistrate's dam (J. Dodgson)	1	Mr. Holyoake's br. by Ardrossan—Vincissitude	3
Lord Milton's br. <i>Beatrice</i> , by Ardrossan	2	Lord Scarbrough's b. <i>Sister to Diadem</i> , by Catton	4

Won cleverly.

THE LEDSTONE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Four subscribers.

Mr. W. Fox's b. c. <i>Linguist</i> , by Interpreter, dam by Benningbrough (J. Robinson)	0 1	dam by Walton	0 2
Mr. Petre's b. g. <i>Veluti</i> , by Comus, Antelope	3 0	Mr. Tate's ch. by Ditto, out of Antelope	3 0

A dead heat between the first; the second won easy.

SEVENTY POUNDS, given by the Members of the Borough of Pontefract, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats three miles.

Mr. Haworth's gr. m. <i>Minna</i> , by Camillus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (G. Nelson)	1 1	Mr. Lonsdale's br. f. by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 1lb.	2 dr.
Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. by Interpreter, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	4 2	Mr. Petre's b. g. <i>Veluti</i> , by Comus, dam by Walton, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb.	3 dr.

DORCHESTER MEETING, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, September 7.—**THE TRADESMEN'S PURSE** of 75 sovs. added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Heats once round.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Percy's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don Comack, aged 9st. 6lb. (A. Percy)	1 1	old, 8st. 6lb. (rec. back his stake)	2 2
Mr. Ryan's ch. c. <i>Salisbury</i> , 4 yrs		Mr. Lantour's gr. f. <i>Berengaria</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	3 4

An admirably contested race.

THE LADIES' PURSE of 50 sovs. added to a sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats once round.

Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. <i>Black-and-oll-Black</i> , by Octavius, aged, 9st. 6lb. (A. Percy)	1 1	13lb. (rec. back his stake)	3 2
Mr. Stuart's b. g. <i>Motto</i> , aged, 8st.		Mr. Dundas' b. c. <i>Pyramus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2 3

The first heat won easy: the last was well contested.

A HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Officers belonging to the 2d Dragoon Guards.—Gentlemen riders.—Once round the course.—Ten subscribers.

Captain Ferguson's b. g. <i>Get-away</i> , by Driver, 11st. 13lb. (Mr. Hickey)	1	Captain Copeland's b. h. <i>Tam o' Shan</i> , ter, 11st. 5lb.	2
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Mr. Smith's b. g. Jupiter, 11st. 12lb.... 3 | Captain Copland's ch. g. Doubtful,
Mr. Stewart's b. g. Exchange, 12st. 7lb. 4 | 12st. 5lb..... 6
Capt. Ferguson's b. g. Charles, 11st. 5lb. 5

THURSDAY, September 8.—The DORCHESTER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 30l. added, was void; Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. *Black-and-all-Black*, being the only horse left in.

The YEOFEN'S PURSE of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, once round the course.
Mr. Parry's ch. m. *Parody*, by Don 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb..... 2 2
Cossack, aged, 9st. 4lb. (A. Percy) 1 1 | Mr. Smith's br. f. Sarah, by Blucher,
Lord Palmerston's ch. m. Biondett, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb..... 3 3

SWEETSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for regular Hunters.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round the Course.

Captain Ferguson's b. m. *Jenny Sutton*, aged, 11st. 11lb. (Mr. Davis)..... 5 1 1
Mr. Laurence's b. m. *Madge Wildfire*, aged, 11st. 11lb..... 1 4 4
Mr. Stuart's b. g. *Motto*, aged, 12st. 9lb..... 2 2 2
Captain Ferguson's b. g. *Get-away*, aged, 11st. 11lb..... 4 3 3
Mr. Smith's ch. h. *Magnet*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 12lb..... 3 dr.
Mr. Stewart's b. g. *Exchange*, aged, 11st. 11lb..... 6 dr.

A SILVER CUP, the gift of the Steward, added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Yeomen or Tradesmen, resident within the limits of Mr. Farquharson's Hunt.—Heats.

Mr. Williams' b. m. *Mary Rose*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 1lb..... 5 1 1
Mr. Curme's br. m. *Evergreen*, aged, 12st. 1lb. (received 10l.)..... 1 2 dia.
Mr. Nobb's b. m. *Sweetbriar*, aged, 12st. 1lb..... 4 3 dia.
Mr. Burgess' b. m. by Ashton, aged, 12st. 1lb..... 2 dia.
Mr. Oakley's ch. g. *Smallhopes*, aged, 12st. 1lb..... 3 dia.
Mr. People's b. g. *Come-by-Chance*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb..... dia.
Mr. Samway's b. g. *Witchcraft*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. (bolted)..... dia.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added, for all ages.—Two mile heats.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. *Black-and-all-Black*, by Octavius, 6 yrs old... 1 1 | Mr. Biggs' John, Brother to William,
6 yrs old..... (sell) dia.

BASINGSTOKE RACES, HAMPSHIRE, 1825.

THURSDAY, September 8.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. *Luxborough*, old, 9st..... 2 2
by W.'s Ditto, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. | Mr. Fleming's ch. c. *Front de Bœuf*,
(J. Day)..... 1 1 | by Buffalo, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... 3 dr.
Mr. F. Craven's b. c. *Hottentot*, 4 yrs

The VINE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Captain Berkeley's br. g. *Little Driver*, by Ardrossan, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb..... 1 1 | Mr. Fleming's ch. c. *Front de Bœuf*,
3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb..... 3 dr.
Mr. Smith's b. f. *Isabella*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... 2 2 | Mr. A. Berkeley's b. g. *Philip*,
aged, 8st. 10lb..... 4 dr.

SWEETSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 1lb.—The last half mile.—Five subscribers.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. *Forethought*, by Anticipation, out of Little Peggy, walked over.

FRIDAY, September 9.—The WELLINGTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 25 added.—Once round.

Lord Palmerston's br. h. *Luxborough*, 8st. 7lb..... 1
by W.'s Ditto, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. | Mr. Fleming's *Front de Bœuf*, 3 yrs old,
(J. Day)..... 1 | 6st. 7lb.....
Mr. F. Craven's *Hottentot*, 4 yrs old,
One subscriber paid 15 sovs. ft. and three others five sovs. each.

The HACKWOOD STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages.—Once round and a distance.—Nine subscribers.

Captain Lock's br. h. *Orator*, by
Prime Minister, 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.
(J. Day)..... 1 1
Mr. F. Craven's *Hottentot*, 4 yrs old,

8st. 7lb..... 3 2
Mr. Bigger's ch. f. *Elizabeth*, 3 yrs old,
6st. 13lb..... 2 2

HANDICAP STAKES of six sovs. each, one ft., made up 80l. from the Race Fund, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Lord Palmerston's br. h. *Lastborough*,
by W. & D. Ditto, 5 yrs old, 8st. (J. Day) 1

Mr. Bigger's ch. f. *Elizabeth*, 3 yrs old,
6st. 4lb..... 1

STAPLETON MEETING, 1825.

(Over *Pontefract Course*.)

FRIDAY, September 9.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100ga., the rest in specie, by subscribers of 10ga. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Handicap weights.—**Ledston Course**.—Twelve subscribers.

Lord Normanby's br. h. *Newbrough*, by
Mowbray, 6 yrs, 11st. 2lb. (Mr. Kent) 1

Mr. Lambton's b. m. *Pecunia*, aged,
12st. 4lb..... 1

The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Wilton's gr. h. *Trap*, 6 yrs old,
11st. 4lb..... 0

Mr. Ramsden's br. c. *Lothario*, 3 yrs old,
9st. 4lb..... 0

Mr. Leag's b. h. *Champaigne*, 6 yrs old,
11st..... 0

Mr. Mills' ch. c. *Squirrel*, 6 yrs old,
11st. 4lb..... 0

Mr. Duncombe's ch. h. *St. Leger*, 5 yrs
Two to 1 agst *St. Leger*, 3 to 1 agst *Pecunia*, 3 to 1 agst *Squirrel*, and 4 to 1 agst *Newbrough*. A beautiful race, and won by only half a length.

The **STAPLETON PARK STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Handicap weights.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's b. m. *Pecunia*, by Octavian, aged, 12st. 4lb. (Mr. White) ... 1
Mr. Kent's ch. h. *St. Leger*, 5 yrs old,
11st. 4lb..... 2

Mr. Ramsden's br. h. *Hexgrave*, 5 yrs
old, 11st..... 1
Mr. Goodbran's b. m. *Creeping Jack*,
6 yrs old, 11st. 8lb..... 1

Lord Normanby's br. h. *Newbrough*, 6
Six to 4 agst *Newbrough*, 3 to 1 agst *Pecunia*, 3 to 1 agst *Hexgrave*, and 4 to 1 agst *St. Leger*. A severe-run race, and won by half a neck.

SATURDAY, September 10.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, five ft. for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Half a mile.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. J. R. Atkinson's br. h. by Bradbury, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb..... 1

Lord Wilton's b. m. *Lima*, aged, 11st... 1
Mr. Petre's br. h. *Newbrough*, 6 yrs
old, 12st..... 1

Lord Normanby's b. g. by Don Juan,
4 yrs old, 10st. 6lb..... 2

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, added to 25 sovs. given by the *Badsworth Hunt*, for all horses.—Half a mile.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Wilton's b. h. *Mystic*, by Hedley, 6 yrs old, 12st. 8lb. (Mr. Grey) ... 1

6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb..... 2
Mr. Petre's *Theodoric*, 6 yrs, 11st. 7lb... 2

Lord Normanby's br. h. *Newbrough*,

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough bred:—Four-year-olds, 10st. 5lb.; five, 11st.; six, 11st. 5lb.; and aged, 11st. 7lb.—One mile.

Lord Normanby's b. g. by Don Juan,
4 yrs old (Mr. White)..... 1

5 yrs old..... 2
Lord Wilton's gr. h. *Trap*, 5 yrs old... 2

Mr. W. Ramsden's br. h. *Hexgrave*,

A FORCED HANDICAP of all the winners, 10 sovs. each.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Lord Normanby's br. h. *Newbrough*,
by Mowbray, 6 yrs old (Mr. Kent) ... 1

Mr. Lambton's b. m. *Pecunia*, aged,
11st. 7lb..... 1

Lord Wilton's b. h. *Mystic*, 6 yrs old,
12st..... 2

Mr. J. Atkinson's br. h. 6 yrs old,
11st. 8lb..... 1

Lord Normanby's br. h. *Newbrough*, 11st. 4lb. sec. ft. from Lord Wilton's *Lima*, 11st. three-quarters of a mile, 50 sovs. each.

Lord Wilton's b. h. *Mystic*, 6 yrs old, 12st. sec. ft. from Mr. Petre's b. c. *John*, 3 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.

LICHFIELD MEETING, 1885.

TUESDAY, September 13.—The KING'S PLATE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Elephant</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb.	Mr. Kent's b. g. <i>Gleed</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2 dr.
(T. Whitehouse)..... 1 1		

A GOLD CUP, 100 sovs. value, by twenty subscribers, the surplus in specie, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz, aged, 8st. 6lb. (Whitehouse)..... 1	old, 7st. 10lb..... 3
Mr. T. Stanley's b. c. Hajji Baba, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb..... 2	Lord Anson's b. c. <i>Sligo</i> , 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. 4
Mr. B. Yates' gr. f. <i>Fille de Joie</i> , 4 yrs	General Grosvenor's ch. f. <i>Wings</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb..... 5

The STAFFORDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 30 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile.—Four subscribers.

Lord Derby's gr. c. <i>Antocrat</i> , by Grand Duke (B. Smith)..... 1	General Grosvenor's (ch. f. <i>Wings</i> , by The Flyer..... 2
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WEDNESDAY, September 14.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—T.Y.C.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Yates' b. f. <i>Little-to-peep</i> , by Paul- owitz (Spring)..... 1	Lord Anson's b. f. by Filho da Puta, dam by Shuttle, out of Fortune's dam..... 3
Mr. Johnson's b. f. <i>Vesta</i> , by Governor, 2	

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 50 ft. with 50 added.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Yates' b. f. <i>Lionnet</i> , by Bustard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (Spring)..... 1	7st. 8lb. 2
Mr. Geary's br. f. <i>Arachne</i> , 3 yrs old,	Lord Derby's b. f. <i>Uganda</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb..... 6

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Geary's br. f. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (A. Pavis).... 1	8st. 1lb. 2
Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , aged,	General Grosvenor's ch. f. <i>Wings</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb..... 3

THURSDAY, September 15.—The GENTLEMAN'S PLATE of 50 sovs. for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. T. Stanley's ch. c. <i>Grenadier</i> , by Waterloo, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Spring), 3 2 1 1	
Mr. Palmer's br. f. <i>Sarsaparilla</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... 1 2 2 2	
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Miss Maltby</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (fell lame)..... 2 1 3 dr.	

Grenadier the favorite.

The CITY PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Anson's b. c. <i>Sligo</i> , by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Al. Noble)..... 3 1 1	
Mr. Gishborne's b. f. <i>Elizabeth</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb..... 1 2 2	
Mr. Trench's b. g. by Ambo, 4 yrs old, 8st..... 2 2 dr.	
Mr. Tongue's ch. h. <i>Maxarine</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 0 dr.	
Mr. Kent's b. g. <i>Gleed</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 0 dr.	
Mr. Johnson's b. f. <i>Proserpine</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb..... 0 dr.	

ROTHERHAM MEETING, 1885.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for all ages. Two miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. f. <i>Beatrice</i> , by Ardrossan, 3 yrs, 7st. (Lye) ... 1 1	Mr. Davy's br. m. <i>Elson Witch</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb..... 2 3
Mr. Lonsdale's br. f. by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 4 2	Mr. Foster's br. f. <i>Gipsy</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... 3 dr.

The SOUTH-WEST YORKSHIRE YOMANRY CAVALRY STAKE of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Goodbrand's b. m. <i>Creeping Jane</i> , by Bounce, 6 yrs old, 12st. (Owner)..... 1 1	Mr. Watson's br. m. <i>Bonny Nell</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st..... 4 3
Mr. Brookfield's ch. h. <i>Chance</i> , aged, 12st. 3 2	Mr. Saille's br. h. <i>Hase</i> , by Stave- ley, 6 yrs old, 12st..... 5 4
	Mr. Brown's ch. h. <i>Woodpecker</i> ,

aged, 12st. 2 8 | *Osborne*, 5 yrs old, 12st. 6 dr.
 Mr. Heston's br. h. *Waterloo*, by

The **RENISHAW HUNT STAKE** of 5gs. each with 20 added, for horses, sex not thorough-bred.—Two miles.

Mr. Brown's ch. h. *Woodpecker*, aged, 11st. 12lb. 1 | Mr. Brookfield's ch. c. *Chance*, aged, 12st. 2lb. 2

THURSDAY, September 15.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. R. Bentley's br. h. *Plumper*, by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 1 | Mr. B. Peter's ch. h. *Bugle*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 3

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. *Whiskerandos*, Three to 1 on *Whiskerandos*, 5 to 1 agst *Bugle*, 6 to 1 agst *Plumper*. A good race, and won by half a length.

The **GENTLEMEN'S PURSE** of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Haworth's gr. m. *Minna*, by Camillus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 1 | old, 8st. 8lb. 3 2
 (Nelson) 1 1 | Mr. Scaife's br. f. *Hannah*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2 dr.

Mr. Davy's b. m. *Elson Witch*, 5 yrs

The **BROOM HILL STAKE** of seven sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two miles.

Captain Ramsden's br. h. *Hazgrove*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (Mr. Kent) 1 | Mr. Goodbrand's b. m. *Creeping Jane*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 6lb. 3
 Mr. Long's br. h. *Champagne*, aged, 12st. 2lb. 2 | Mr. Foster's br. f. *Gipsy*, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 4

FRIDAY, September 16.—A **HANDICAP STAKES** of 50 sovs. for the beaten horses.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Foster's b. f. *Gipsy*, by Tramp, 4 yrs old 1 1 | Mr. Brookfield's ch. h. *Chance*, aged 2 2
 Mr. Watson's b. f. *Bonny Nell*, 4 yrs 3 3

LEOMINSTER MEETING, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 1 1 | Mr. Benbow's ch. g. 4 yrs old, old, 8st. 7lb. 4 8
 Mr. Davis' ch. f. *Fiddle-de-dee*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 5 2 | Mr. Smith's br. m. *Jessy*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3 dr.

Mr. Watts' b. m. by Bustard, 5 yrs

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Gough's b. h. *Parillon*, aged, 11st. 11lb. 2 1 1
 Mr. Hill's ch. m. *Polly Hopkins*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 1 2 3
 Mr. Walker's bl. m. *Tenbury Lass*, aged, 12st. 6lb. 3 3 3
 Mr. W. Smith's b. f. *Perchance*, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 5 4 dr.
 Mr. Clarkson's b. f. *Racket*, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 4 5 dr.
 Mr. King's br. m. 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. 6 dr.

THURSDAY, September 15.—The **MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l. for all ages.—Heats.

Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2 1 1
 Mr. B. Davis' b. m. *Minna*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1 3 3
 Mr. Wood's br. f. *Rosaria*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3 2 2
 Mr. Bartley's br. c. *Congee*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 4 4 dr.

Three fine heats, and won by half a neck each.

LEICESTER MEETING, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three times round.

Mr. Tomes' b. c. *Sir Gray*, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (H. Arthur) 1 | old, 8st. 10lb. 2
 Duke of Rutland's b. h. *Cephalus*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 6
Cephalus the favorite. A fine race, and won by a head.

THE FARMERS' PURSE of 30*l.* given by G. Osbaldeston, Esq. for horses not thorough bred, the property of Farmers residing within the district of Quorn Hunt, &c. 12*st.* each.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Henton's b. m. <i>Bonny Fan</i> , 6 yrs old	1	1	Mr. Hamshaw's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , 4 yrs 2 2
Mr. Fisher's b. f. <i>Trotinda</i> , by W.'s			Mr. Gill's ch. m. 5 yrs old

THE GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 30*l.* for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. R. Tomes' b. g. <i>Tripoli</i> , by Poulton, 5 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> 10 <i>lb.</i> (Arthur) 1	1	Ditto, 3 yrs old, 7 <i>st.</i> 1 <i>lb.</i>	2	2
Mr. Fisher's b. f. <i>Trotinda</i> , by W.'s		Mr. Stagg's b. g. <i>Loiterer</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 3 <i>lb.</i>		dis.

THURSDAY, September 15.—The YEOMANRY PLATE of 50*gs.* given by Colonel Keck, and the Officers of the Leicestershire Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Henton's b. m. <i>Bonny Fan</i> , 6 yrs old, 12 <i>st.</i> 7 <i>lb.</i>	1	1	Mr. Mervin's b. g. <i>Lightfoot</i> , 4 yrs old, 11 <i>st.</i> 10 <i>lb.</i>	(bolted) dis.
Mr. West's b. g. <i>Nimrod</i> , aged, 12 <i>st.</i> 7 <i>lb.</i> (rec. 10 <i>gs.</i>)	3	2	Mr. Hamshaw's b. m. <i>Isabella</i> , 4 yrs old, 11 <i>st.</i> 10 <i>lb.</i>	(fell) dis.
Mr. Glover's b. g. <i>Loiterer</i> , 4 yrs old, 11 <i>st.</i> 10 <i>lb.</i>	2	3	Mr. Gill's ch. m. 5 yrs old, 12 <i>st.</i> 3 <i>lb.</i> dis.	

THE BURGESSES' PLATE of 100*l.*—Heats twice round.

Mr. Tomes' b. c. <i>Sir Grey</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 7 <i>lb.</i> (H. Arthur)	2	1	1
Duke of Rutland's b. h. <i>Cephalus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 10 <i>lb.</i>	1	2	2
Mr. Heathcote's br. h. <i>Rein Deer</i> , aged, 9 <i>st.</i> 2 <i>lb.</i>	3	3	dr.

Cephalus the favourite: after the first heat, 2 to 1 on him; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on *Sir Grey*. Each heat well contested, and won by only half a length.

NORTHAMPTON MEETING, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—The GOLD CUP, value 100*gs.* by subscribers of 10*gs.* each, for all ages.—Twice round, about three miles.—Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. Wilson's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 1 <i>lb.</i>	1	1	Mr. Messer's b. f. <i>Monimia</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i>	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. — br. f. <i>Georgiana</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 2 <i>lb.</i>	0	Mr. Holbrook's b. h. <i>Felix</i> , 5 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 12 <i>lb.</i>	0
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SWEEPSTAKES of 10*gs.* each.—Heats once round and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Colonel Lantour's ch. g. <i>May-Day</i> , by Sir Launcelot, aged, 11 <i>st.</i> 12 <i>lb.</i> 1	1	Mr. Wilson's ch. g. <i>Chance</i> , aged, 11 <i>st.</i> 12 <i>lb.</i>	2	2
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THE COUNTY PLATE of 50*gs.* each.—Heats once round and a distance.

Mr. Wilson's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 1 <i>lb.</i>	1	1	Mr. Messer's b. f. <i>Monimia</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i>	3	dr.
Lord W. Russell's b. f. <i>Selection</i> , 5					

THURSDAY, September 15.—No racing from want of horses.

EXETER MEETING, 1825.

THURSDAY, September 15.—The DEVONSHIRE STAKES of 25*gs.* each, 15*ft.* for three-year-olds and upwards.—Once round.—Fourteen subscribers, six of whom having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only 5*gs.* each.

Lord Palmerston's ch. c. <i>Grey-leg</i> , by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 2 <i>lb.</i>	1	1	Mr. Fellowes' b. m. <i>Escape</i> , aged, 9 <i>st.</i> 2 <i>lb.</i>	2
Mr. Ryan's ch. c. <i>Salisbury</i> , 4 yrs old, 7 <i>st.</i> 8 <i>lb.</i>	2	2	Mr. King's b. c. <i>Annibal Caraccia</i> , 5 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 4 <i>lb.</i>	4

THE GOLD CUP, value 100*gs.*, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, about two miles and a distance.

Mr. Dilly's ch. m. <i>Provedy</i> , aged, 9 <i>st.</i> 6 <i>lb.</i>	1	1	Mr. Farquharson's b. filly, by Waterloo, 4 yrs old, 7 <i>st.</i> 8 <i>lb.</i>	2	2
Lord Palmerston's ch. m. <i>Biondetta</i> , Vol. XVII. N. S.—No. 99.					

Mr. Fallows' Escape, aged, 8st. 4 dr. | Mr. King's Annibal Carocia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. 5 dr.
 11lb. Won easy.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, once round the Course and a distance.

Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. <i>Black-and-all-Black</i> , by Octavius, aged, 10st. 1 1	old, 8st. 2lb. 2 3
Mr. Shard's Razor, 4 yrs old, 9st. ... 3 2	Mr. S. Treilawney's Zelica, by Colossus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 15lb. dis.
Mr. King's ch. f. <i>Anticipation</i> , 4 yrs	

FRIDAY, September 16.—A HANDICAP PURSE of 100 sovs., given by the Inhabitants of Exeter, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. <i>Black-and-all-Black</i> , by Octavius, aged, 9st. 8lb. 1 1	6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 3 2
Lord Palmerston's ch. m. <i>Biondetta</i> ,	Mr. Shard's b. c. Razor, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2 dr.

The LADIES' PLATE of 60 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Percy's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , aged, 9st. 6lb. 1 1	Lord Palmerston's ch. c. Grey-leg, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 dr.
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The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. (Handicap) for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Smith's b. g. <i>Vicount</i> , by Gainsborough, 5 yrs old, 7st. 1 1	Lord Palmerston's ch. m. <i>Biondetta</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 4 3
Mr. Farquharson's b. f. by Waterloo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 3 2	Mr. Lawrence's Madge Wildfire, aged, 7st. 9lb. 2 4

SHREWSBURY MEETING, SALOP, 1825.

TUESDAY, September 20.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Signorina</i> , by Champion, dam by W.'s Ditto, 8st. (Spring) 1	vercign, 8st. 1lb. 2
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Achilles</i> , by So-	Mr. Mytton's b. f. by Ambo, dam by Waxy, 8st. 3
	<i>Signorina</i> the favorite. Won easy.

The ALL-AGED STAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 20 added.—About a mile and a half.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Yates' gr. f. <i>Fille de Joie</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Spring) 1	Major Gore's b. h. Spot, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. 2
	<i>Fille de Joie</i> the favorite. Won easy.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 60l. for all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Mytton's b. h. <i>Comte d'Artois</i> , by Bourbon, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Whitehouse) 1	2 1
Mr. Rogers' gr. h. Sir Edward, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. 3	1 2
Mr. Thomson's b. f. <i>Dorcas</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2	3 dr.

The winner the favorite. An excellent race, and won by half a head.

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs., the surplus in specie, by thirteen subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Twice round and a distance.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>Orwestry</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Whitehouse) 1	Mr. Griffith's br. m. <i>Palatine</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 3
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Signorina</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. 2	Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Hajji Baba, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 4

Hajji Baba the favorite. A fine race. *Orwestry* took the lead, and was never headed.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds. Once round and a distance.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Flexible</i> , by Whalebone, out of Themia, 8st. 4lb. (T. Whitehouse) 1	fred, 8st. 4lb. 3
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Signorina</i> , 8st. 2lb. 2	Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Doctor Faustus, 8st. 4lb. 4
Mr. Mytton's b. c. Ludford, by Man-	Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Achilles</i> , by Sovereign, 8st. 1lb. 0

Won cleverly. *Achilles*' rider thrown in consequence of the stirrup leather giving way.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. *Hybla*, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Spring)..... 2 1 1
 Major Gore's br. c. *The Moor*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb..... 1 2 2
 Mr. Thomson's br. c. *Butler*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 3 3 dr.
 Sir G. Pigot's b. f. *Miss Robson*, by Woful, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... broke down.
 Won easy. *The Moor* bolted twice the third heat.

THURSDAY, September 22.—The **SEVERN STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Once round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. *Dispatch*, by Mr. Mytton's ch. c. *Ludford*, by Man-
 Blucher, out of *Iris*, 7st. 11lb. (Spring) 1 fred, 8st. 3lb. 2
 Ludford the favorite. A fine race.

A PURSE of 50 sovs. given by Sir B. R. Graham, Bart., for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, about a mile and three quarters.

Mr. Clay's gr. g. *Gimcrack*, 5 yrs old, yrs old, 12st. 2lb..... 2 4
 11st. 11lb. (Mr. Clay, jun.)..... 1 1 Mr. Cartwright's ch. g. *Clodhopper*,
 Mr. Lewis' b. m. *Huntress*, 6 yrs old, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb..... 3 5
 12st. 2lb..... 5 2 Mr. Bright's ch. g. *Edgbold*, 5 yrs
 Mr. Johnson's ch. m. *Eleanor*, aged, old, 11st. 11lb..... dis.
 12st. 2lb..... 4 3 Mr. Edwards' br. g. *Salopian*, 4 yrs
 Mr. Boothby's b. g. by Fitzjames, 6 old, 11st. 2lb..... dis.
 Even betting on *Eleanor*. Won easy.

SWAFFHAM MEETING, NORFOLK, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs., by eleven subscribers of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles.

Mr. R. Wilson's b. m. *Isabella*, by Co- sister to Schedam, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2
 mus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 1 Mr. Pettit's ch. g. *Cataline*, aged,
 Colonel Wilson's b. m. *Black Daphne*, 9st. 3lb..... 3

The **DIDLINGTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Three quarters of a mile.—Four subscribers.

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Mr. M. Forbes' br. c. by Smolensko,
 Spinning Jenny..... 1 dam by W.'s Ditto, out of his Arabian
 Mr. R. Pettit's ch. f. by Aladdin—Jo- mare..... 3
 hanna Southcote..... 2

The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Rogers' ch. f. by Catton, out of yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 3 2
 a Sister to Rosette, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. 1 1 Colonel Wilson's b. m. by Partisan,
 Mr. Rumbold's ch. c. *Shacabac*, 4 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 2 3

THURSDAY, September 22.—The **LADIES' PURSE** of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bloss' ch. f. *Double Entendre*, Mr. Rogers' ch. f. by Catton, 3 yrs
 by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 1 1 old, 7st..... 4 3
 Colonel Wilson's b. c. by Interpreter, Mr. Wilson's b. m. *Isabella*, 5 yrs
 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb..... 2 2 old, 9st. 3lb..... 3 dr.

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bloss' ch. f. *Double Entendre*, by Mr. Pettit's ch. g. *Cataline*, aged, 8st.
 Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb..... 1 7lb..... 3
 Colonel Wilson's b. m. *Black Daphne*, Mr. Rumbold's ch. g. *Shacabac*, 4 yrs
 5 yrs old, 9st..... 2 old, 7st. 12lb..... 4

The **HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 10 added, were won by Mr. Wedgrave's b. g. beating Mr. Gould's ch. m.; but the stakes are withheld, as it is supposed Mr. Redgrave's g. is thorough bred.

ISLE OF THANET MEETING, KENT, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—The **POWELL STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hill's ch. f. by Soothsayer, out of Meire, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb..... 2 1 1

Mr. Brown's b. m. Maid of Kent, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Smith's bl. c. Tamar, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	3	dr.
Captain Lock's b. h. Orator, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb.	4	4	dr.
Mr. Scatch's b. f. Orphan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	dis.		

The jockey who rode Orphan was thrown in consequence of a person improperly riding across the course.

The MARGATE PURSE of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Whiteside's b. h. Brother to Antonio, 6 yrs old, 10st.	2	1	1
Mr. Mockford's ch. c. Velasquez, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	2	2
Mr. Maundrell's b. f. Princess Mary, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	4	3	3
Mr. Hill's b. h. Paint Brush, aged, 9st.	3	dr.	

THURSDAY, September 22.—The RAMSGATE PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hill's ch. f. by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Smith's bl. c. Tamar, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	4	3	2
Mr. Brown's b. g. Marksman, aged, 9st.	6	4	2
Mr. Scatch's b. f. Orphan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	3	3	dr.
Captain Lock's b. h. Orator, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. (fell)	1	dis.	
Mr. Palmer's b. f. by Wrangler, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	5	dis.	

In the second heat, Mr. Palmer's f. ran agst a post, and Orator fell over her. The jockey of the former broke his jaw-bone, but the rider of Orator was not seriously hurt.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 30l. added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Wilks' gr. m. Chasac, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4lb.	1	1	Mr. C. W. Martin's ch. g. Nicoloco, aged, 11st. 13lb.	3	4
Mr. Palmer's b. g. Wildboy, 4 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.	4	2	Mr. Johnstone's b. g. Chronometer, aged, 12st. 9lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Thurston's br. m. All Luck, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4lb.	5	3	Mr. Belsey's b. g. Kent, aged, 12st. 6lb.	6	dr.

The LADIES' PLATE was not run for from want of horses.

GLAMORGANSHIRE MEETING, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 25 added.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Richards's ch. m. <i>Ynysymaengwyn</i> , by Fitzjames, 6 yrs old, 9lb. 11lb. (T. Howard)	1	1	Mr. Hopkins's ch. c. Napoleon, 3 yrs old, 7st. (bolted)	2	dr.
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The winner was claimed according to the articles for 150gs.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Pryse's ch. h. <i>Doctor Eady</i> , by Rubens, aged, 9st. 10lb. (T. Howard)	1	0	1
Mr. Dilly's Spres, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	4	0	dr.
Mr. Jones's b. f. Lydia, Sister to Fanny, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.	3	dr.	
Mr. Watts's b. m. by Bastard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	4	dr.	

THURSDAY, September 22.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Jones's b. f. Lydia, by Poulton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (a Boy)	1	1	Mr. Hopkins's ch. c. Napoleon, 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	2
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SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough bred.—Heats.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Lucas's b. g. Gower, by Scarecrow, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (J. Taylor)	4	2	1	1
Mr. Meyrick's dun f. 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	1	3	2	2
Mr. Richards's bl. g. Tally-ho, aged, 12st.	2	1	3	3
Mr. Moggeridge's b. g. Wanderer, aged, 12st.	3	4	4	0

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Richards's ch. m. <i>Ynysymaengwyn</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (S. Mann)	1	1	Mr. Peel's gr. h. Lara, 5 yrs, 9st.	2	2
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FRIDAY, September 23.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Day's ch. f. <i>Miss West</i> , by Rubens, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (S. Mann)	1	1	Mr. Pryse's ch. h. Dr. Eady, aged, 9st. 7lb.	2	dr.
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A HANDICAP PLATE of 50l. given by the Town of Cardiff.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Pryse's ch. h. <i>Doctor Eady</i> , by Rubens, aged, 9st. 7lb. (T. Howard)	1	1	5 yrs old, 9st.	2	2
Mr. Day's ch. m. <i>Ynysymacgwyn</i> ,			Mr. Peel's gr. h. <i>Lara</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	3	3

MATCH for 50 sovs., 12st. each.—Two miles.

Mr. J. J. Guest's b. g. <i>Gower</i> , by Scarecrow, 4 yrs old	1	1	Mr. Richards's bl. g. <i>Tally-ho</i> , aged ...	2	2
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NORTHERN MEETING, INVERNESS, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—The TRIAL STAKES of 10l. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Kennedy's b. c. <i>Skiff</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (G. Geekie)	1	1	Mr. Dobbie's b. h. <i>Theodore</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 2	2	2
			Mr. Laing's b. h. <i>XYZ</i> , aged, 9st.	3	3

Theodore the favorite. Won easy.

A GOLD CUP, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, given by T. A. Fraser, Esq. of Locatt, for horses the property of permanent Members of the Meeting.—Three miles.

Mr. Fraser's gr. c. <i>Richmond</i> , by Grey Middleham, 4 yrs old, 8st. (W. Boynton)	1	1	Mr. Rose's gr. g. L. D. D. B. T. R. D., 6 yrs old, 9st.	3	3
Mr. M'Leod's b. f. <i>Luta</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2	2	Mr. Davidson's b. c. <i>Candidate</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	4	4

Won easy.

The MACARONI STAKES of 30gs. each, 10 ft. for horses, &c. that have regularly hunted, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Fraser's ch. g. <i>Sandy</i> (Mr. Grant)	3	1	1
Mr. Dobbie's b. h. <i>Why Not</i> , aged	1	2	3
Lord Macdonald's b. f. <i>Reserve</i> , 4 yrs old	2	3	2

A capital race.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages, 10st. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Lewis' br. g. <i>Tom Paine</i> , by Prime Minister, aged (T. Barber)	2	1	1
Mr. Laing's b. f. <i>XYZ</i> , aged	1	2	2

The first heat was won by a neck, and the second and third by a length.

THURSDAY, September 22.—The ROSS and CROMARTY GOLD CUP of 100gs. value, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Kennedy's b. c. <i>Skiff</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (G. Geekie) ...	1	1	Mr. Dobbie's b. h. <i>Theodore</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	2	2
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The MACARONI STAKES of 30gs. each, 10 ft. for horses, &c. not thorough bred, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Fifteen subscribers.

Mr. Fraser's ch. g. <i>Sandy</i> (Mr. Grant)	3	1	1
Mr. Fraser's gr. g. <i>Justice</i> , by Fitzjames	1	4	4
Lord Macdonald's b. f. <i>Reserve</i> , 4 yrs old	2	2	2
Mr. Davidson's gr. g. <i>Dunborough</i> , 4 yrs old	4	3	3

The ISLE of SKY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Fraser's gr. c. <i>Richmond</i> , by Grey Middleham, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Boynton)	1	1	Mr. Lewis' b. g. <i>Tom Paine</i> , aged, 9st. 9lb.	2	2
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FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Right Hon. Charles Grant, M-P., for all ages. Two-mile heats.

Lord Kennedy's b. c. <i>Skiff</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs, 9st. 4lb. (G. Geekie) ...	1	1	yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	2
Mr. Davidson's b. c. <i>Candidate</i> , 4			Mr. Rose's L. D. D. B. T. R. D., 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	3	3

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Marquis of Huntly, for all ages.—Three miles.

Lord Kennedy's b. c. <i>Skiff</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (G. Geekie) ...	1	1	Mr. Fraser's gr. c. <i>Richmond</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2	2
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FRIDAY, September 23.—A GOLD CUP, value 100gs. (Handicapped), for horses that had run in the two Macaroni Stakes.—Gentlemen riders.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Mackenzie's b. g. <i>Way Not</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb. (Mr. D. Davidson)...	1	1	Lord Macdonald's b. m. Reserve, 10st. 11lb.....	4	3
Lord Stafford's ch. g. <i>Sandy</i> , aged, 12st. 6lb.	2	3	Mr. Davidson's gr. g. <i>Duxborough</i> , 10st. 11lb.....	3	4

Renewal of FIRST CLASS of PORT STAKES of 15gs. each, five ft. for galloways and ponies.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Fraser's ch. m. *Maria*.....walked over.

Renewal of SECOND CLASS of PORT STAKES of 10gs. each, for ponies.—One mile heats.—Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. Fraser's b. p. <i>Louisa</i>	2	1	1
Captain Fraser's b. m. <i>Miss Kitty</i>	1	2	2

Two others started, but bolted.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10l. each, with 20l. added, for beaten horses.

Mr. Davidson's b. c. *Candidate*, 4 yrs old.....walked over.

MATCH for 50l.—Two miles.

Mr. Fraser's b. f. 4 yrs (W. Boynton) ... 1 | Mr. Tardrew's b. g. *Othello* 2
A good race, and won by half a length.—A charge of jostling having been made and proved against Boynton, the race was adjudged to *Othello*.

MATCH for 50l.—Half a mile.

Mr. Fraser's bl. f. 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (W. Boynton)	1	Mr. Davidson's b. f. <i>Weavies</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	3
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FIVE HUNT MEETING (AT CUPAR), 1895.

THURSDAY, September 22.—A GOLD CUP, value 100gs., by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Twice round.

Mr. Maule's ch. h. <i>Ledstone</i> , by Cardinal York or Langton, aged, 8st. 12lb. 1	6st. 12lb.....	3
Mr. Carnegie's b. c. <i>The Nick</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	Sir D. Moncrieffe's gr. c. <i>Benvorlich</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	4
Mr. J. Grant's c. <i>John Gray</i> , 3 yrs old, 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.....	Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. h. <i>Pannure</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.....	dis

Five to 4 on *Pannure*. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough bred, and bred in Scotland.—Twice round.

Mr. Riggs' gr. f. <i>Green Mantle</i> , by Kutusoff, dam by Volunteer, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	1	Mr. Glass' ch. f. <i>Maiden</i> , by Accident, 3 yrs, 8st. 11lb.....	4
Col. Wemy's b. c. by Kutusoff, 4 yrs... 2	old, 9st.	Mr. Skene's br. c. by Kutusoff, 3 yrs old, 9st.	5
Mr. Maule's br. f. <i>Rosbud</i> , by King David, 4 yrs old	3	Mr. Stewart's ch. g. by Better, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.....	6

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Hunt, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Quarton's b. c. by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	1	1	Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. h. <i>Shuffler</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.....	2	2
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Five to 4 on the winner. Easy.

FRIDAY, September 23.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, 8st. each.—Last Turn-in.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Farquharson's b. f. <i>Ada</i> , by Whalebone	0	1	Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. g. <i>Barossa</i> , by Prime Minister	0	2
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Five to 4 on *Barossa*. A beautiful race.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Quarton's b. c. by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	1	1	Mr. Riggs' br. f. <i>Green Mantle</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.....	3	3
Mr. Honeyman's <i>Rough Robin</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb.....	4	2	Mr. Carnegie's b. c. <i>The Nick</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	2	dis

Seven to 4 on the winner. Won easy.

OSWESTRY MEETING, SALOP, 1825.

MONDAY, September 26.—SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, for all ages.—One mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Ludford</i> , by Manfred, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (R. Dunn).... 1	8st. 6lb. 2
Major O. Gore's b. h. Spot, 5 yrs old,	Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by Piscator, out of Madam Presle, 3 yrs old, 7st.... 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for horses not thorough bred.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. J. Rogers' ch. f. by Langolee, out of Malmour, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 1	Major Gore's b. f. by Woodman, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3 dr.
Mr. Mytton's b. m. Cara Sposa, 6 yrs old, 11st. 2 2	Mr. Lewis' ch. g. Sherry, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 4 dr.

The STEWARD'S PURSE of 50l. free for any horse, &c.—Heats, two miles.

Major O. Gore's br. c. <i>The Moor</i> , by Muley, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (S. Darling) 1 1	8st. 9lb. 3 2
Mr. Kent's b. g. Gleade, 4 yrs old,	Sir W. W. Wynn's br. c. by Rabens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2 3

A SILVER CUP, value 50l. the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. for horses not thorough bred, the property of Non-commissioned Officers or Privates of the North Wales Yeomanry Cavalry.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Cockerill's b. g. <i>Sir Gregor</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 0 1 1	
Mr. Fugh's b. h. Rhiewport, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 0 2 2	
Mr. Bennion's ch. f. Fairy, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4 4 3	
Mr. Jones's b. g. Crickheath Wasp, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 3 3 dr.	

TUESDAY, September 27.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by eleven subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Three miles and a half.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz, aged, 9st. 2lb. (Whitehouse) 1	8st. 9lb. 2
Mr. Gore's b. h. Hesperus, 5 yrs old,	Mr. Thomson's br. c. <i>The Butler</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. dis.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—Last half mile.

Mr. Mytton's b. f. by Cannon Ball, out of Portrait's dam (Whitehouse)..... 1	Mr. M. Jones' b. f. by Sovereign—Thunderbolt 3
Mr. O. Gore's ch. f. Cynthia, by Comus 2	

PRODUCE STAKES of 25gs. each, for colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile. Four subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's br. c. *Randall*, by Champion, out of Banshee..... walked over.

The GENTLEMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>Flexible</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (H. Arthur)..... 1 1	Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Dispatch, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 3 3
Mr. Gore's ch. c. <i>Rapid</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 4 2	Mr. Thomson's br. f. 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 2 dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each:—for three-year-old colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 10lb.—Mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Manfred, dam by Buzzard (Whitehouse)..... 1	Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. f. by Blucher, out of Pearl..... 2
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PURSE of 50l. for horses belonging to the North Shropshire Yeomanry Cavalry.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Cartwright's b. f. by Ambo, 3 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. (Whitehouse)..... 1 1	Mr. Lewis' ch. g. Sherry, 4 yrs old, 10st. 1lb. 4 3
Mr. Cockerill's ch. f. Melodist, 4 yrs old, 10st. 1lb. 2 2	Mr. Leigh's b. m. Postess, aged, 11st. 2lb. 3 dr.

The TOWN SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, three miles and a half.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by Quiz, aged, 8st. 11lb. (Whitehouse) 1 1	Mr. Kent's b. g. Gleade, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2 dr.
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A Cup, value 50l. given by Sir W. W. Wynn, for horses belonging to the North Wales Yeomanry Cavalry.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Birch's b. m. <i>Denbighshire Lass</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (J. Goodhall).....	1	1	old, 10st. 5lb.....	3	2
Mr. Davies' ch. f. by Jupiter, 4 yrs			Mr. Bennion's ch. f. Fairy, 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb.....	2	3

CARLISLE MEETING, 1825.

TUESDAY, September 27.—A GOLD CUP, of 100gs. value, by subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. c. <i>Springkell</i> , by Epperston, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	1	General Sharpe's br. f. Panthea, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	1	broke down.
Mr. Bretherton's ch. h. Sir Roger, 5 yrs		Two to 1 on Panthea.		A good race.

A MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Lady Easy</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (T. Hardy).....	1	1	6st. 10lb.....	2	2
Mr. Jackson's b. c. Melon, 3 yrs old,			Mr. Edwards' b. f. by Walton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	3	dr.
			Won easy.		

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Simpson's b. h. <i>Young Corrector</i> , by Corrector, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	1	1	kell, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	2	dr.
Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. c. Spring-			Mr. Roundthwaite's ch. f. Govern-		
			ness, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	3	dr.
			A good race, and won by half a length.		

WEDNESDAY, September 28.—A PLATE of 50l. for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Simpson's b. h. <i>Young Corrector</i> , by Corrector, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb... 1	1	1	Mr. Hudson's b. f. Isabella, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....	2	dr.
			Won easy.		

FIFTY POUNDS: for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. c. <i>Springkell</i> , by Epperston, 4 yrs old.....	1	1	Mr. Roundthwaite's ch. f. Govern-		
Mr. Hudson's b. f. Isabella, 3 yrs old, 3	2	2	6 yrs old.....	4	3
			Gen. Sharpe's ro. c. P.P.C., 4 yrs old, 2	4	4
			First heat won by half a neck, and second heat a good race.		

THURSDAY, Sept. 29.—FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Lady Easy</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	1	1	Mr. F. Bretherton's g. Sir Roger, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.....	2	2
			Sir Roger the favorite.		

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , by Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Simpson's b. h. <i>Young Corrector</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	1	2	3
			Corrector the favorite.

CHESTERFIELD MEETING, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 28.—MAIDEN PURSE of 60gs. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Milton's br. c. <i>Dramatist</i> , by Comus, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (S. Templeman).....	1	1	Mr. Davy's b. m. Elsom Witch, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	3	4
Mr. Charlton's bl. f. by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	0	2	Mr. Turner's b. f. Furley Witch, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. 0	dr.	
Mr. Wright's b. c. Octavius, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2	3	Sir H. Sitwell's br. c. Furney, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	0	dr.
			Won by a length.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for all ages.—About two miles and a half.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Escape</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (E. Jackson).....	1	Mr. Bentley's b. h. Plamper, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	1
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Sykes's b. c. Cock Robin, 3 yrs old, 9	1/2 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 0
6st. 9lb. 0	Lord Sligo's br. h. Starch, 6 yrs old, 9st, 0
Lord Fitzwilliam's br. f. Parthenos, 4	Won cleverly.

MATCH for 100 sovs. 10st. 7lb. each.—One mile.

Mr. Gosip's b. g. <i>Belton</i> , by Julius	Sir G. Sitwell's gr. m. Eveline, aged 2 2
Cesar, aged (C. Peck) 1 1	Won in a canter.

THURSDAY, Sept. 29.—A SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added, for all ages.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Bentley's br. h. <i>Plumper</i> , by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (T. Nicholson) 1	Lord Milton's bl. f. Beatrice, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Escape, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 2	Mr. Charlton's b. f. by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4

An excellent race, and won by a head with difficulty.

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 60 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>The Miller of Mansfield</i> , by Filho, 4 yrs, 7st. (E. Jackson) 1 1	do., 4 yrs old, 7st. 2 2
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Whisker—	Mr. Davy's b. m. Elson Witch, 5 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 2 2

Both heats well contested, and each won by half a length.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1885.

MONDAY, October 3.—The TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each :—for three-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 6lb.—D. M.

Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. <i>Stumps</i> , by Whalebone, out of Scotina, 3 yrs old, (R. Boyce) 1	Mr. Lambton's b. m. Spermaceti, 5 yrs, 2 Duke of Grafton's br. m. Zinc, 5 yrs old 2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Pettit's gr. f. Bravura, 4 yrs old ... 0	Mr. Prendergast's b. f. Witch, 4 yrs old 0
Lord Anson's br. g. Ajax, 6 yrs old 0	

Six to 4 agst Bravura, and 3 to 1 agst Stumps. Won by half a length.

MATCH for 50, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Pettit's br. c. <i>Retreat</i> , by Comus, out of Advance, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Robinson) 1	Mr. Lee's ch. c. Shacabac, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2
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Five to 2 on Retreat. Won easy by a length.

Third Renewal of the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. each :—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.—Twenty subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Bolero</i> , by Partisan, out of Minuet (Buckle) 1	Mr. Greville's b. c. Lionel Lincoln, by Whalebone 2
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The following also started but were not placed :

Duke of Portland's b. c. Mortgage, by Teasdale, out of Pledge 0	Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Bondosa, by Blincher 0
Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Woful, out of Sister to Nectar 0	Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Orville, out of Canvass 0
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Cricketer, Brother to Black-and-all-Black 0	Lord Lowther's br. c. Flanders, by Hazard—Harriet's dam 0

Five to 2 agst Cricketer, 3 to 1 agst Mortgage, 4 to 1 agst Bolero, and 4 to 1 agst Lionel Lincoln. Won by a head.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. M.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Crockery</i> , by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (J. Day) 1	Mr. Molony's br. h. Cinder, by Woful, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 2
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Six to 5 on Crockery. Won by two lengths.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Cramer, by Election, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Thornhill's br. f. Surprise, by Scud, 8st. 2lb., R. M. 200, h. ft.

TUESDAY, October 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—T. Y. C. Thres Subscribers.

Lord Orford's b. c. *Orion*, by *Phantom*; 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (H. Roberts) 1
 Lord Jersey's b. h. *Adonis*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Six to 4 on *Orion*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100.—T. Y. C.

Lord Verulam's ch. f. *Vitellina*, by *Comus*, 8st. 4lb. (W. Arnall) 1
 Ms. Pettit's ch. f. *Verbina*, by *Comus*, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Five to 2 on *Vitellina*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T. T. C.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. *Pucelle*, by *Muley*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Barnard) ... 1
 Lord Huntingfield's The Lark, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 2
 Two to 1 on *Pucelle*. Won by two lengths.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's b. c. *Don Carlos*, by *Election*, 8st. 1lb. (T. Goodison) 1
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. *Reformer*, by *Whisker*, 8st. 5lb. 2
 Two to 1 on *Don Carlos*. Won by two lengths.

MATCH for 50, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Pettit's b. f. by *Aladdin*, out of *Grasspole*, 8st. 5lb. (Robinson) 1
 Mr. Lee's br. f. *Madeline*, 8st. 2
 Two to 1 on the winner. Won by a length.

FIVE GUINEAS, free for any horse, &c.:—four-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st.—B. C.

Colonel Wilson's bl. m. *Black Daphne*, 5 years old walked over.
 Mr. Udny's Dumps, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Anson's b. f. *Ina*, 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C. 100, h. ft. Off by consent.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. *Cricketer*, Brother to *Black and all Black*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Arnall) 1
 Mr. Greville's ch. f. *Sister to Faust*, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 3
 Mr. Merton's ch. f. by *Comus Sprightly*, Two to 1 on *Cricketer*. Won by a head.

THE ANSON STAKES of 300 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1822:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—3lb. allowed for the produce of untried mares.—Seven subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Paul Jones*, by *Partisan*, out of *Niebo* (Barnard) 1
 Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Lilias*, by *Amadis Piquet* 3
 Mr. Prendergast's ch. f. by *Rainbow*, out of *Janette* 2
 Mr. Crockford's b. f. by *Selim*, out of *Sultan's dam* 4
 Six to 4 on *Paul Jones*. Won by a length.

THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Eleven subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Rufus*, by *Election*, out of *Prudence* (Buckle) 1
 Mr. Nowell's gr. f. by *Waken*, out of *Lisette* 2
 Any odds on *Rufus*. Won by a length.

THURSDAY, October 6.—PORT SWEEPSTAKES of 150 sovs. each, h. ft.: for colts, 8st. 7st; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—R. M.—To bring one to the post.—Eight subscribers.

Duke of Portland's c. *Mortgage*, by *Teasdale*, out of *Pledge* (J. Day) 1
 Election 2
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. *Tontine*, by *Lord Exeter's ch. c. Enamel*, by *Phantom* 3
 Five to 4 agst *Enamel*, 2 to 1 agst the winner, and 3 to 1 agst *Tontine*. Won by a neck.

THE KING'S PLATE of 100gs.:—for four-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12st.; and aged, 12st.—R. C.

Mr. Bloss's ch. f. *Double Entendre*, by *Comus*, 4 yrs old (Arnall) 1
 Duke of Grafton's br. m. *Zinc*, 5 yrs old 3
 Colonel Wilson's br. h. *Oscar*, 5 yrs old 2
 Mr. Percy's ch. m. *Proseody*, aged 4
 Five to 2 agst *Double Entendre*, 5 to 2 agst *Oscar*, and 5 to 2 agst *Zinc*. Won by half a length.

MATCH for 50, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Huntingfield's ch. f. *Verbina*, by *Comus*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (Robinson) ... 1
 Mr. Lee's br. f. *Madeline*, 2 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2
 Two to 1 on *Verbina*. Won by two lengths.

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1825.

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MATCH for 100, h. ft.—First half of Ab. M.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. <i>Infelix</i> , by Phantom, dam by Stride, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Robinson).....	1	Mr. Molony's br. h. Cider, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2
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Two to 1 on *Infelix*. Won by half a length.

The TOWN PURSE of 50L. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.

Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. <i>Stumps</i> , by Whalebone, out of Scotins (Arnall)....	1	Mr. Thorahill's br. f. <i>Surprise</i> , by Scud.....	2
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Rive to 1 on *Stumps*. Won by a length.

FRIDAY, October 7.—MATCH for Two Hundred, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's c. <i>Lionel Lincoln</i> , by Whalebone, out of Aaron's dam, 8st. 3lb. (Goodisson).....	1	Mr. Batson's ch. c. Hogarth, by Rubens, 8st. 7lb.	2
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Five to 4 agst *Lionel Lincoln*. Won by a neck.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1825.

MONDAY, October 17.—MATCH for Two Hundred, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each—T.Y.C.

Sir J. Shelley's b. f. <i>Lela</i> , by Waterloo, out of Scheherazade (Robinson).....	1	Lord Anson's b. f. by Bustard, out of Maid of Orleans	2
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Two to 1 on *Lela*. Won by a head.

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Nowel's c. <i>The Link Boy</i> , by Aladdin, out of Doll Tearsheet, 2 yrs old, 7st. (R. Boyce)	1	Captain Rous's Rigmorol, by Soother, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2
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Two to 1 agst the winner.

The GARDEN STAKES of 100 sovs. each, T.M.M.—Six subscribers.

Lord Verulam's ch. f. <i>Vitellina</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (Conolly).....	1	Duke of Rutland's b. f. <i>Adeliza</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. <i>Bizarre</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2	General Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Crockery</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	4

Eleven to 8 agst *Bizarre*, 3 to 1 agst *Vitellina*, and 4 to 1 agst *Adeliza*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—Ab. M.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Reformer</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (S. Chifney) 1	Lord Exeter's b. m. <i>Palais Royal</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2
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Three to 1 agst *Reformer*. Won easy.

Third and Last Year.—One-third of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 9lb.; fillies, 8st. 6lb.—A. F.—Ten subscribers.

Lord Egremont's br. c. <i>Camel</i> , by Whalebone, dam by Selim (Arnall)...	1	Teesdale, out of Pledge	3
Duke of York's b. f. <i>Dahlia</i> , by Phantom 2		Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Tontine</i> , by Election	4
Duke of Portland's br. c. <i>Mortgage</i> , by Six to 4 on <i>Camel</i> . Won by three quarters of a length.			

Lord Orford's b. c. *Orion*, 8st. 11lb. recd. ft. from Lord Exeter's b. h. *Athenian*, 8st. 7lb. T.Y.C. 200, h. ft.

Mr. Greville's b. c. *Don Carlos*, 8st. 9lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Thornhill's br. f. *Surprise*; 8st. D. I. 100.

Captain Rous's *Conviction*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. recd. ft. from Lord Huntingfield's br. f. *The Lark*, by Partisan, 3 yrs old, 8st. A. F. 100, h. ft.

Mr. Pettit's br. c. *Retreat*, by Comus, out of Advance, 9st. agst Mr. Greville's ch. f. *Elizabeth*, by Rainbow, out of Belvoirina, 7st. 7lb. T.Y.C. 100. Off.

TUESDAY, October 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Rogers's br. c. <i>Flounder</i> , by Hammer, out of Harriet's dam (Buckle) 1	Mr. Pettit's br. c. <i>Retreat</i> , by Comus, ...	2
Seven to 4 agst the winner, and 3 to 1 agst <i>Retreat</i> . Won by a length.	Mr. Cooper's b. f. <i>Gertrude</i> , by Annals; 3	

MATCH for 900, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—T.Y.C.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Cramer</i> , by Election, out of <i>Caght</i> (Buckle)	1	Mr. Thorahill's ch. c. <i>Hogarth</i> , by Rubens	2
Six to 4 on <i>Cramer</i> .		Won by a length.	

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—T.Y.C.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Powllett's br. h. <i>Logic</i> , by Selim, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Day)	1	Mr. Forth's bl. c. <i>Black Jack</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	3
Mr. Wortley's b. f. <i>Gironette</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	Mr. Hunter's br. f. by Orville— <i>Pippylina</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	4
Six to 4 on <i>Logic</i> .		Won by two lengths.	

FIFTY POUNDS, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.: and fillies, 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C.

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. by <i>Whalebone</i> , dam by <i>Teddy</i> , out of a Sister to <i>Wanderer</i> (Arnall)	1	Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Paul Jones</i> , by Partisan	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Rogers's br. c. by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , dam by <i>Clinker</i>	0	Mr. Ruah's br. f. by <i>Pioneer</i> , out of <i>Eleanor</i>	0
General Grosvenor's b. f. by <i>Abjer</i> , out of <i>Mite</i>	0	Mr. Hunter's ch. f. by <i>Couras</i> , out of <i>Sprightly</i>	0
Mr. Goddard's b. c. by <i>Smolensko</i> , out of <i>Norah</i>	0	Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by <i>Abjer</i> — <i>Spinning Jenny</i>	0
Five to 2 on <i>Paul Jones</i> .		Won by half a length.	

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. <i>Shadow</i> , by Phantom, 8st. 6lb. (Robinson)	1	Lord Anson's b. f. <i>Ida</i> , by <i>Smolensko</i> , 8st. 2lb.	2
Eleven to 10 on <i>Shadow</i> .		Won by half a length.	

One Third of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 10lb.; fillies, 8st. 7lb.—D.I.—Ten subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Fucelle</i> , by <i>Muley</i> , out of <i>Medora</i> (Barnard)	1	Colonel Wilson's b. c. <i>Angur</i> , by <i>Interpreter</i> — <i>Spotless</i>	2
Four to 1 on <i>Angur</i> .		Won by a length.	

Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Middleton*, 8st. 3lb. rec. ft. from Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. *Ganymede*, 8st. 2lb. D.M. 200, h. ft.

Duke of Grafton's c. *Paul Jones*, by Partisan, 7st. rec. 70 from Lord Huntingfield's ch. f. *Verbina*, 8st. 7lb. T.Y.C. 200, h. ft.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. *Crepone*, agst Mr. Greville's br. f. by *Smolensko*, out of *Jerboa*, 8st. 4lb. each, T.Y.C., 100 sovs. h. ft. Off by consent.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19.—MATCH for 50.—Two-year-old Course.

Mr. Rogers's br. c. <i>Flounder</i> , by <i>Hazard</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Buckle) ...	1	Mr. Greville's br. f. by <i>Smolensko</i> , out of <i>Jerboa</i> , 2 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2
Seven to 4 agst <i>Flounder</i> .		Won easy.	

MATCH for 50 sovs.—T.Y.C.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. <i>Lilias</i> , by <i>Amadis</i> , out of <i>Piquet</i> , 2 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. (Buckle, jun.)	1	Captain Rous's b. f. <i>Witch</i> , 4 yrs. old, 6st.	2
Three to 1 agst <i>Lilias</i> .		Won by half a length.	

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Two-year-old Course.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Nowell's <i>The Link Boy</i> , by <i>Aladdin</i> , out of <i>Doll Tearheet</i> , 2 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (R. Boyce)	1	Sir J. Shelley's b. c. <i>Infelix</i> , 3 yrs, 8st. 3	2
Six to 5 on <i>Infelix</i> , and 7 to 2 agst the winner.		Lord Stradbroke's gr. c. <i>Second Sight</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3

THE OCTOBER OATLANDS STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for horses of all ages, two-year-olds excepted.—B. M.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Don Carlos</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	0	Mr. Wyndham's Brother to <i>Addy</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	0
Mr. Greville and Mr. Wyndham divided the stake.			

THURSDAY, October 20.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, 60 ft.;
colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D.I.—Thirteen subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Bolero</i> , by Partisan, out of Minuet (Buckle).....	1	Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Woful, out of Sister to Nectar	3
Lord Clarendon's b. c. by Partisan.....	2	Lord G. H. Cavendish's bl. c. Black Cat, by Bourbon	4
Skipjack's dam	2		

Two to 1 on *Bolero*. Won by a length.

HANDICAP PURSE of 100l. for four, five, six years old, and aged horses.—A.F.
Mr. Bloom's ch. f. *Double Entendre*, by Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (Clift) ... 1

Duke of Grafton's br. m. Zinc, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Percy's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , aged, 8st. 6lb.	0	Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Spermaceti</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0
Colonel Wilson's br. h. <i>Oscar</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	0	Lord Tavistock's ch. c. <i>Shadow</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	0

Two to 1 agst *Shadow*, 5 to 2 agst *Double Entendre*, 6 to 1 agst *Zinc*, and 6 to 1 agst *Spermaceti*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100 h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Wortley's b. f. <i>Scandal</i> , Sister to Scratch, by Selim, 8st. 8lb. (Arnall)...	1	Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Cramer</i> , 8st. ...	2
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Seven to 4 on *Scandal*. Won very easy.

The TOWN PLATE of 50l. —for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 1lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—T.M.M.—The winner to be sold for 900gs. &c.

Mr. Pettit's ch. g. <i>Cataline</i> , by Cerberus, aged (Robinson)	1	ter to Nectar, 3 yrs old	3
Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Attica</i> , by Comus, 3 yrs old	2	Mr. Goddard's b. f. <i>Protemion</i> , 3 yrs ...	4
Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Woful—Sister to Nectar, 3 yrs old	3	Duke of Portland's b. c. <i>Egyptian</i> , 4 yrs, & Mr. Meynell's br. f. by Orville, out of Doctor Busby's dam, 3 yrs old	6

Two to 1 agst *Cataline*, and 5 to 2 agst *Egyptian*.

Mr. Powlett's *Logic*, 8st. 9lb. rec. 50 from Mr. Thornhill's Reformer, 8st. T.Y.C. 100.

Mr. Greville's *Dahila*, 8st. 5lb. rec. ft. from Lord Exeter's b. m. *Palais Royal*, 8st. 8lb. D.M. 200, h. ft.

Mr. Powlett's br. b. *Logic*, 8st. 11lb. rec. 20 from Sir J. Shelley's b. c. *Infelix*, 7st. 7lb., first half of Ab.M. 100, h. ft.

Mr. Greville's b. c. *Don Carlos*, 8st. 5lb. agst Mr. Pettit's b. c. *Cadix*, by Ebor, 8st. D.M. 100. **Q.E.**

FRIDAY, October 21.—MATCH for 50 sovs.—Two-year-old Course.

Mr. Pettit's ch. f. <i>Leeway</i> , by Aladdin, 8st. 8lb. (J. Robinson)	1	Mr. Lee's br. f. <i>Madeline</i> , 8st.	2
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Two to 1 on *Leeway*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—A.F.

Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. <i>Stumps</i> , by Whalebone, out of Scutina, 8st. (Arnall)	1	Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Fuselle</i> , by Mureley, 8st. 8lb.	2
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Six to 4 agst *Stumps*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100, h. ft., 8st. 4lb. each.—T.Y.C.

General Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Crockery</i> , by Rabena, dam by Dick Andrews (S. Day)	1	Lord Anson's b. f. <i>Ina</i> , by Smolensko ...	2
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Seven to 4 on *Crockery*. Won by three quarters of a length.

RENEWAL of the PREDEBEGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 1st. 8lb.; fillies, 8st. 8lb.—Two-year-old Course.—Twenty-seven subscribers.

Mr. Wortley's b. c. <i>Crusader</i> , by Cervantes, out of Octaviana (Robinson)...	1	Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Abjer—Spinning Jenny	0	Sir J. Byng's c. <i>Skirmisher</i> , by Smolensko, out of Skipjack's dam	0
Mr. Rogers' c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker	0	Lord Grosvenor's b. f. by Waterloo—Interpreter's dam	0
Duke of Grafton's b. f. <i>Lilias</i> , by Amadis	0	Mr. Wyndham's f. by Whalebone, out of Elfrid's dam	0

Seven to 4 on *Crusader*, 5 to 1 agst *Skirmisher*, and 9 to 1 agst *Goshawk*. Won by three quarters of a length.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1825.

MONDAY, October 31.—Third and Last Year—One Third of a Subscription of 25 sovs. each:—for five year olds, 8st. 8lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 3lb.—B. C.—Ten Subscribers.

Colonel Wilson's bl. m. <i>Black Daphne</i> , 5 yrs old (Goodison)	1	Duke of Grafton's br. m. <i>Zinc</i> , 5 yrs old	2
Seven to 4 agst <i>Black Daphne</i> . Won easy.			

MATCH for 100, 8st. 8lb. each.—First half of Ab. M.

Captain Rous's b. f. <i>Witch</i> , by South- sayer, 4 yrs old (Robinson)	1	Sir J. Shelley's b. c. <i>Infelix</i> , by Phae- tom, 3 yrs old	2
Two to 1 agst <i>Witch</i> . Won by half a length.			

MATCH for 100.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Wortley's b. f. <i>Gironette</i> , by Parti- san, 8st. 2lb. (Arnall)	1	Duke of Grafton's b. f. <i>Rebecca</i> , by Soothsayer, 8st. 5lb.	2
Six to 4 on <i>Gironette</i> . Won by a length.			

MATCH for 500.—A. F.

Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Don Carlos</i> , by Election, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Goodison) 1	1	Mr. Thornhill's br. f. <i>Surprise</i> , by Sand, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	2
Seven to 4 agst <i>Don Carlos</i> . Won easy.			

MATCH for 100.—Ab. M.

Mr. Powlett's br. h. <i>Logic</i> , by Selim, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (J. Day)	1	Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Don Carlos</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2
Even betting. Won by half a length.			

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—Ab. M.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Reformer</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (Chifney) 1	1	Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Cramer</i> , by Elec- tion, 3 yrs old, 8st.	2
Six to 4 on <i>Reformer</i> . Won by a length.			

MATCH for 100.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by <i>Whalebone</i> , 8st. 7lb. (W. Arnall)	1	Duke of Grafton's b. f. <i>Lilias</i> , by Ama- dis, 8st.	2
Even betting. Won by a length.			

MATCH for 50.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Molony's br. h. <i>Cinder</i> , by Woful, 5 yrs old, 10st. (W. Arnall)	1	General Grosvenor's <i>The Palfrey</i> , by Abjer, 2 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2
Six to 5 agst <i>Cinder</i> . Won by a length.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft.—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Five subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Goshawk*, by Merlin, out of *Coquette*..... walked over.

General Grosvenor's b. c. *Crockery*, 8st. 4lb. rec. 100 from Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Middleton*, by Phantom, 8st. 13lb. T. Y. C. 150 sovereigns.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Rafus*, rec. 100 from Lord Exeter's *Enamel*, 8st. 5lb. each, A. F. 300, h. ft.

Lord Jersey's *Middleton*, 8st. 7lb. rec. 50 from Mr. Greville's *Don Carlos*, 8st. 4lb. Ab. M. 200, h. ft.

TUESDAY, November 1.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.—Eleven subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. <i>Pucelle</i> , by Muley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Barnard) 1	1	Mr. Molony's br. h. <i>Cinder</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Wilson's <i>Dumps</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 0	0	Mr. Goddard's <i>Pretension</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. 0	0
Captain Rous's ch. c. <i>Conviction</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	0	Cooper's b. f. <i>Gertrude</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. 0	0
Lord Jersey's <i>Adonis</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ...	0	Lord Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Bonduca</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	0

Three to 1 agst *Adonis*, 4 to 1 agst *Pucelle*, and 8 to 1 agst *Cinder*. Won by a head.

MATCH for 150, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Paul Jones</i> , by Partisan, 2 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (Buckle, jun.) 1	1	Lord Anson's b. f. <i>Ina</i> , by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2
Five to 4 on <i>Buckle</i> . Won by a length.			

FIFTY POUNDS—for two-year-olds, carrying a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Last three miles of B. C.—The winner, with his engagements, to be sold for 300*gu.*, &c.

Mr. Pettit's ch. f. <i>Leeway</i> , by Aladdin, 2 yrs old (G. Shelford)	1	old	2
Lord Tavistock's ch. c. Shadow, 4 yrs	1	Mr. Hunter's br. f. by Orville, out of Pipylina, 3 yrs old	2
The following also started but were not placed:			
Lord Jersey's br. c. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old	0	of Sister to Nectar, 3 yrs old	0
Mr. Greville's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Scamew, 3 yrs old	0	Lord Exeter's b. f. Attica, by Comus, 3 yrs old	0
Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Weful, out of Five to 4 agst Shadow, and 12 to 1 agst Leeway. Won easy.		Mr. Melony's br. h. Cinder, 6 yrs old	0

HANDICAP PURSE of 100*l.*, for four-year-olds, and upwards.—Ditch-in.
 Lord Anson's b. c. *Sligo*, by Waxy 1 | Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. Bizarre, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. | 3 || Pope, 4 yrs old, 7st. 16lb. (Clift) | 1 | Mr. W. Jones's br. h. Orator, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. | 4 |
| Lord Exeter's ch. h. Zealot, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. | 2 | Five to 4 on Bizarre, 2 to 1 agst Sligo, and 6 to 1 agst Zealot. Won by a length. | |

WEDNESDAY, November 2.—MATCH for One Hundred, h. ft.—T.Y.C.
 Mr. Greville's br. f. *Fawn*, by Smolensko, out of Jerboa, 7st. 12lb. (Buckle), 1 1 | Duke of Richmond's b. c. The Link Boy, 8st. 5lb. | 2 || Five to 4 agst Fawn. Won by a length. | | | |

THE BILDRETON STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—T.Y.C.—Four subscribers.

Sir J. Byng's b. c. <i>Skirmisher</i> , by Smolensko, out of Skipjack's dam (Clift), 1	1	by Sir Peter	2
Mr. Smith's b. f. by Smolensko. dam Two to 1 on Skirmisher, and 8 to 1 agst Mr. Smith's filly. Won by a length.		Mr. R. Wilson's ch. f. by Smolensko or Young Chilton	3

FIFTY POUNDS, for two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; and three, 6st. 10lb.—T.Y.C.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. *Ariel*, by Phantom, out of Oracle's dam, 3 yrs (Barnard), 1 1 | Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Muley, dam by Scud or Sorcerer, out of a Sister to Petworth, 3 yrs old | 3 || Sir J. Shelley's b. f. Leila, 2 yrs old | 2 | The following also started but were not placed: | |

Mr. C. F. Hilton's ch. c. Wildwood, 3 yrs old	0	General Grosvenor's b. f. by Abjer, out of Mite, 2 yrs old	0
Lord Warwick's c. by Crecy, out of Cardinal Puff's dam, 3 yrs old	0	Duke of Portland's br. c. Mortgage, 3 yrs old	0
Mr. Goddard's b. c. by Smolensko—Nash, 2 yrs old	0	Mr. Hunter's ch. f. by Comus, out of Sprightly, 2 yrs old	0
Lord Clarendon's b. c. Brother to Skiff, 3 yrs old	0	Duke of Richmond's b. c. The Link Boy, by Aladdin, out of Doll Tear-sheet, 2 yrs old	0
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Bonduca, 3 yrs, 8 yrs old	0	Mr. Pettie's br. c. Retreat, 3 yrs old	0
Lord G. H. Cavendish's bl. c. Black Cat, 3 yrs old	0	Mr. Greville's br. f. Fawn, by Smolensko, 2 yrs old	0
Lord Verulam's b. c. by Weful, dam by Meteor, 2 yrs old	0	Three to 1 agst Ariel, and 10 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's c. Won by a length.	

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T.Y.C.
 Mr. Wortley's b. f. *Girouette*, by Partisan, 8st. (Arnall) 1 | Lord Orford's b. c. Orion, by Phantom, 8st. 8lb. | 2 || Six to 5 on Girouette. Won by a head. | | | |

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T.Y.C.
 Mr. Wyndham's br. c. *Camel*, by Whalebone, 8st. 3lb. (Arnall) 1 | Mr. Wilson's b. c. Tarandus, 8st. 7lb. | 2 || Five to 4 agst Camel. Won by a length. | | | |

FIFTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds and upwards.—A.F.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. *Tontine*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 0 | 7st. 12lb. | 3 || Mr. Hunter's gr. f. by Walton, out of Lisette, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. | 0 | Lord Foley's b. f. by Smolensko, out of First-fly, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. | 4 |
| Mr. Greville's b. f. Dahlia, 3 yrs old, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. | | Captain Rous's ch. c. Conviction, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. | 5 |

Two to 1 agst Dahlia, 7 to 2 agst Mr. Hunter's f. and 4 to 1 agst Tontine. After the dead heat Tontine walked over, and the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Hunter divided the plate.

Mr. Prendergast's ch. f. by Rainbow, out of Jannette, recd. ft. from the Duke of Rutland's ch. c. by Woful, out of Pennyrumpet, 8st. 3lb. each. Ab. M. 100, h. ft.

Mr. Pettit's *Retreat*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. rec. ft. from Colonel Wilson's c. by Abjer, 2 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. T.Y.C. 50, h. ft.

THURSDAY, November 3.—MATCH for 150 sovs. h. ft. 8st. 5lb. each.—Ab. M.

Duke of Rutland's b. f. <i>Adeliza</i> , by Soothsayer (Robinson).....	1	General Grosvenor's b. c. Crockery, by Rubens.....	2
Five to 4 on <i>Adeliza</i> . Won easy.			

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, and upwards.—T.Y.C.—Twelve subscribers.

Lord Exeter's b. m. <i>Palais Royal</i> , by Blucher, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Robinson) 1	Mr. Molony's br. h. Cinder, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Powlett's br. h. Logic, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	0	Lord Warwick's b. c. by Crecy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	0
Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Spermaceci</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	0	Mr. Pettit's br. c. <i>Retreat</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	0
Duke of Grafton's Rebecca, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0	Mr. Forbes's b. c. by Selim, dam by Ditto, out of an Arabian mare, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0
Mr. Pettit's b. c. Cadiz, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	0		

Seven to 4 agst Logic, 6 to 1 agst *Palais Royal*, and 8 to 1 agst Cinder. Won by a neck.

MATCH for 100, 8st. 7lb. each.—Ab. M.

Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Don Carlos</i> (Goodison)	} dead
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Reformer</i> (Chifney).....	
Six to 5 on Don Carlos.	

SUBSCRIPTION HANDICAP PLATE of 50l. for three-year-olds, and upwards: Ditch-in.

Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. <i>Stumps</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (Buckle, jun.)	1	Col. Wilson's bl. m. Black Daphne, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Molony's br. h. Cinder, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	0	Duke of Rutland's b. c. El Dorado, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	0
Mr. Lambton's b. m. <i>Spermaceci</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0	Mr. Rush's b. c. by Pioneer, out of Ringtail, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	0

Six to 4 agst *Stumps*, and 8 to 1 agst Black Daphne. Won by a neck.

Duke of Grafton's *Rufus*, 8st. 13lb. rec. 60 from Mr. Thornhill's *Surprise*, 8st. 4lb. D. L. 200, h. ft.

FRIDAY, November 4.—MATCH for 50.—Two-year-old Course.

Sir J. Byng's b. c. <i>Skirmisher</i> , by Smo- lensko, out of Skipjack's dam, 8st. 7lb. (Arnall)	1	Mr. Lee's br. f. Madeline, by Smolen- sko, 8st.	2
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Five to 2 on *Skirmisher*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Lord Orford's b. c. <i>Orion</i> , by Phantom, 8st. 5lb. (Roberts).....	1	Mr. Wilson's b. c. <i>Tarsudus</i> , 8st. 7lb.	2
Six to 5 agst Orion. Won by half a length.			

MATCH for 100.—T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's b. m. <i>Palais Royal</i> , by Blucher, 5 yrs, 9st. 3lb. (Robinson)...	1	Mr. Greville's Flounder, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	2
Seven to 4 agst <i>Palais Royal</i> . Won by a neck.			

MATCH for 200, h. ft., 8st. 5lb. each.—D. M.

Mr. Wortley's b. f. <i>Scandal</i> , Sister to Scratch, by Selim (Robinson).....	1	Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Camel, by Whalebone.....	2
Five to 4 on <i>Scandal</i> . Won by half a length.			

MATCH for 25 sovs.—First half of Ab. M.

Sir J. Shelley's b. f. <i>Lella</i> , 8st. 9lb. (Robinson).....	1	General Grosvenor's The Palfrey, 8st.	2
Two to 1 on <i>Lella</i> . Won by half a length.			

The AUDLEY END STAKES of 30 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, two-year-olds excepted.—A.E.C.

Lord Anson's b. c. <i>Sligo</i> , by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Arnall)....	1	Mr. Hunter's gr. f. by Walton, out of Lassette, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.....	3
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Cramer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2	Lord Exeter's ch. h. Zealot, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	pd.

Two others paid 10 sovs. each. Seven to 4 on *Sligo*, and 4 to 1 agst Cramer. Won by a head.

Lord Anson's *Ina*, 8st. 13lb., rec. ft. from Duke of Grafton's *Lilias*, 7st. 7lb., T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

Mr. Molony's br. h. Cinder, 10st., agst Mr. Pickford's c. by Abjer, out of Sister to Petworth, 7st., T.Y.C., 50 h.ft. Off by consent.

WALSALL MEETING, STAFFORDSHIRE, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 10 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One-mile heats. Four subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. f. *Madame Poki*, by Paulowitz.....walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 20 added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—To start at the bottom of the Hill.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Claudia</i> , by Paulowitz (Spring).....	1	Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Milo, dam by Alexander	2
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SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough bred, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Fitzwilliam</i> , by Fitzjames, 5 yrs old (Mr. Meek)...	1	1	Mr. J. Jeason's Wolverhampton Mary, aged	5	4
Mr. E. Phillips's br. g. Sir Edward, 6 yrs old.....	2	2	Mr. S. Perkins's b. g. by Hambleton Jack, 4 yrs old.....	3	fell.
Mr. Kempton's b. g. High Lurcher, 4 yrs old.....	4	3	Mr. R. Barber's b. g. by Hercules, 4 yrs old	5	dr.

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Anson's b. c. <i>SHgo</i> , by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Spring)	0	1	1
Mr. Twanlow's ch. f. by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....	0	2	2
Mr. Yates's <i>Madame Poki</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	1	3	dr.
Mr. Tongue's b. h. The Agent, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	0	4	dr.

THURSDAY, September 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 10gs. added, for all ages.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Painter's br. f. <i>Sarsaparilla</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Cheswase)	1	3	1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. h. Libertine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	3	1	2
Mr. Gisborne's br. h. Charnwood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	4	2	dr.
Mr. Tongue's ch. h. Masame, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2	dc.	

Won by a head.

GOLD CUP, in specie, by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Three miles and a distance.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. <i>Arachne</i> , by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (Picken).....	1	6st. 10lb.....	2
Mr. Adam's br. f. Susan, 3 yrs old,		Mr. Gisborne's br. h. Charnwood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3

Won by half a length.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Tongue's ch. h. <i>Mazame</i> , (Gate Hero,) by Williamson's Ditto, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Farlow).....	1	1	Mr. Hill's gr. f. Niobe, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	2	3
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A MATCH for 30 sovs. 10st. 7lb. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Sudbury's b. g. <i>Worthy</i> , by Woodman, 4 yrs old	1	1	Mr. Kempton's High Lurcher, by Woodman, 4 yrs old	2	3
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LINCOLN MEETING, 1895.

WEDNESDAY, September 28.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for mares:—four-year-olds, 8st. 4lb.; five, 9st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Haworth's gr. <i>Miana</i> , by Camillus, 5 yrs old, (G. Nelson).....	1	1	Dr. Willis's b. Fawn, by Diamond, 5 yrs old.....	2	dr
Mr. Jenkinson's gr. <i>Rachel</i> , 6 yrs old	3	2	Won easy.		

A SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Last half mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Hutton's br. f. <i>Leon</i> , by Seagrave, out of Hippo-damia (Norman).....	1	1	Mansfield's dam	3
Mr. T. Houldsworth's ch. c. <i>His Worship</i> , by Magistrate, out of Miller of			Dr. Willis' b. c. Partner, by Pope, dam by Haphazard	3
			Won very easy.	

THE CHAMPION STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 30 sovs. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. J. Uppleby's gr. f. <i>Camellina</i> , by Camillus, dam by Smolensko (Nelson)	1	1	Colonel King's ch. f. Ultima, by Bourdon	3
			Dr. Willis' br. c. Wildair, by The Flyer	3
Won easy.				

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for hunters, 11st. 11lb.—Two-mile heats. Five subscribers.

Mr. Brook's b. m. <i>Swallow</i> , by Cardinal York, 6 yrs old (The Owner)	1	1	Mr. Smith's b. g. Lamphin, aged...	2	dr
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THURSDAY, September 29.—The CITY PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Uppleby's gr. f. <i>Camellina</i> , by Camillus, 3 yrs old, 7st. (T. Lye)	1	1	8st. 2lb.....	2	3
Dr. Willis's b. m. Fawn, 5 yrs old,			Mr. W. Stevenson's b. f. by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	3	3

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. Longden's bl. or br. m. <i>Twist</i> , by Pericles, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (Mr. Platel).....	1	1	Mr. J. L. Nixon's br. g. Silk worm, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	2	3
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THE WELTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Brooke's b. m. <i>Swallow</i> , by Cardinal York, 6 yrs old (Owner).....	1	1	3 yrs old.....	2	dr
Sir R. Sheffield's b. m. by Orion, 6			Mr. Mainwaring's br. g. Silk worm, 6 yrs old.....	3	dr

FARMERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. given by Sir R. Sutton.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Walker's ch. g. by Stavelly, aged, 12st.	1	1	Mr. Marriot's ch. g. by Admiral, aged, 12st.....	dia
Mr. Greetham's b. m. <i>Finesse</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.....	2	2	Mr. Redgate's br. m. by Heteroclite, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.....	dia

FRIDAY, September 30.—A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.—Nineteen subscribers.

Mr. Haworth's gr. m. <i>Miana</i> , by Camillus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (G. Nelson)...	1	1	Mr. Whitaker's br. h. Lottery, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	
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SEVENTY GUINEAS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. <i>Confederate</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (T. Lye)	1	1	Mr. Longden's ch. f. Conviction, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	3	3
Mr. Haworth's gr. m. <i>Minna</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	4	2	Mr. Whitaker's br. h. Lottery, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2	dr

Mr. Stevenson's roan pony, Hark Forward, aged, received ft. from Mr. Newton's mare, by Cervantes. Catch weights. Four-mile heats, 50 sovs. each, 10 ft.

MATCH for 100 sovs. 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.

Mr. Jackson's b. g. <i>Crosby</i> , by St. Vincent, 6 yrs old.....	walked	over
Mr. Thistlewood's br. g. <i>Master Frankish</i>	paid	

BRECON MEETING, 1895.

THURSDAY, September 29.—A PLATE of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Pryse's ch. b. <i>Dr. Eady</i> , by Rubens, aged, 9st. 9lb. (T. Howard)	1 1	4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	3 2
Captain Davies's ch. f. <i>Fiddle-de-dee</i> ,		Mr. King's ch. g. <i>Little Thomas</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	2 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. J. H. Powell's b. h. <i>Sweetbriar</i> , aged, 11st. (Bowman)	1 1	Mr. E. G. Scroope's <i>Jessy</i> , by Poulton, aged, 10st. 11lb.....	3 dr.
Mr. G. M. Powell's b. c. <i>Wisp</i> , by Currycomb, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb....	4 2	Mr. D. Davies's b. m. by Poulton, 5 yrs old, 9st. 8lb.....	5 dis.
Captain Davies's b. g. <i>Uncle John</i> , aged, 11st. 2lb..... (broke down)	2 dis.	Mr. J. J. Guest's br. g. <i>Gower</i> , by Scarecrow, 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. dis.	

This race was disputed on the ground of *Sweetbriar's* being thorough bred, and the stakes claimed by the owner of *Wisp*, who walked over for a third heat. The decision to be made within ten days.

FRIDAY, September 30.—A PLATE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Captain Davies's b. m. <i>Mima</i> , by Grimaldi, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (J. Cordwell)	1 1	6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.....	2 2
Mr. C. Day's ch. m. <i>Ynysmaengwyn</i> ,		Mr. King's ch. g. <i>Little Thomas</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	3 3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for hunters.—Three-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. R. D. Gough's b. g. <i>Pavilion</i> , aged, 12st. 5lb. (Owner)	2 1 1		
Mr. J. H. Powell's b. h. <i>Sweetbriar</i> , aged, 12st. 5lb.....	1 2 dr.		
Mr. Walker's bl. m. <i>Tenbury Lass</i> , aged, 12st. 7lb.....	3 3 dr.		
Mr. J. J. Guest's <i>Gower</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	4 4 dr.		
Captain Davies's b. g. <i>Uncle John</i> , aged.....			broke down.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. W. Williams's <i>Faith</i>	1 1	Mr. J. H. Powell's <i>Shamrock</i>	3 3
Mr. J. Walker's <i>Tenbury Lass</i>	2 2	Mr. Price's <i>Nimrod</i>	4 4

The Stakes are withheld from *Faith*, it being alleged that she is thoroughbred.

TEWKESBURY MEETING, 1895.

THURSDAY, September 29.—The HAM STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Howse's b. c. <i>Worwick</i> , Brother to Cardinal Puff, 4 yrs old.....	2 1 1		
Mr. West's b. f. <i>Mystery</i> , by Phantom, 3 yrs old.....	1 2 3		
Mr. Wood's b. g. <i>Uncle Ben</i>	4 2 2		
Mr. Thorne's b. m. <i>Jessy</i>	3 4 dr.		

Won by a neck.

The **HUNTERS' STAKE** of five sovs. each, with 15 added, was won by Mr. Ballinger's ch. g. *Trooper*, by *Milidiaman*, aged.

MATCH for 200 sovs.

Mr. Margett's b. p. by <i>Doubtful</i>	1	Mr. Bruton's b. p. <i>Captain Rock</i>	2
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The **TOWN PLATE** of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Griffith's b. m. <i>Palatine</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old.....	1 1	Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. <i>Rarity</i> , 4 yrs, 3 2	
		Mr. Astley's b. h. <i>Belmont</i> , 6 yrs, 2 dr.	

Four others started. A good race.

FRIDAY, September 30.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Wood's br. f. <i>Rosario</i> , by Little Joe, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	1 1	old, 7st. 4lb.....	2 2
Mr. Barley's b. c. <i>Congoan</i> , 3 yrs		Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. <i>Rarity</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	3 dr.

Three others started. Two to 1 on the field.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Griffith's br. m. <i>Palatine</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1	1	Mr. Day's ch. c. Burgundy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2	d.
Mr. Howe's b. c. Warwick, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 4	2	Mr. West's br. f. Mystery, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3	d.

Six to 4 on *Palatine*: after the first heat, 2 to 1 on her.

MATCH for 50 sovs.

Mr. Fryer's b. g. <i>Why-not</i> , aged 1	1	Mr. Talley's ch. g. Confessor 2
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RICHMOND MEETING, YORKSHIRE, 1885.

TUESDAY, October 4.—The MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l. for maiden horses, &c.:—three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 10lb.; five, 8st. 2lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 7lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Vansittart's b. f. <i>Dartoleito</i> , 3 yrs old (J. Gray) 1	1	Mr. Lambton's ch. f. Figurate, 3 yrs old 3	3
Mr. Hutchinson's br. h. Conspiracy, 5 yrs old 2	2	Lord Kelburne's ch. f. Purity, by Octavian, 3 yrs old fell.	

Five to 4 on Purity.

SWEETSTAKES of 30gs. each, for three-year-olds.—Once round.—Four subscribers.

Mr. J. Robinson's br. f. by Catton, dam by Hambletonian, 8st. 3lb. (Smith) ... 1	1	Lord Kennedy's b. c. Homer, by Catton, 8st. 6lb. 2	2
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Five to 2 on Homer. Won easy at the end.

SWEETSTAKES of 30gs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—Once round.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's br. f. <i>Magneria</i> , by Ardrossan, dam by Colonel (S. Tem- pleman) 1	1	Major O. Gore's ch. f. Vitula, by Catton, 2 Falls 2	2
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Five to 4 on Vitula.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—Two miles.

Mr. Longden's b. h. <i>Bogtrotter</i> , by Alonso, aged, 9st. 2lb. (Norman) 1	1	Lord Normanby's br. m. Clari, by Ar- drossan, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2	2
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Five to 4 on Clari.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.—SWEETSTAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—From the Grey Stone.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Rolling's b. f. <i>The Grecian Queen</i> , Sister to Homer, by Catton (S. Lee), 1 Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Catton, by The following also started but were not placed:	1	Catton 2	2
Mr. Jaques's b. c. Brother to Ringlet, by Whisker 0	0	Mr. Lambton's b. f. Claudius, by Ebor Orphan 3	3

Even betting on King Catton. A good race, and won by only a neck.

The HORNEY CASTLE STAKES of 30gs. each, 20gs. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Barytes</i> , by Walton (R. Johnson) 1	1	Duke of Leeds's b. c. Crewcatcher, by Blacklock 2	2
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Five to 2 on Barytes. Won easy.

The GOLD CUP of 100gs. value, by subscribers of 10gs. each:—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Russell's b. c. <i>The Alderman</i> , by Bourbon, 3 yrs old (T. Lye) 1	1	Duke of Leeds's br. c. Bluebeard, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old 2	2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Riddell's b. c. Brigand, by XYZ, 3 yrs old 0	0	Mr. Payne's ch. c. Barytes, by Walton, 3 yrs old 0	0
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Six to 4 agst The Alderman, 3 to 1 agst Barytes, and 5 to 1 agst Bluebeard. Won easy.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100*gs.* for five-year-old mares, carrying 10*st.* each.
Four miles.

Lord Normanby's ch. f. <i>Lady Blanche</i> (late <i>Lady Bab</i>), by Bigot, 4 yrs old (W. Scott)..... 1	Mr. Bounthwaite's ch. f. <i>Governess</i> , 4 yrs, 2 Mr. James's b. f. <i>Ringlet</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old..... 3
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Hutchinson's b. f. <i>Landlady</i> , by Bigot, 4 yrs old..... 0	old..... 0
Mr. Kirby's ch. f. by Ardrossan, 4 yrs	Mr. Shipley's b. f. <i>Panorama</i> , by The Giant, 4 yrs old..... 0

Five to 4 on *Lady Bab*, who took the lead, and was never headed. Won cleverly.

THURSDAY, October 6.—A **SILVER CUP**, value 60*gs.*, given by the Corporation, added to a Sweepstakes of 5*gs.* each, for horses, &c. of all ages, that never won 100*gs.* at any time before the day of naming.—Heats, two miles. Seven subscribers.

Lord Normanby's ch. f. <i>Lady Blanche</i> , by Bigot, 4 yrs, 8 <i>st.</i> (W. Scott)... 1 1	by Leopold, 3 yrs, 7 <i>st.</i> (rec. 10 <i>gs.</i>), 2 2
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. <i>Count Porro</i> ,	Mr. Jaques's b. f. <i>Ringlet</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 3 3

Two to 1 on *Lady Blanche*: after the first heat, 5 and 6 to 1 on her. The last heat won with difficulty.

MATCH for 100 *sovs.* h. ft.—One mile and a quarter.

Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Cornet</i> , by Governor, 8 <i>st.</i> 4 <i>lb.</i> 1	Mr. Longden's b. h. <i>Bogtrotter</i> , by Alonzo, 8 <i>st.</i> 12 <i>lb.</i> 2
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Five to 4 on *Bogtrotter*. Won by a head.

THE STAND PURSE of 50 *sovs.* with 50 given by the Right Hon. Lord Dundas, added to a Subscription of five *sovs.* each, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. T. Peime's ch. c. <i>Cymbeline</i> , by Octavian, 3 yrs old, 7 <i>st.</i> 1 <i>lb.</i> 1 1	old, 6 <i>st.</i> 7 <i>lb.</i> 5 3
Mr. Lambton's b. c. <i>Canteen</i> , by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 7 <i>lb.</i> (rec. 25 <i>sovs.</i>)..... 2 2	Mr. Riddell's b. c. <i>Brigand</i> , by XYZ, 3 yrs old, 7 <i>st.</i> 6 <i>lb.</i> 3 dr.
Lord Kelburne's ch. f. <i>Purity</i> , 3 yrs	Mr. Clarke's br. c. <i>Mexico</i> , 3 yrs old, 6 <i>st.</i> 13 <i>lb.</i> 4 dis.

Even betting on *Canteen*, and 3 to 1 agst *Cymbeline*: after the heat, 6 to 1 on *Cymbeline*. A good race.

PERTH MEETING, SCOTLAND, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 *sovs.* by ten subscribers of 10 *sovs.* each, for all ages.—Twice round.

Mr. Maule's ch. h. <i>Ledstone</i> , by Cardinal York or Langton, aged, 8 <i>st.</i> 12 <i>lb.</i> 1	old, 6 <i>st.</i> 12 <i>lb.</i> 2
Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. c. <i>Romulus</i> , 3 yrs	Mr. Grant's gr. c. <i>John Gray</i> , 3 yrs old, 6 <i>st.</i> 12 <i>lb.</i> 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 *sovs.* each, 20 *ft.* for two-year-olds:—colts, 8*st.* 2*lb.*; fillies, 8*st.*—T.Y.C.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Farquharson's b. f. <i>Ada</i> , by Ardrossan..... 1	Prime Minister..... 2
Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. g. <i>Barossa</i> , by	Col. Oswald's b. c. by Prime Minister... 3

An excellent race.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Lord Kennedy's ch. c. <i>North Briton</i> , by Octavian, 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 1 <i>lb.</i> 1 1	Mr. Dobbie's b. h. <i>Theodore</i> , 6 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 10 <i>lb.</i> 2 dr.
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THURSDAY, October 6.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 *sovs.* each, for three and four-year-olds.—Two miles.—Three subscribers.

Sir D. Moncrieffe's gr. c. *Benvorlich*, by Viscount, 3 yrs old, 7*st.* 10*lb.*...walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Lord Kennedy's ch. c. <i>North Briton</i> , by Octavian, 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> ... 1 1	Sir D. Moncrieffe's gr. c. <i>Benvorlich</i> , 3 yrs old, 6 <i>st.</i> 4 <i>lb.</i> 2 dr.
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FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Quarton's b. c. by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old, 7 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> 1 1	Mr. Fraser's gr. c. <i>Richmond</i> , 4 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 7 <i>lb.</i> 2 dr.
Mr. Farquharson's ch. h. <i>North Star</i> , 5 yrs old, 8 <i>st.</i> 1 <i>lb.</i> 3 2	Mr. Grant's gr. c. <i>John Gray</i> , 3 yrs old, 7 <i>st.</i> 5 <i>lb.</i> fell.

FRIDAY, October 7.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—Twice round.

Lord Kennedy's b. c. <i>Stiff</i> , by Partisan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (Boynton)	1	Mr. Manle's ch. h. Lodestone, aged, 8st. 12lb.	2
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An excellent race, and won by a neck.

FIFTY POUNDS. for the beaten horses.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Fraser's gr. c. <i>Richmond</i> , by Grey Middleham, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Boynton)	1	1	3 yrs old, 7st.	2	2
Sir D. Moncrieff's gr. c. Benvarlich,			Mr. Grant's gr. c. John Gray, 3 yrs old, 7st. (belted).....	dis.	

INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH MEETING, CUMBERLAND, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.—MAIDEN PLATE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Edward's br. f. by Walton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	1	1	3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Jaques's ch. m. by Viscount, 6			Mr. Jackson's br. c. Melon, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	3	dr.

Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50s. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. F. Bretherton's b. g. <i>Tawpy</i> , by Young Screveton, 5 yrs, 12st. 5lb. 1	1	1	old, 12st.	3	3
Mr. E. Hassell's ch. g. Inglewood, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.	2	2	Sir T. Hudson's b. g. Charles, aged, 12st.	4	4
Sir P. Musgrave's br. m. Lilly, 6 yrs Six to 4 on Tawpy: after the first heat, 6 to 1 on him. Two excellent heats, and won by half a neck each.			Mr. B. King's b. g. by Cap's-All, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.	5	dr.

THURSDAY, October 6.—FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, given by the Town, for all ages.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Simpson's b. h. <i>Young Corrector</i> , by Corrector, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb. ...	1	1	3 yrs old, 8st.	3	2
Mr. Hudson's b. f. Lady Esby, 4			Mr. Lambton's br. c. Forester, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added.—Heats, two miles. Eight subscribers.

Mr. J. H. Lowther's b. g. <i>Tawpy</i> , by Young Screveton, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb. 1	1	1	old, 8st. 5lb.	2	3
Mr. T. Hudson's b. g. Charles, aged, 9st. 12lb.	3	2	Lord F. Bentinck's br. g. aged, 9st. 12lb.	3	dr.
Mr. Hassell's ch. g. Inglewood, 5 yrs			Mr. E. Hassell's ch. m. Christie, 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.	4	dr.

DUMFRIES MEETING, SCOTLAND, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50s. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. H. Hathorn's ch. c. *Glenlivet*, by Androsman.....walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Southern Meeting, for horses, &c. of all ages. Two mile heats.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. c. <i>Springkell</i> , by Epperton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Finkel)	3	1	1
Mr. Hathorn's ch. c. Glenlivet, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	1	2	3

Even betting before starting. An excellent race.

THURSDAY, October 6.—FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, given by Sir William Jehumstone Hope, Member for the County, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Alexander's b. c. <i>Dowsky</i> , by Epperton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (J. Reay)	1	1	General Sharpe's ro. c. P. P. C., by Whitworth, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ...	2	2
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Two to 1 on Dowsky; after the heat 10 to 1 on him. Easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hudson's b. f. *Isabella*, by Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (J. Reay)..... 3 1 1
 Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. c. *Springkell*, by Epperton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Alexander's b. c. Dunaky, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2 dr.
Isabella the favorite. The first heat won easy; the second and third well contested, and won by a head.

MONMOUTH MEETING, 1895.

THURSDAY, October 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5ga. each, with 20ga. added, for all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Twenty subscribers.

Mr. C. Day's ch. c. *Burgundy*, by Usquebaugh, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. 5 1 1
 Mr. Bodenham's b. f. by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. 1 4 3
 Mr. Dilly's b. f. *Spree*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2 2 2
 Mr. Wood's b. f. *Rosario*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 4 2 dr.
 Mr. Cockburn's ch. f. by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. 3 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the County, for all ages.—Heats, three times round.

Mr. Griffith's br. m. *Palatine*, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. 1 1 | Mr. C. Day's ch. f. Miss West, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2 dr.
 Mr. Cockburn's ch. f. by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 3 2 | Mr. Walker's bl. m. Tenbury Lass, aged, 9st. 5lb. dis.

FRIDAY, October 6.—FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Bartley's b. c. *Congoon*, by Catton, out of Otis, by Bustard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1 1 | Mr. C. Day's ch. m. Ynysmaen-gwyn, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2 2
 Mr. Bailey's b.g. Dotty, aged, 9st. 2lb. 3 3
 An excellent race.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5ga. each, for half-bred horses, 12st.—Gentlemen riders. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. P. Jones's b. m. Jesse 1 1 | Mr. H. Owen's br. m. Charming Nolly 2 2

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l., for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Griffith's br. m. *Palatine*, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. 1 1 | Mr. Walker's bl. m. Tenbury Lass, aged, 7st. 5lb. 3 3
 Mr. Bodenham's b. f. Phantom, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 4 2 | Mr. C. Day's ch. f. Miss West, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2 dr.

RUGELEY MEETING, STAFFORDSHIRE, 1895.

THURSDAY, October 6.—THE BEAU DESERT STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.—One heat, three times round the Course.—Five subscribers, two of whom having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

Mr. Geary's b. f. *Arachne*, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 7st.walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Gisborne's b. f. *Elizabeth*, by Mango, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (W. Lear) 3 1 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Maid of Mansfield, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1 2 dr.
 Mr. Wakefield's Niobe, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2 dr.

FREE HANDICAP STAKES of seven sovs. each, made up 50 from the Fund.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Tench's b. colt, by Ambo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 1 1 | Set. 4lb. 2 2
 Mr. Tongue's Borythanes, 4 yrs old, | Mr. Tomen's br. m. Tripoli, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 3 3

FRIDAY, October 7.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added.—Twice round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Gisborne's b. f. *Susan*, by Mango, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 1 1 | Lord Anson's b. c. Skigo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2 2

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each.—Half a mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Massey's b. f. <i>Claudia</i> , by Paulowitz..... 1	Mr. Wakefield's bay colt, by Mile..... 2
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HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Cork's br. g. by Rinaldo, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb..... 1 1	Mr. Dauncey's b. m. Miss Foote, 6 yrs old, 12st..... 2 4
Mr. Tongue's b. m. Frolic, 6 yrs old, 12st..... 4 2	Mr. Burton's b. g. Troubadour, 4 yrs old, 11st..... 3 d.
Mr. Barnett's b. g. Fearnought, aged, 12st..... 5 3	Mr. Miller's br. g. Tom Starboard, 4 yrs old, 11st..... fell

STAFFORD MEETING, 1825.

TUESDAY, October 11.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25gs. each, 15ga. ft., for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Massey's b. f. <i>Claudia</i> , by Paulowitz (Spring)..... 1	Mr. Gisborne's br. c. Zaniel, by Mango—Stamfordia..... 1
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FIFTY GUINEAS, for horses of all ages.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Twemlow's ch. f. <i>Birth-day</i> , by Blucher, out of Belinda, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (Lear).....	1 5 1
Mr. Geary's br. h. Libertine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	3 2 2
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Alecko, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	0 4 3
Mr. Payne's br. h. Charnwood, 5 yrs old, 8st.....	4 1 fell
Mr. Painter's br. f. Sarsaparilla, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2 3 d.
Mr. Cotes's m. Friendless Fanny, aged, 8st. 12lb.....	0 0 d.
Mr. Hill's b. f. Niobe, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	0 0 d.
Mr. Houldsworth's Miss Forester, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (ran on the wrong side of a post).....	dis.

A HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each: four-year-olds, 10st.; five, 11st.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Miller's br. g. <i>Tom Starboard</i> , 4 yrs old (Whitehouse)..... 1 1	Mr. Barton's b. g. Troubadour, 4 yrs old..... 2 fell
Mr. W. Harding's br. g. Sober Robin, 6 yrs old..... 0 2	Mr. Page's b. g. Albion, 5 yrs old, 0 d.

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Barnett's b. g. Fearnought, by Truth, aged..... 0	Mr. Deakin's ch. g. Cock Robin, 5 yrs old..... 0
Mr. Webb's ch. m. Yorkshire Lass, aged..... 0	Mr. Booth's b. f. Miss Sportly, 4 yrs old..... 0
Mr. H. Cato's ch. f. by Cavendo, 4 yrs old..... 0	Mr. Wakefield's gr. m. Grey Pelisse, 6 yrs old..... 0

WEDNESDAY, October 12.—A STAKES of two sovs. each, with 40 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. <i>Alecko</i> , by Filho da Puta or Hetman, 5 yrs (Moseley).....	4 0 1 1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Maid of Mansfield, 3 yrs old.....	3 1 2 3
Mr. Wadlow's b. f. by Ambo, 3 yrs old.....	1 0 3 d.
Mr. Tomes's br. g. Tripoli, 5 yrs old.....	0 4 d.
Mr. Painter's br. f. Sarsaparilla, 4 yrs old.....	2 3 d.
Mr. Wilkins's b. f. Baroness, 3 yrs old.....	0 2 d.
Mr. Tongue's ch. h. Mazame, 5 yrs old.....	0 0 d.

FARMERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added.—Two-mile heats. Six subscribers.

Mr. Painter's b. g. Fitzwilliam, 5 yrs old (Mr. Meek)..... 1 1	Mr. Miller's br. g. Tom Starboard, 4 yrs old..... 3 3
Mr. Deakin's ch. g. Cock Robin, 5 yrs old.....	2 3

KELSO AUTUMN MEETING, SCOTLAND, 1825.

WEDNESDAY, October 12.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Baillie's b. f. *Ariadne*, by Ardrossan, out of Salamanca (P. Parsons)...walked out.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10½ sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. *Figaro*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (R. Thompson)..... walked over.
FIFTY POUNDS:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Simpson's b. h. <i>Young Corrector</i> , by Corrector, 5 yrs (J. Jacques) 1	1	4 yrs old.....	2	2
Lord Kennedy's ch. c. North Briton,		Sir W. Maxwell's gr. h. Ben Lodi,		
		5 yrs old.....	3	dr.

The first heat was keenly contested between North Britain and Young Corrector, and won by barely half a length; the second heat won rather easy.

The **SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, once round, did not fill.

THURSDAY, October 13.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50gs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.—Five subscribers.
Lord Kennedy's b. c. *King Koul*, by Captain Baird's br. c. by Prime Minister, out of Isidora (T. Lye) ... 1
Paulowitz, out of Isidora (T. Lye) ... 1
Even betting. Won easy.

The **KELSO STAKES** of 50gs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, and upwards. Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. *Figaro*, 6 yrs old, 8st. (Robert Thompson).....walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three and four-year-olds.

Mr. Hudson's Isabella and Lord Kennedy's North Briton both walked over, and laid claim to the Purse:—the dispute is referred to the Jockey Club.

FRIDAY, October 14.—The **CONVIVIAL STAKES** of 50gs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, and upwards.—Two miles.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. *Figaro*, by Haphazard, 6 yrs old, 8st.walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—One mile.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Androsan, out of Percy's dam (T. Shepherd) 1	1	dam by Comas.....	2	
Sir W. Maxwell's gr. c. by Viscount,		Mr. Baillie's b. f. Ariadne, by Androsan,	3	
		A good race.		

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , by Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. (Joseph Reay).....	1	1	Mr. Simpson's b. h. <i>Young Corrector</i> , by Corrector, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. 2	2
			Won very easy.	

MATCH for 50 sovs., h. ft.—Once round.

Mr. Sitwell's ch. g. by Androsan, 8st.... 1 | Sir A. Don's br. c. by Fitz-Orville, 8st. 2
A good race.

NORTHALLERTON MEETING, 1825.

THURSDAY, October 13.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Mr. Rolling's b. f. <i>The Grecian Queen</i> , Sister to Homer, by Catton 1	1	Mr. Jacques's b. c. Brother to Ringlet... 3	3
		Five to 1 on the winner. Won very easy.	

A HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, and that never won before the day of naming.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Mr. Brooks's b. g. <i>Crazy</i> , by St. Vincent, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. (Owner) 1	1	12st. 2lb.	3
Mr. Kent's b. g. Delcredere, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb.	2	Mr. Copley's m. Ellen, by Cerberus, aged, 12st. 2lb.	4
Mr. Hudson's b. g. Smuggler, aged, Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 agst Smuggler, and 5 to 1 agst Caxby. Won easy.		Mr. Wermald's b. g. Jack Tar, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb.	5

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. Octavius, by Bourbon, 3 yrs old (S. Templeman)	0	2	1	1
Mr. Petre's b. g. Velluti, 3 yrs old.....	0	1	0	2
Mr. Kirby's ch. f. by Androsan, 4 yrs old	2	0	0	dr
Mr. Shipley's b. f. Panosama, 4 yrs old	3	4	6	dr
Mr. Jackson's br. c. Melon, 3 yrs old	0	0	0	dr
Mr. Bell's b. c. Don Antonio, 4 yrs old	1	0	0	dis.
Mr. Wermald's b. h. Conspiracy, 3 yrs old	0	2	dr.	
Mr. Perrin's b. c. by Hemdickell, 3 yrs old	0	0	dr.	

Two to 1 agst Don Antonio; after the first heat, even betting and 5 to 4 agst Don Antonio, and 4 to 1 agst Velluti; after the third heat, 5 to 4 on Velluti. Easy.—In consequence of its being dark, the last heat of this race was run on Friday.

FRIDAY, October 14.—The **BROOMFIELD STAKES** of seven sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred:—four-year-olds, 11st.; five, 11st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 12st.;—a winner this year to carry 4lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders. Three miles.—Twenty subscribers.

Mr. Payne's b. g. <i>Gossoun</i> , by Waxy	Mr. Everet's b. g. <i>Jemmy</i> , aged	3
Pope, aged (Sir T. Sykes)	Mr. Brooke's b. g. <i>Cosby</i> , 6 yrs old	4
Mr. Kent's ch. h. <i>St. Leger</i> , 5 yrs old		2

Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on Gossoun. Won in a canter.

The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Russell's b. c. <i>The Alderman</i> , by Bourbon, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (S. Templeman)	Lord Darlington's ch. h. <i>Barefoot</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3
		1

Three to 1 on Alderman. A very good race, and won by nearly a length.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Vansittart's b. f. <i>Darioletta</i> , by 3 yrs old, 7st (J. Gray)	4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	0	3
Mr. Richardson's br. c. <i>Brownlock</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	Mr. Hutchinson's b. f. <i>The Orphan</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	0	0
Mr. Rounthwaite's ch. f. <i>Governess</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	Mr. Wyrill's br. m. by Orion	0	0
Five to 4 agst Brownlock, 3 to 1 agst Governess, and 7 to 2 agst Darioletta: after the heat, 5 to 4 agst Darioletta, and 5 to 2 agst Governess. Won easy.			

SATURDAY, Oct. 15.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Wyrill's br. m. by Orion, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Peck)	old, 7st. 3lb.	3	3
Mr. Wright's b. c. <i>Octavus</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	Mr. Bell's b. c. <i>Don Antonio</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	0	4
Mr. Robinson's br. g. <i>Mexico</i> , 3 yrs	Mr. Vansittart's b. f. <i>Darioletta</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	1	4

MATCH.—The winner to take both.—Two miles.

Mr. Copley's b. m. <i>Ellen</i> , by Cerberus, aged, 8st. (S. Templeman)	Mr. Stapylton's br. h. <i>Ginger</i> , by Abbot, aged, 8st.	5
		1

HOLYWELL HUNT MEETING, WALES, 1825.

TUESDAY, October 18.—The **MOSTYN STAKES** of 10 sovs. each.—Mostyn Mile.—Twenty-one subscribers.

Mr. Geary's br. f. <i>Arachne</i> , Sister to Palestine, 3 yrs old (W. Lear)	of Helen, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old	2
Sir T. Mostyn's br. f. by Whisker, out	Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>Flexible</i> , 3 yrs old	3

The following also started but were not placed:

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>General Mina</i> , 5 yrs old	opus, 3 yrs old	0
Mr. Pelham's b. c. by Whalebone— <i>Arachne</i> the favourite.	Mr. Tomes's br. c. <i>Sir Gray</i> , 4 yrs old	0
	Mr. Paulden's ch. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , 3 yrs	0

HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>Flexible</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (A. Pavis)	3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	2
Sir W. W. Wynn's br. c. by Rubens, 4	Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. <i>Hybla</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3

The **CHIEFTAIN STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 11lb.—The **Mostyn Mile**.—Five subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's br. c. <i>Doctor Faustus</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn, (Spring)	Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Ladford</i> , by Manfred	3
Lord Derby's gr. c. <i>Autocrat</i> , by Grand Duke	Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Achilles</i> , by Sovereign	4

PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 9lb.—8lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's br. f. by Blucher, out of Mervin, by Walton (Pavis)	Sir T. Stanley's br. c. by Blucher— <i>Gen. Mina's d.</i>	3
		1

THURSDAY, October 19.—The **CHAMPAGNE STAKES** of 30 sovs. each.

10 ft.:—for four-year-olds, 8st. and five, 8st. 5lb.—One mile and a half.—Fourteen subs.—The winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Club.

Mr. Tomes's br. c. <i>Sir Gray</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old (Arthur)	1	Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Hajji Baba, 4 yrs 8 yrs old.....	1
Sir T. Mostyn's br. m. Mercandotti, 5 yrs old.....	2	Mr. Mytton's br. h. Comte d'Artois, 5 yrs old.....	4
		Mercandotti the favorite.	

MATCH for 100 sovs. each.—Mostyn mile.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Flexible</i> , by Whalebone, 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Pavis)	1	Sir W. W. Wynn's br. c. by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	2
		Five to 4 agst <i>Flexible</i> .	

The HALKIN STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Three subs.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Ludford</i> , by Manfred, dam by Buzzard (Whitehouse), 1	1	Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Achilles, by Sovereign	2
		Two to 1 on <i>Ludford</i> .	

The HAWARDEN CASTLE STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Tomes's br. c. <i>Sir Gray</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old (Arthur)	1	by Canopus, 3 yrs old	2
Mr. Pelham's b. c. by Whalebone, dam		Mr. Paulden's ch. f. Cinderella, by Walton, 3 yrs old.....	3
		The following also started but were not placed:	

Sir T. Mostyn's br. f. by Whisker, 3 yrs old.....	0	Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, by Quiz, aged.....	0
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. General Mina, 5			0

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for horses, &c.—Heats, two miles.

Sir T. Mostyn's br. m. <i>Mercandotti</i> , by Muley, 5 yrs old, 9st. (Scott)....	1	Sir W. W. Wynn's br. c. by Rubens, 4 yrs, 8st.....	2
Mr. Kent's b. g. Glead, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	2	Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Hybla, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	4
		Mercandotti the favorite.	

LAMBTON PARK MEETING, DURHAM, 1895.

MONDAY, October 24.—MATCH for One Hundred Sovereigns, h. ft.—D. C.

Mr. Mills's ch. h. <i>Squirrel</i> , by Trophoeus, 6 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. (Mr. Kent) 1	1	Mr. Wyvill's b. m. Mirth, 6 yrs old, 10st.....	2
		Five to 4 on <i>Squirrel</i> . Won in a canter.	

The GOLD CUP, by six subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards.—Two miles.

Mr. Russell's b. h. <i>Abron</i> , by Whisker, out of Altisidora, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. (Mr. Kent).....	1	Lord Wilton's br. c. Hottentot, by King of Diamonds, out of Gleaner's dam, 4 yrs old, 11st.	3
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Royalist, 4 yrs old, 11st.....	2	Mr. T. S. Duncombe's ch. c. Happy Jack, 4 yrs old, 11st.....	4
		Even betting on <i>Abron</i> . Won easy.	

MATCH for 50 sovs.—A. F.

Mr. White's br. c. <i>Plutarch</i> , by Pericles, 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. (Owner)	1	Lord Wilton's b. m. Lima, aged, 11st. 7lb.....	2
		Six to 4 on Lima. A good race.	

The CLUB CUP, given by the Lambton Racing Club, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of a member of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club.—Wilton Course.—One mile and a quarter.—Twenty-seven subscribers.

Mr. Mills's ch. h. <i>Squirrel</i> , by Trophoeus, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Mills) 1	1	Mr. Payne's b. h. Gossoon, aged, 12st. 5lb.	1
		The following also started but were not placed:	
Mr. Lambton's b. m. Pecunia, aged, 12st. 5lb.	0	11st. 10lb.	0
Mr. Bretherton's b. h. Tawpy, 5 yrs old, 12st.	0	Mr. Mason's ch. h. by Egremont, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	0
Mr. Russell's b. h. Bogtrotter, aged,		Lord Wilton's b. m. Lady Mary, 5 yrs old, 11st.	0

Lord Normanby's br. m. Clari, 6 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	0	Captain Darnell's b. c. Carbon, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb.	0
Mr. Liddell's b. c. The Governor, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	0	Mr. R. J. Lambton's ch. c. Sangrado, 4 yrs old, 10st.	0
Even betting on Gossoon, 3 to 1 agst Squirrel, 6 to 1 agst Pecunia, 6 to 1 agst Lady Mary, and 15 to 1 agst Sangrado.—A beautiful race, and won by a head.			

TUESDAY, October 25. —MATCH for One Hundred Sovereigns.—A.F.
 Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. *Happy Jack*, by Octavian, 4 yrs, 10st. 3lb. (Owner) ... 1 | Mr. Russell's b. c. Bonassus, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 2
 Six to 4 agst *Happy Jack*. A good race.

MATCH for 50 sovs. T.Y.C.
 Lord Wilton's b. m. *Lima*, aged, 10st. 10lb. (Owner) 1 | Major Healey's *Wilhelmina Amelia*, 10st. 6lb. 2
 Three to 1 on *Lima*. Won cleverly.

MATCH for 100 sovs. A.F.
 Mr. Russell's b. c. *Bonassus*, by Orville or Castrel, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. (Mr. Kent) 1 | Lord Wilton's b. c. *Hottentot*, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2
 Five to 4 agst *Bonassus*. A good race.

The WELTER STAKES of 10st. each, for any horse, &c. carrying 11st.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Russell's b. h. *Abron*, 5 yrs old walked over.
The First Class of the NORMANBY STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—D.C.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. R. J. Lambton's ch. c. <i>Sangrado</i> , by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (Mr. Duncombe)	1	Lord Wilton's b. m. <i>Lima</i> , aged, 10st. 10lb.	2
		Mr. Petre's b. h. Bradbury, aged, 10st.	3

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Wardell's br. h. <i>Rallyasco</i> , aged, 10st. 10lb.	0	Lord Normanby's br. m. <i>Clari</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st.	0
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Six to 5 on *Sangrado*, and 3 to 1 agst *Clari*. Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, &c.—D.C.—6 Subs.
 Mr. Russell's br. c. *Bonassus*, by Orville or Castrel, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. Kent) 1 | Lord Wilton's b. h. *Mystic*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. 3
 Mr. Wyrill's br. m. by Orion, 5 yrs old,

The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Darnell's b. c. <i>Chronicle</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	0	Mr. Hudson's br. f. <i>Lady Esby</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	0
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2d. Mr. Lambton's ch. h. *Lorenzo*, 6 yrs Even betting on Mr. Wyrill's mare, and 10 to 1 agst *Bonassus*. A very good race.

WEDNESDAY, October 26.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. given by a Member of the Lambton Racing Club, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—T.Y.C.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. White's <i>Plutarch</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (Capt. Berkeley)	1	Mr. R. J. Lambton's ch. c. <i>Sangrado</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	3
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The following also started but were not placed :

Mr. Mills's ch. h. <i>Squirrel</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	0	Mr. Russell's b. h. <i>Bogtrotter</i> , aged, 11st.	0
Mr. Duncombe's ch. h. <i>St. Leger</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st.	0	Mr. Mason's ch. h. by Egremont, 6 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	0

Seven to 4 agst *Squirrel*, 2 to 1 agst *Gossoon*, 5 to 1 agst *Plutarch*, and 7 to 1 agst *Sangrado*. An excellent race, and won by only half a head.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—D.C.

Lord Wilton's b. h. <i>Mystic</i> , by Hedley, 6 yrs old, 11st. (Owner)	1	Mr. Darnell's br. c. <i>Chronicle</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb.	2
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Even betting. Won cleverly.

Second Class of the NORMANBY STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—D.C.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. <i>Macdonald</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	1	Mr. Darnell's b. c. Carbon, 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	3
Lord Normanby's br. h. <i>Newburgh</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 10lb.	2	Captain Hassard's b. m. <i>Sanspareille</i> , aged, 9st. 10lb.	4

Three to 1 on *Newburgh*, and 6 to 1 agst *Macdonald*. Won easy.

The PALATINE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for all ages (two-year-olds excepted).—W.C.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's br. f. <i>Isabella</i> , by Smo- lenako, 3 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (Mr. T. Shafto), 1	Lord Wilton's br. c. Hottentot, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 2
Won easy.	

THURSDAY, October 27.—The HARRATON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred: four-year-olds 11st.; five 11st. 10lb.; six and aged 12st.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Payne's b. h. <i>Gosseon</i> , by Waxy Pope, aged (Sir T. Sykes) 1	old 2
Mr. Lambton's b. s. <i>Macdonald</i> , 4 yrs	Mr. Liddell's b. c. The Governor, 4 yrs, 8 Three to 1 on Gosseon. Won in a canter.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—T.Y.C.

Lord Wilton's b. c. <i>Hottentot</i> , by King of Diamonds, 4 yrs old, 10st. 8lb. (Owner) 1	Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. <i>Happy Jack</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 2
Two to 1 on Hottentot. A good race.	

MATCH for 50 sovs.—A.F.

Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. <i>Happy Jack</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. (Owner) 1	Lord Wilton's b. h. <i>Mystic</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 2
Five to 4 on Happy Jack. A good race.	

MATCH for 200 sovs.—N.M.

Mr. Russell's b. c. <i>Bonassus</i> , by Or- ville or Castrel, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (Mr. Kent) 1	Mr. Duncombe's ch. c. <i>Happy Jack</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. 2
Even betting on Bonassus. A good race.	

MATCH for 50 sovs.—A.F.

Mr. Grosvenor's m. <i>Lima</i> , aged, 10st. 6lb. (Owner) 1	Mr. Wyvill's b. m. <i>Mirth</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 2
Three to 1 agst Lima. Won cleverly.	

MATCH for 20 sovs.—W.C.

Mr. Grosvenor's b. h. <i>Tawpy</i> , by Young Screveton, 5 yrs old, 12st. (Owner) ... 1	Mr. Lambton's b. c. <i>Macdonald</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 2
Seven to 4 on Tawpy. Won cleverly.	

MATCH for 50 sovs.—A.F.

Mr. Russell's b. h. <i>Bogtrotter</i> , by Alonan, aged, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Kent) ... 1	Mr. Grosvenor's b. m. <i>Lima</i> , aged, 11st. 2 Six to 1 on Bogtrotter. A good race.
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SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—W.C.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Grosvenor's b. m. *Lima*, aged walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each.—W.C.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Grosvenor's b. h. <i>Tawpy</i> , by Young Screveton, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. (Owner) ... 1	Mr. Liddell's b. c. The Governor, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 2
Two to 1 on Tawpy. Won easy.	

Forced HANDICAP of 20 sovs. each.—A. F.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. White's br. c. <i>Plutarch</i> , by Peri- cles, 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (Mr. Dun- combe) 1	Mr. Wyrill's b. m. by Orion, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. 2
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The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Wilton's b. h. <i>Mystic</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 0	old, 10st. 6lb. 0
Mr. Hudson's b. f. <i>Lady Easby</i> , 4 yrs	Mr. Longden's b. h. <i>Bogtrotter</i> , aged, 10st. 2lb. 0
Mr. Russell's b. h. <i>Bogtrotter</i> , 11st. rec. from Mr. Kent's St. Lager, 10st. 6lb. T.Y.C. 50 sovs.	

Mr. Grosvenor's b. h. *Tawpy*, rec. from Mr. Kent's St. Lager, 11st. each, N.M. 100 sovs.

TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING, 1825.

THURSDAY, November 3.—The STAKES of 50s. each, for half-bred horses.—Two miles.—Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. J. F. France's br. g. by Milo, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (Williams) 1	Mr. H. Brooke's bl. g. by Ambo, aged, 11st. 12lb. 2
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The CAVALRY CUP.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Pigot's br. m. by Friend Ned, 5 yrs old	2	1	1
Mr. Tapley's b. l. <i>Princess Royal</i> , 4 yrs old	1	2	2
Mr. Acton's gr. g. 6 yrs old	3	3	3

The FARMERS' CUP.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Fenna's b. f. <i>Miss Holland</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. (Hayes).....	1 1	Mr. Pigot's br. m. by Friend Ned, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	2 2
The following also started but were not placed:			
Mr. Tapley's b. f. <i>Princess Royal</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. 5lb.	0 0	old, 11st. 12lb.	0 0
Mr. Sedler's b. m. by Castrol, 5 yrs		Mr. Shaw's ch. f. by Grand Duke, 3 yrs old, 11st. 5lb.	0 0

The MATCH for 100 sovs., four miles, was won by *Slender Billy*.

WORCESTER AUTUMN MEETING, 1893.

THURSDAY, November 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Pickernell's p. f. <i>Baroness</i> , by Leopold, out of The Duchess, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0 1 1
Mr. Wadlow's b. f. by Ancho, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1 2 3
Mr. Toomes's b. g. Tripoli, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2 0 2
Mr. Bartley's b. c. Congoon, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	4 3 4
Major O. Gore's b. c. <i>Venusina</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	0 0 0
Mr. King's ch. g. 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	3 0 dr.
Mr. Coates's Friendless Fanny, aged, 8st. 11lb.	0 0 dr.
Mr. Beckeley's f. <i>Shepherdess</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	0 0 dr.

A CUP, value 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Thorne's br. g. by Ashton, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	1 1	Mr. Corbett's b. g. 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb.	2 2
Mr. Pickernell's b. g. 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb.	3 2	Mr. Turk's ch. m. 6 yrs, 11st. 11lb.	4 4

SWEEPSTAKES of seven sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, a mile and a quarter.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Griffith's br. m. <i>Palatine</i> , by <i>Elford's Fata</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	1 1	Mr. Howes's Warwick, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	3 3
Major O. Gore's b. h. <i>Hasperus</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	4 2	Mr. Astley's br. h. Belmont, 6 yrs old, 12st.	2 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, fat horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—12 subs.

Mr. Williams's b. g. by Young Pavilion, aged, 12st. 7lb.	0 0 1 1
Mr. Deakin's ch. g. Cock Robin, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	0 1 2 3
Mr. Steward's b. g. Man Friday, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb.	1 0 0 2
Mr. Sudbury's b. h. Worthy, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	3 0 0 dr.
Mr. P. Mostyn's b. g. by Cardinal York, aged, 11st. 11lb.	0 0 3
Mr. Goodman's Young Robin Adair, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	0 0 0
Mr. Thorne's br. g. by Ashton, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	0 2 dr.
Mr. Vever's br. m. Woodlark, aged, 11st. 11lb.	0 0 dr.
Mr. Bartley's ch. g. 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	0 dr.
Mr. Parker's ch. g. Coroner, aged, 12st. 2lb.	0 dr.
Captain Davis's b. m. Frolic (late Bonny Fanny), 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb.	0 dr.

RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

EPSOM MEETING, 1897.

THURSDAY.—The First Year of a renewal of the DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.; then three years old.

—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes.—

One mile and a half.—Ninety subscribers.

Lord Derby names Mr. F. Shailer's ch. c. by Castrol.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Turcoman, by Selim—Pope Joan.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Roderick, by Rubens—Prudence.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Parasol*, by Merlin—Parasol.
 Duke of Rutland names Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Zoffani.
 Lord Jersey's Mameluke, by Partisan, out of Miss Sophia.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. by Phantom, out of Web, by Waxy.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. by Orville, out of Filagree.
 General Grosvenor's bl. c. by Blacklock, out of Brillante.
 General Grosvenor's b. c. Half Moon, by The Flyer.

Mr. Wilson's ch. s. by Tramp, out of Reformer's dam.
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. brother to The Juggler, by Comus.
 Lord Foley's b. c. by Woful, out of Breeze.
 Sir J. Shelley's c. by Little John, out of Oreada.
 Sir J. Shelley's c. by Autar, dam by Sorcerer.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's ro. c. by Partisan—Espagnolle.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Partisan, out of Cat.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Leopoldine.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Raymond, by Catton, out of Banahoe.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Thomasina.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Wathcote Lass.
 Mr. Greville's b. c. by Merlin, out of Gramarie.
 Mr. Greville's b. c. by Merlin, out of Dahlia's dam.
 Mr. R. Benson names Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Comus.
 Mr. Haffenden's br. c. by Waxy Pope, out of Pythone.
 Mr. Haffenden's b. c. by Waxy Pope, out of Bella Donna.
 Mr. Batson names Mr. Bartley's b. c. Prestbury, by Rubens.
 Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Anticipation, dam by Marmion.
 Mr. L. Charlton's ch. c. Pantaloon, by Castrel, out of Idalia.
 Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. Tattler, by Manfred, out of Gossip.
 Mr. L. Charlton's ch. c. Constantine, by Comus.
 Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. Mexican, by Castrel or Manfred.
 Mr. Nowell's br. or bl. c. by Comus, out of Young Caprice.
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Rainbow, dam by Soothsayer.
 Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Aladdin, out of Doll Tearsheet.
 Mr. Nowell names ch. c. by Quizzer, out of Gossamer.
 Mr. Nowell names ch. c. by Clinker, out of Landscape.
 Mr. J. Rogers's ch. c. brother to Nicolo, by Selim.
 Mr. J. Rogers's br. c. by Clinker, out of Corinne.
 Mr. J. Rogers's b. c. Clinker, out of a Barb mare.
 Lord Verulam's ch. c. by Mr. Low, out of Vitellina's dam.
 Lord Verulam's ro. c. by Walton, dam by Young Wizard.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Captain Candid, out of Augusta's dam.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Soothsayer, out of Folly.
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Soothsayer, out of Advance.
 Mr. M. Forbes's b. c. by Smolenako, dam by W.'s Ditto.
 Mr. I. Sadler's brother to Dauntless, by Whalebone.
 Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Master Henry, out of Mervina.
 Mr. Mytton's ch. c. by Magistrate, out of Comrade's Sister.
 Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. by Sam, out of Romp's dam.
 Mr. Thornhill names Mr. Molony's c. by Anticipation.
 Mr. Thornhill names b. c. by Waxy Pope, out of Dimity.
 Sir J. Malcolm's b. c. The Swiftnam Arabian, by Partisan.
 Lord Anson's ch. c. by Merlin, dam by Stead or Pioneer.
 Lord Anson's b. c. by Magistrate, out of Maid of Orleans.
 Mr. Rush's b. c. by Merlin, out of Rhoda.
 Mr. Yates's ch. c. Tamworth, by Tiresias.
 Mr. Yates's br. c. Fairlawn, by Comus—Manfred's dam.
 Mr. Yates's br. c. Edmund, by Orville, out of Emmeline.
 Mr. Kirby's bl. c. by Blacklock, out of Scancataldi.
 Mr. Gauntlett's br. c. Camellius, by Whalebone.
 Mr. H. Jones's b. c. Pandarus, by Whalebone.
 Mr. Radclyffe's b. c. Windermere, by Whalebone.
 Mr. Russell's b. c. by Comus, out of Scarborough's dam.
 Sir C. Coote's b. or br. c. by Friday, out of Thetis's dam.
 Sir C. Coote's ch. c. by Friday, out of Jenny Wren.
 Mr. J. Smith's b. c. by Interpreter, dam by Sir Petronel.
 Mr. Shard's c. The Black Buck, by Buffalo—Enchantress.
 Mr. Hill's b. c. Fitz-Robert, by Buxton, out of Mrs. Fudge.
 Lord Ailesbury's br. c. by Filho da Puta—Dick Andrews.
 Mr. Northey names Mr. Farrall's s. by Carbon.
 Mr. Payne's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Snowdrop.
 Mr. Payne's b. c. by Octavius, dam by Election.
 Sir N. Loftus's b. c. by Irish Hollyhock, out of Spinster.
 Col. Syngé's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Esle Deans' dam.
 Lord Orford's s. by Rainbow, out of Miss Witch.
 Mr. Scath's b. f. by Whalebone, dam by Seymour.
 Lord Egremont's Brother to Elfrid, by Wanderer.
 Lord Egremont's c. by Whalebone, dam by Octavius.

Lord Egremont's c. by Whalebone—Sir Huddibrand's dam.
 Mr. Alexander's br. c. Grecian, by Euston, out of Variety.
 Mr. West's b. f. Rachel Ruysch, by Rubens.
 Mr. Maberly's br. c. by Smolensko, dam by Ardrossan.
 Mr. Wyvill's c. by Comus, out of My Lady's dam.
 Mr. Forth's ch. c. by Interpreter, out of Melrose.
 Mr. Forth's gr. c. by Interpreter, out of Jest.
 Mr. Tharrett's br. c. by Smolensko, dam by Trumpeter.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa.
 Mr. Hunter's ch. c. by Gustavus, dam by Scud.

FRIDAY.—The First Year of a Renewal of the OAKS STAKES, for three-year-old fillies, 8at. 4lb.—All other conditions as for the Derby.—79 subs.

Lord Derby names Mr. B. Grey's b. f. by Sceptre.
 Duke of Grafton's br. f. by Woful, out of Zeal.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. by Selim, out of Rowena.
 Duke of Grafton names f. Linda, by Ranter.
 Duke of Rutland names b. f. by Ardrossan.
 Lord Jersey names f. by Woful, out of Milonia.
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. by The Flyer, dam by Dick Andrews.
 Gen. Grosvenor's f. by The Flyer, out of Mite.
 Sir J. Shelley names b. f. by Whalebone.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. f. by Partisan, out of Barossa.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. f. by Abjer, out of The Duchess.
 Mr. Lambton's b. f. by Comus, dam by Shuttle.
 Mr. Lambton's br. f. Clari, by Smolensko—Precipitate.
 Mr. Greville's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Sister to Castanea.
 Mr. Greville's ch. f. by Waterloo, out of Belvoirina.
 Mr. Ridsdale names Mr. Lumley's b. f. by Tramp.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Marisc.
 Mr. Batson's f. by Partisan, out of Jessy.
 Mr. Goddard's f. by Anticipation, dam by Marmion.
 Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Smolensko, out of Medora.
 Mr. L. Charlton's br. f. Slipslop, by Smolensko.
 Mr. L. Charlton's b. f. Scornful, by Woful—Scandal's dam.
 Mr. L. Charlton names f. by Quixter, out of Sleight-of-hand.
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Grey Walton, out of Rosanna.
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Orville, out of Dukemara, by Waxy.
 Mr. Nowell's ro. f. by Rainbow, out of Scheherazade.
 Mr. Nowell's br. f. by Rainbow, out of Brown Duchess.
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Comus, out of Election.
 Mr. J. Rogers's Whimper, Sister to Aline, by Woful.
 Mr. J. Rogers's ch. f. by Woful, out of Tint.
 Lord Stradbroke's ch. f. Arctura, Sister to Euphrates.
 Mr. J. Coventry's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Dido.
 Lord Verulam's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Varenna.
 Lord Verulam's b. f. by Wanderer, out of Caroline.
 Lord Exeter's b. f. by Woful, out of Phantom.
 Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Soothsayer, out of Bass.
 Lord Exeter's b. f. by Captain Candid, out of Pantina.
 Mr. Milner names ch. f. Millicent, by Comus.
 Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. by Sceptre, out of Helena's dam.
 Major O. Gore's Belvidera, by Blacklock, out of Miss O'Neill.
 Mr. Forbes's gr. f. by Smolensko, dam by Selim.
 Mr. Mytton's ch. f. by Manfred, out of Sybil, by Sorcerer.
 Mr. Mytton's br. f. by Rubens, out of Stella.
 Mr. Mytton's b. f. by Rubens, out of Paulina, by Orville.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Sea-mew.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Marel.
 Sir W. Wynn's b. f. by Smolensko, dam by Boningsough.
 Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Ringtail.
 Mr. Mills names Lord Plymouth's ch. f. by Cannon Ball.
 Mr. Tarleton's ch. f. by Selim, dam by Sand or Sorcerer.
 Mr. Harris's b. f. by Tramp, out of Remembrance.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of the WINNING HORSES, &c.

IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES, 1825.

[The figure at the beginning of the paragraph denotes the age of the horse—that at the end the number of prizes won.]

By ABJER, Son of Truffle.

2. CHES. Colt (out of Spinning Jenny), Col. Wilson's, the Didlington Stakes of 70*l*. at Swaffham1

By ALADDIN, Son of Giles.

2. Bay Colt, The Link Boy, Mr. Newell's, 100*l*. and 40*l*. at Newmarket2
2. Bay Filly (out of Rantipole), Mr. Pettit's, 50*l*. at Newmarket1
2. Chestnut Filly (Leeway), Mr. Pettit's, thrice 50*l*. at Newmarket2

By ALEXANDER, Son of Boaster.

- a. Idris, Mr. O. Wynne's, 37*l*. at Aberystwith1

By ALONZO, Son of Pegasus.

7. Bogtrotter, Mr. Longden's, 500*l*. at Doncaster; 100*l*. at Richmond; 50*l*. and 25*l*. at Lambton Park4

By AMADIS, Son of Don Quixote.

6. Ajax, Mr. Stonehewer's, twice 100*l*. at Newmarket2
2. Larioletta, Mr. Vansittart's, 50*l*. at Richmond, and 50*l*. at Northallerton2
4. Florismart, Lord Milton's, 450*l*. at York August Meeting, and 250*l*. at Doncaster2
2. Gertrude, Mr. Loutour's, 100*l*. at The Hoo1
2. Lilius, Duke of Grafton's, 50*l*. at Newmarket1

By AMBO, Son of Meteor or Diamond.

2. Bay Filly, Mr. Cartwright's, the North Shropshire Yeomanry Cavalry Purse of 50*l*. at Oswestry1
4. Bay Gelding, Mr. Tench's, 45*l*. at Stourbridge; 50*l*. at Warwick; and 50*l*. at Rugeley2
2. Sir Edward, Mr. Dalley's, 50*l*. at Bridgnorth; and Mr. Wadlow's, 55*l*. at Wenlock2

By ANACREON, Son of Walton.

2. My Lady, Mr. Pearce's, 50*l*. at Canterbury1

By ANTICIPATION, Son of Hambletonian.

4. Ches. Filly (out of Red Rose's dam), Mr. King's, 70*l*. at Bridgewater1
2. Forethought, Gen. Grosvenor's, 450*l*. at Basingstoke1
4. Presentiment, Mr. Grame's, the Club Vol. XVII.—SUPPLEMENT.

- Stakes of 105*l*. at The Hoo; Mr. Messer's, 100*l*. at Ascot Heath; the Southampton Stakes of 150*l*. 40*l*. and 50*l*. at Southampton; Mr. Farquharson's, 50*l*. at Weymouth6
2. Rarity, Mr. Rawlinson's, 75*l*. at Bibury1

By ARCHDUKE, Son of Archduke.

6. Bonehill, Mr. E. Peel's, the Withersley Stakes of 40*l*. at Anson Hunt1

By ARDROSSAN, Son of John Bull.

2. Ada, Mr. Farquharson's, 40*l*. at Fife Hunt, and 50*l*. at Perth2
2. Ariadne, Mr. Baillie's, 75*l*. at Kelso; 1. Bay Colt (out of Percy's dam), Lord Kelburne's, 100*l*. at Newcastle; 45*l*. and 50*l*. at the Caledonian Hunt; twice 50*l*. at Fife Hunt; 50*l*. at Perth, and 100*l*. at Kelso7
2. Beatrice, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 50*l*. at Rotherham1
2. Brown Filly (dam by Rubens) Lord Kelburne's, 50*l*. at Newcastle1
3. Ches. Colt (out of Little Red Riding Hood), Mr. Clifton's, 50*l*. at Manchester; 70*l*. at Preston; and 50*l*. at Knutsford2
2. Ches. Colt (out of Lady Crampeau), Mr. Baird's, the Tyro Stakes of 180*l*. at Newcastle1
2. Clari, Mr. Baird's, 100*l*. at the Caledonian Hunt1
Ches. Gelding, Mr. Sitwell's, 50*l*. at Kelso1
3. Glenlivet, Sir W. Maxwell's, the Scotch St. Leger Stakes at Edinburgh; 70*l*. and the Caledonian Cup value 100*l*. at the Caledonian Hunt; and 125*l*. at Dumfries, 4
2. Little Driver, Mr. Berkeley's, the Oatland Stakes and a Handicap Stakes at Hampton; Mr. De Burgh's, the Cocked Hat Stakes of 42*l*. at Goodwood; Captain Berkeley's, the Vine Stakes of 50*l*. at Basingstoke4
2. Magnesia, Mr. Lambton's, 50*l*. at York August Meeting, and 40*l*. at Richmond2
4. Sangrado, Mr. Lambton's, the first class of the Normanby Stakes of 45*l*. at Lambton Park1

By ASHTON, Son of Walnut.

6. Brown Gelding, Mr. Ashton's, a Cup value 25*l*. with 20*l*. in specie, at Worcester1

By BENINGBROUGH, Son of King Fergus.

a. Uncle John, Mr. Phillipeau's, 45l. 49l. 40l. and 100l. at Bath first and second Spring Meeting; 100l. at Bath and Bristol, the Silver Cup, with 25l. in specie, at Wells; and 37l. 10s. at Aberystwith.....7

By BESSINGBY, Son of a brother to Recruit.

b. Clifton, Mr. J. Bayly's, the Clifton Dog Club Stakes of 70l. at Bath and Bristol, and 70l. at Cheltenham.....2

By BIGOT, Son of Sorcerer.

4. Lady Bab (now Lady Blanche), Mr. Harrison's, 50l. at Doncaster; Lord Normanby's, the King's Purse of 100ga. and the Silver Cup value 60ga. with 20 in specie, at Richmond.....3

4. Landlady, Mr. Hutchinson's, 40l. at Leeds.....1

By BLACKLOCK, Son of Whitelock.

4. Blue Beard, Duke of Leeds', the Gold Cup value 100ga. with 40 in specie, at Newcastle; and 100l. at Doncaster.....2

3. Brownlock, Mr. Richardson's, twice 50l. at Beverley; and 240l. at Pontefract.....3

4. Buzzard, Mr. Lambton's, 225l. at York August Meeting; 80l. at Pontefract; 170l., the Doncaster Stakes of 240l., 140l., and the Racing Club Stakes of 100l. at Doncaster.....6

3. Cock Robin, Mr. Ridsdale's, twice 50l. at Robert Town.....2

3. Crowcatcher, Duke of Leeds', the Craven Stakes of 80l. at Middleham.....1

4. Greylock, Mr. Neville's, 50l. at Rochester and Chatham.....1

2. Redlock, Mr. Darrell's, the Yearling Stakes of 100l. at Catterick.....1

4. Rufina, Sir W. Wynne's, the Wilton Stakes of 120l. and 100l. at Manchester, and twice 70l. at Newton.....4

4. Streatham, Mr. Cooper's, the Sunning Hill Stakes of 50l. at Egham.....1

By BLUCHER, Son of Waxy.

3. Birth-day, Mr. Twamley's, 50l. at Stafford.....1

3. Brown Filly (out of Mervinia), Mr. Mytton's, twice 50l. at Wenlock, and 225l. at Holywell Hunt.....3

4. Bulow, Mr. Bigge's, 45l. at Bath and Bristol, and the City Bowl at Salisbury.....2

3. Dispatch, Lord Grosvenor's, the Severn Stakes of 105l. at Shrewsbury.....1

5. Palais Royal, Lord Exeter's, 200l., 110l. and 100l. at Newmarket.....3

4. Sarah, Mr. Smith's, 50l. at Guildford; Mr. Baldock's, 50l. at Canterbury.....3

By BOUNCE, Son of Traveller.

6. Creeping Jane, Mr. Goodman's, a Silver Cup value 25l. with 20l. in specie, at Leeds; and the South West Yeomanry Cavalry Stakes of 50l. at Rotherham.....2

By BOURBON, Son of Sorcerer,

3. Bay colt (dam by Governor or Pegasus), Mr. Prince's, the Danbys Stakes of 40l. at Epsom.....1

3. Black Cat, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 600l. at Newmarket.....1

4. Brown Colt (out of a Sister to Prime Minister), Sir T. Sykes's, 50l. at Manton.....1

5. Comte d'Artois, Mr. Mytton's, 60l. at Shrewsbury.....1

3. Fleur de Lys, Sir M. W. Ridley's, 70l. at Newcastle; 120l. at Pontefract; and 200l. at Doncaster.....3

3. Octavius, Mr. Wright's, 50l. at Northallerton.....1

3. The Alderman, Mr. Russell's, the Shorts of 175l. and the Colt Sapling Stakes of 800l. at York Spring Meeting; 250l. at Doncaster; the Gold Cup value 100l. at Richmond; and the Gold Cup value 100ga. at Northallerton.....5

3. Toes, Mr. Clifton's, 250l. at Preston.....1

3. Ultima, Colonel King's, 100l. at Beverley.....1

By BRADBURY, Son of Delpini.

6. Brown Gelding, Mr. Hall's, 50l. at Exton Park; Mr. J. Atkinson's, 45l. at Stapleton Meeting.....2

By BUFFALO, Son of Fyldene.

3. Front de Boeuf, Mr. Fleming's, 50l. at Winchester.....1

3. Sir Bingo Binks, Sir C. Rich's, 25l. at Bath; 50l. at Blandford; and 50l. at Taunton.....3

By BUSTARD, Son of Castrol.

5. Bay Mare (out of Calendula), Mr. Watt's, 55l. at Hereford.....1

4. Glead, Mr. Kent's, 50l. at Newcastle-under-Lyne, and 60l. at the Potteries.....3

4. Kite, Mr. White's, 40l. at Chester.....1

3. Linnet, Sir J. G. Egerton's, 225l. at Chester; Mr. Yates's 600l. at Preston; the Guy Stakes of 375l. at Warwick; and 145l. at Lichfield.....4

5. Plover, Mr. C. Day's, 40l. at Bath and Bristol.....1

By BUSTLER, Son of Camilla.

3. Glensack, Mr. Guthrie's, 50l. at Aberdeen.....1

3. Major Weir, Sir A. Ramsay's, 50l. at Montrose.....1

3. The Major, Sir A. Ramsay's 150l.; and Mr. Carnegie's, 55l. at Edinburgh.....3

By CAMILLUS, Son of Hambletonian.

3. Camelina, Mr. Uppley's, 50l. at Leeds; the Champion Stakes of 140l. and 50l. at Lincoln.....3

5. General Mina, Sir T. Stanley's, the Gold Cup value 100ga. with 40ga. in specie, at Nottingham, and 95l. at Warwick.....3

5. Minna, Mr. Haworth's, the Gold Cup value 100l. at Stockton; 70l. at Pontefract;

50l. at Rotherham; the King's Purse of 100gs. and the Gold Cup value 100l. with 70l. in specie, at Lincoln5

6. Rowston, Major O. Gore's, the Cup Stakes of 160l. at Hereford.....1

By CANNON BALL, Son of Sancho.

2. Bay filly (out of Portrait's dam), Mr. Mytton's, 50l. at Oswestry1

3. Conviction, Mr. Platell's, 60l. at Nottingham.....1

By CAPSICUM, Son of Sir Peter.

a. Cayenne, Mr. King's, 42gs. at York (raven Meeting)1

By CAPTAIN CANDID, Son of Cerebra.

4. Conviction, Lord Exeter's, 50l., Mr. Stonehewer's, 200l. 100s. 50l., and Captain Rous's, 50l. at Newmarket3

By CARDINAL YORK, Son of Sir Peter.

6. Swallow, Mr. Brook's, 40l. and 50l. at Lincoln2

By CARLTON, Son of Cardinal York.

2. Brown colt (dam by Waxy), Mr. Shard's, 25l. at Winchester.....1

By CASTREL, Son of Buzzard.

4. Silkworm, Mr. Page's, 105l. at Guildford, and 50l. at Goodwood.....2

By CATTON, Son of Golumpus.

2. Bay colt (Tarrare), Lord Scarbrough's, the Sandbeck Stakes of 150l. at Pontefract, 1

3. Bay filly (dam by Hambletonian), Mr. J. Robinson's, 80l. at Stockton, and 50l. at Richmond2

3. Chas. filly (out of Sister to Rosette), Mr. J. Rogers's, 45l. at Huntingdon, and 50l. at Swaffham.....2

3. Congeon, Mr. Bartley's, 50l. at Cheltenham; 50l. at Worcester; and 50l. at Monmouth3

4. Diadem, Lord Scarbrough's, 130l. at York Spring Meeting.....1

6. Fair Charlotte, Lord Scarbrough's, one of the Great Subscription Purse of 166l. 13s. 4d. at York August Meeting...1

3. Homer, Mr. T. Petre's, the Old Stakes of 55l. at Catterick; Lord Kennedy's, 410l. at York August Meeting...2

2. King Catton, Lord Kennedy's, the Champagne Stakes of 675l. at Doncaster, 1

3. Missey, Mr. Petre's, 200l. at York August Meeting.....1

2. Pasta, Lord Scarbrough's, 40l. at Beverley, and 140l. at Pontefract.....2

3. Viola, Mr. T. Robinson's, 40l. at Stockton1

2. The Grecian Queen, Mr. Rolling's, 100l. at Richmond, and 50l. at Northallerton.....2

By CERBERUS, Son of Gohanna.

7. Cataline, Mr. R. Pettit's, twice 50l.

at Newmarket2
a. Ellen, Mr. Copley's, a match at Northallerton1

By CERVANTES, Son of Don Quixote.

2. Barataria, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 300l. at York August Meeting1

2. Crusader, Mr. Wortley's, the July Stakes of 720l. and the Prendergast Stakes of 825l. at Newmarket3

4. Parthenessa, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 50s. at Pontefract.....1

By CESTRIAN, Son of Gohanna.

a. Chagrin, Mr. W. Tench's, 45l. and the Cavalry Stakes of 45l. at Ludlow2

By CHAMPION, Son of Selim.

3. Randall, Sir W. Wynne's, 75l. at Oswestry1

3. Signorina, Sir W. Wynne's, 60l. and 40l. at Chester; 95l. at Manchester; 60l. at Newton; 20l. at Nottingham; and 150l. at Shrewsbury6

By CLASHER, Son of Sir Peter.

5. Reserve, Mr. Spriggs's, the Cottingham Stakes of 45l. at Exton Park..... 1

By CLAXTON.

6. Lath, Mr. R. Berkeley's, 145l. (a dispute) at Huntingdon.....1

By CLINKER, Son of Sir Peter.

6. Phantom, Mr. Hussey's, 45l. at Yarmouth1

By COLOSSUS, Son of Alexander.

7. Escape, Mr. Fellow's, the Mendip Stakes of 70l. at Wells, and 100l. at Taunton2

By COMUS, Son of Sorcerer.

2. Bay filly (Distaff), Lord Exeter's, 50l. at Stamford1

3. Brown colt (Retreat), Lord Exeter's, 50l.; Mr. Pettit's, twice 50l. at Newmarket3

3. Carmelite, Mr. Wortley's, 300l. at Newmarket, and 100l. at Doncaster.....2

5. Carnival (since dead), Mr. Lambton's, 50l. at Newmarket1

3. Comedian, Sir J. Byng's, the St. Leger Stakes of 300l. and 120l. at Manchester; and the Dunham Massey Stakes of 200l. at Knutsford3

4. Confederates, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 200l. at Manchester; the Knavesmere Stakes of 170l. and 190l. at York August Meeting, the King's Purse of 100gs. and 50l. at Doncaster, and 70l. at Lincoln6

6. Debonnaire (now Astonishment), Mr. Heselatine's, 70l. at Newton1

4. Double Entendre, Mr. Bloss's, twice 50l. at Huntingdon; twice 50l. at Swaffham; the King's Purse of 100gs. and 100l. at Newmarket.....6

3. Dramatist, Lord Milton, 60gs. at Chesterfield.....1

5. Felix, Mr. Holbrook's, 50l. at Epsom; 50l. at Guildford; and 50l. at Rochester and Chatham.....3

3. Fleance, Lord Orford's, 200l. at Newmarket.....1

3. Humphrey Clunker, Lord Milton's, 150l. at Pontefract.....1

5. Isabella, Mr. R. Wilson's, 50l. at Beccles; 50l. at Ipswich; the King's Purse of 100ga. and the Cup Stakes of 50l. at Chelmsford; the Gold Cup value 100l. with 20l. in specie, and 50l. at Northampton; and the Gold Cup value 100l. at Swaffham.....7

4. Rochester, Mr. Riddale's, 50l. at Malton, and 50l. at York Spring Meeting, 2

6. Sir Henry (since dead), Mr. Hudson's, 45l. at Morpeth.....1

3. Sophy, Mr. Russell's, the Filly Stakes of 50l. at Catterick; 40l. at Middleham; 40l. at Durham; and the Gold Cup value 100l. at Kendal.....4

3. Trinculo, Sir J. Byng's, 190l. at York Spring Meeting; the Bramham Park Stakes of 90l. and the Bishop Blaize Stakes of 50l. at Leeds.....3

2. Valenti, Mr. Petre's, 20l. at Catterick.....1

4. Verbina, Lord Huntingfield's, 50l. at Newmarket.....1

4. Vitellina, Lord Verulam's, the Jockey Club Purse of 50ga. twice 100l. and the Garden Stakes of 500l. at Newmarket.....4

3. Wildwood, Mr. Edwards's, 50l. at Newmarket.....1

By CORRECTOR, Son of Remembrancer.

5. Young Corrector, Mr. Simpson's, the King's Purse of 100ga. at Manchester; the King's Purse of 100ga. and 50l. at Carlisle; 50l. at Kelso; and 50l. at Inglewood Hunt.....5

By GRECY, Son of Walton.

3. Mephistophales, Lord Warwick's, the St. Leger Stakes of 50l. at Cheltenham, 1

By DITTO (Williamson's), Son of Sir Peter.

5. Lushborough, Lord Palmerston's, the Gold Cup value 100l. the Wellington Stakes of 105l. and 50l. at Basingstoke.....3

5. Mazame, Mr. Hordern's, 40l. at Wolverhampton, and 45l. at Walsall.....2

3. Trotinda, Mr. Fisher's, the Neel Stakes of 50l. at Exton Park.....1

By DON COSSACK, Son of Haphazard.

3. Forester, Mr. Lambton's, 50l. at Newcastle, and 50l. at Morpeth.....3

7. Prosody, Mr. Worth's, the Bath and Bristol Stakes of 90l. at Bath; Mr. Dilly's, the King's Purse of 100 sovs. at Salisbury and Weymouth; 105l. and 50l. at Dorchester; the Gold Cup value 100l. and 60l. at Exeter.....7

By DON JUAN, Son of Orville.

4. The Governor, Lord Normandy's, a Stakes at Stapleton Meeting.....1

By DRIVER.

2. Get-away, Mr. Radclyffe's, 45l. at Weymouth, and Captain Fergusson's, 45l. at Dorchester.....3

By EASTHORPE.

5. Venata, Mr. Robinson's, 50l. at Anson Hunt.....1

By EBOR, Son of Orville.

4. Cadis, Mr. Payne's, 200l. at York Spring Meeting.....1

4. Chronicle, Mr. Darnell's, 50l. at Catterick.....1

2. Claudine, Mr. Lambton's, 150l. at Doncaster.....1

By ELECTION, Son of Gohanna.

3. Cramer, Duke of Grafton's, 700l. 150l. the Wellington Stakes of 600l. 100l. and 200l. at Newmarket.....1

4. Don Carlos, Mr. Greville's, 150l. and 100l. at Newmarket; 100l. at Epsom; 50l. 25l. 200l. 100l. one half of the Oulton Stakes of 40l. and 500l. at Newmarket.....1

4. Hajji Baba, Lord Warwick's, the Worcestershire Stakes of 60l. at Worcester.....1

3. Pigmy, Duke of Grafton's, 50l. at Newmarket.....1

3. Rufus, Duke of Grafton's, the Biddlesworth Stakes of 2000l. 300l. 400l. 600l. 100l. the St. Leger Stakes of 250l. 100l. and 60l. at Newmarket.....1

3. Tontine, Duke of Grafton's, the Wellington Stakes of 700l. the 1000ga. Stakes of 250l., and 25l. at Newmarket.....1

3. Waker, Duke of Grafton's, 450l. at Ascot Heath.....1

By EPPERSTON, Son of Delpini.

4. Dunsy, Mr. Alexander's, 50l. at Dumfries.....1

4. Sprinkell, Sir J. Maxwell's, the Gold Cup value 100l. and 50l. at Cardale, and 50l. at Dumfries.....1

By FILHO DA PUTA, Son of Haphazard.

3. Arachne, Mr. Geary's, the Trial Stakes of 50l. at Anson Hunt; 60l. at Buxton; the Ludford Stakes of 50l. and 50l. at Ludlow; 100l. at Derby; 60l. at Burton-upon-Trent; 150l. at Lichfield; the Gold Cup value 100l. at Walsall; the Beau Desert Stakes of 40l. at Rugby; and the Mostyn Stakes of 200l. at Holywell Hunt.....1

5. Charnwood, Mr. Gisborne's, 60l. at Anson Hunt, and the Chatsworth Stakes of 80l. at Buxton.....1

3. Doctor Faustus, Sir T. Stanley's, 350l. and 100l. at Knutsford; the St. Leger Stakes of 55l. and 120l. at Warwick.....1

and the Oldchain Stakes of 175l. at Holywell Hunt5
 4. Elephant, Mr. Houldsworth's, the King's Purse of 100ga. at Chester; the King's Purse of 100ga. and the Macaroni Stakes of 75l. at Nottingham; the King's Purse of 100ga. at Warwick and Lichfield5
 3. Escape, Mr. Houldsworth's, 50l. at Manchester; 250l. at York August Meeting; 400l. at Doncaster; and 70l. at Chesterfield4
 4. Fille de Joie, Mr. Yates's, the Gold Cup Stakes of 100l. at Burton-upon-Trent, and 50l. at Shrewsbury3
 4. Hajji Baba, Sir T. Stanley's, 60l. at Chester; the Gold Cup value 100l. at Knutsford; 50l. at Newcastle-under-Lyne; the Tradesmen's Cup value 100l. with 110l. in specie at Wolverhampton4
 5. Hexgrave, Captain Ramadan's, the Silver Tureen value 70l. at York Craven Meeting; the Welham Stakes of 77l. at Malton; 60l. at Leeds; and the Broomhill Stakes at Rotherham4
 5. Libertine, Mr. Geary's, 60ga. at Chester1
 3. Maid of Mansfield, Mr. Houldsworth's, 100l. at Manchester, and 60l. at Aberly3
 4. Miller of Mansfield, Mr. Houldsworth's, 60l. at Chesterfield1
 4. Miss Maltby, Mr. Houldsworth's, 60l. at Derby1
 4. Orthodox, Sir W. Wynne's, 50l. at Chester1
 4. Oswestry, Mr. Mytton's, 50l. at Burton-upon-Trent, and the Gold Cup value 100l. with 20l. in specie, at Shrewsbury, 2
 5. Palatine, Mr. Griffith's, 70l. at Ludlow; twice 50l. at Monmouth; 62l. at Worcester; and 60l. and 50l. at Tewkesbury5
 4. The Butler, Mr. Thompson's, 60ga. at Chester; 50l. at Ludlow; and 60l. at Bridgnorth3
 4. Warkworth, Mr. Quarton's, 50l. at Edinburgh1
 By FITZ-JAMES, Son of Delpini.
 5. Bay Gelding (Fitzwilliam), Mr. Painter's, 65l. at Wolverhampton; a Stakes at Walsall; and 45l. at Stafford, 3
 5. Theodorie, Lord Raneliffe's, 45l. at Nottingham; Mr. Wilkin's, 60l. at Derby2
 5. Ynysmaengwyn, Mr. J. Stevens's, 50l. at Worcester; 50l. at Oxford; Mr. Ockenden's, 45l. at Burderop; Mr. Richard's, 45l. and 50l. at Glamorganshire, 5
 By FITZ-ORVILLE, Son of Orville.
 4. The Nick, Mr. Carnegie's, 80l. at Montrose1
 By THE FLYER, Son of Vandyke Junior.
 3. Wings, General Grosvenor's, the

Gold Cup value 100l. with 10l. in specie, and the Oak Stakes of 1550l. at Epsom; and the Gold Cup value 100l. at Stamford3

By FRIDAY, Son of Washington.

4. Francoini, Mr. J. Day's, 50l. at Winchester, and Sir T. Lethbridge's, twice 50l. at Bridgewater3

By FRIEND NED, Son of Camillus.

5. Brown mare, Mr. Pigott's, the Cavalry Cup at Tasporely Hunt1

6. Sir Edward, Mr. Rogers's, 70l. at Chester; Mr. Thompson's, 50l. at Wenlock3

By FROLIC, Son of Hedley.

4. Spree, Duke of Richmond's, twice 50l. at Goodwood; the Gold Cup Stakes of 200l. and the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes of 150l. at Egham4

By FYLDENER, Son of Sir Peter.

6. Cara Sposa, Mr. Mytton's, 65l. at The Potteries1

5. Triumph, Mr. Sadler's, the Saggi Stakes of 185l. at Epsom; Mr. F. Craven's, the Cup Stakes of 120l. at Abingdon; the Oxfordshire Stakes of 255l. at Oxford; and the Leamington Stakes of 550l. at Warwick4

By GAINSBOROUGH, Son of Rubens.

3. Annibal Caracci, Mr. King's, 50l. at Tavistock1
 a Dotye, Mr. Fisher's, 50l. at Bath Spring Meeting; 100l. at Bath and Bristol Meeting; a Gold Cup at Tiverton; and a Silver Cup at Tavistock4

2. Resemblance, Mr. Rawlinson's, 200l. at Oxford1

5. Viscount, Mr. Smith's, the Waterloo Stakes of 50l. at Woolwich; 50l. at Bridgewater; and 50l. at Exeter3

By GIMCRACK.

5. Grey gelding, Mr. Clay's, 50l. at Shrewsbury1

By GOLUMPUS, Son of Gohanna.

6. Chance, Mr. Brookfield's, a Handicap Stakes of Doncaster Hunt Meeting1

By GOVERNOR, Son of Trumpetor.

9. Cornet, Lord Normanby's, 100l. at Richmond1

5. John, Mr. Radcliffe's, 100l. at Weymouth1

By GRAND DUKE, Son of Archduke.

3. Autocrat, Lord Derby's, the Dee Stakes of 225l.; and the Palatine Stakes of 125l. at Chester; and the Staffordshire Stakes of 105l. at Lichfield3

By GRANICUS, Son of Sorcerer.

4. Fiddlededee, Captain Davis's, the County Stakes at Aberystwith1

4. Isabelle, Mr. H. Smith's, the Manor Bowl of 50l. at Tenbury Wells1

By GREY MIDDLEHAM, Son of Walton.

4. Richmond, Mr. Frazer's, a Gold Cup value 100gs. with 30l. in specie, and 50l. at Inverness, and 50l. at Perth3

By GRIMALDI, Son of Delpini.

5. Minna, Captain Davies's, 40l. at Tenbury; the Gogerdan Stakes of 40l. at Aberystwith; 50l. at Kingston; and 50l. at Brecon4

5. Pantomime, Duke of Richmond's, the Halkoner Cup value 60l., the Drover Stakes of 20l., and Colonel Russell's 50l. at Goodwood3

By GUILDFORD.

6. Bay horse, Mr. Dyson's, a Silver Cup value 60l. at Doncaster Hunt Meeting1

By GUY MANNERING, Son of Sorcerer.

8. Anna, Mr. Puleston's, twice 50l. at Wells, and the Gold Cup value 100l. at Bridgewater3

By HAPHAZARD, Son of Sir Peter.

5. Figaro, Mr. Farquharson's, 100l. at Kelso Spring Meeting, 50l. the Kelso Stakes of 70l. and the Corvival Stakes of 50l. at Kelso4

3. Flounder, Mr. Rogers's, 40l. and 50l. at Newmarket3

5. Magnet, Mr. Hickey's, the Langton Stakes, at Blandford2

8. Victoria, Mr. C. Day's, 45l. at Oxford1

By HEDLEY, Son of Gohanna.

6. Mystic, Lord Wilton's, the Grosvener Stakes of 45l. at Chester; 60l. at Newton; 55l. and 50l. at Stapleton Meeting; and 50l. at Lambton Park5

By HIT OR MISS.

4. Ches. Filly, Mr. Cockerill's, 50l. and 60l. at Ellmers3

By HOLLYHOCK.

5. Hesperus, Major O. Gore's, 40l. at Worcester; the Herefordshire Stakes of 100l. 70l. and 58l. at Hereford; 50l. at Knighton; 45l. at Stourbridge; and 45l. at Welsh Pool7

5. Hollyhock, Major Gore's, the Prestbury Stakes of 15l. at Cheltenham1

By INTERPRETER, Son of Soothsayer.

4. Augur, Colonel Wilson's, the Cup Stakes of 70l. at Beccles, and the Gold Cup value 80l. at Yarmouth3

3. Ches. Colt (dam by Canopus), Mr. Walker's, the Woodcot Stakes of 60l. at Epsom1

3. Falcon, Mr. F. Lumley's, the Barton

Stakes of 62l. 10s. at Melton, and the Gold Cup value 100l. at Beverley1

5. Jessy, Mr. F. Lumley's, 140l. at York Spring Meeting, and 120l. at Lancaster3

3. Linguist, Mr. W. Fox's, the Leston Stakes of 70l. at Pontefract1

3. Lord John, Mr. Petre's, 50l. at Beverley1

By JULIUS CÆSAR, Son of Alexander.

2. Belton, Mr. Gosip's, 100l. at Chatterfield1

By JUNIPER, Son of Whiskey.

2. Bay Filly (dam by Remembrance), Mr. Whitelock's, the Richmond Club Stakes of 110l. at Catterick1

5. Black Daphne, Colonel Wilson's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Ipswich; 50l. at Chelmsford; 50l. at Bedford; 50gs. and 50l. 6s. 8d. at Newmarket1

5. Oscar, Colonel Wilson's, 50l. and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Newmarket3

By KING OF DIAMONDS, Son of Diamond.

4. Hottentot, Mr. Canning's, 50l. and Mr. Dilly's, 60l. at Abingdon; 50l. and the Oxford Stakes of 50l. at Oxford; 50l. at Burdock; and Lord Wilton's, 50l. at Lambton Park5

By KUTUSOFF, Son of Brown Brad.

3. Green Mantle, Mr. Riggs's, 50l. at Fife Hunt1

By LANGOLEE.

3. Ches. Filly (out of Malmour), Mr. J. Rogers's, 90l. at Oswestry, and 70l. at Ellmers3

By LITTLE JOE.

4. Rosario, Mr. Wood's, 50l. at Worcester, and 50l. at Tewksbury3

By LEOPOLD, Son of Camille.

3. Baronesa, Mr. Lambton's, 50l. at York August Meeting; 50l. at Pontefract; Mr. Pickernell's, 60l. at Worcester3

3. Rapid, Mr. Jackson's, the XYZ Stakes of 100l. at Newcastle1

4. Royalist, Mr. Lambton's, 50l. at Durham, and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Newcastle3

By MAC-ORVILLE, Son of Orville.

4. Macdonald, Mr. Lambton's, the second class of the Normanby Stakes of 50l. at Lambton Park1

By MAGISTRATE, Son of Camille.

3. Miss Crackham, Mr. Houldsworth's, 20l. at Nottingham1

3. Mitimus, Mr. F. Craven's, 100l. at Newmarket1

By MANFRED, Son of Election.

3. Ludford, Mr. Mytton's, 45l. and 60l.

at Oswestry, and the Halkin Stakes of 150*l*. at Holywell Hunt..... 3

By MANGO, Son of Sorcerer.

3. Elizabeth, Mr. Gisborne's, 50*l*. at Chester; 50*l*. at Wolverhampton; and 45*l*. at Rugeley 3

3. Susan, Mr. Gisborne's, the Sherwood Stakes of 115*l*. at Nottingham, and 75*l*. at Rugeley 3

By MERLIN, Son of Castal.

2. Goshawk, Duke of Grafton's, 120*l*. at Newmarket 1

By MILITIAMAN, Son of Tityrus.

6. Trooper, Mr. Ballinger's, a Hunter's Stakes, at Tewksbury 1

By MILO, Son of Sir Peter.

3. Brown Filly (Sister to Urganda), Lord Derby's, 50*l*. at Knutsford 1

6. Brown Gelding, Mr. France's, 75*l*. at Tarporley Hunt..... 1

4. Governess, Mr. Rounthwaite's, 50*l*. at Lancaster, and 45*l*. at Morpeth 3

4. Sarsaparilla, Mr. Painter's, 40*l*. at Walsall 1

4. Urganda, Lord Derby's, the Stand Gold Cup value 100*g*s. with 190 sows. in specie, at Chester, and the Peover Stakes of 140*l*. at Knutsford 3

By MOWBRAY, Son of Pandolpho.

6. Chestnut Mare, Mr. Bayard's, a Silver Cup, value 60*g*s. at Egham 1

4. Newbrough, Mr. Armstrong's, a Silver Cup value 50*g*s. at Catterick; the Welter Cup value 50*l*. and 60*l*. in specie, at Durham; Lord Normanby's, the Gold Cup value 100*l*. with 10*l*. in specie, 30*l*. and 50*l*. at Stapleton Park 5

By MULEY, Son of Orville.

3. Mercandotti, Sir T. Mostyn's, 50*l*. at Hollywell Hunt 1

3. Mezereon, Mr. Painter's, 135*l*. at Barton-upon-Trent 1

4. Montimia, Mr. Pickford's, the Gold Cup at The Hoo 1

5. Muletser, Mr. J. Rogers's, the Frore Stakes of 900*l*. at Ascot Heath, 30*l*. and 50*l*. at Newmarket 3

4. Pucelle, Duke of Grafton's, 50*l*., twice 100*l*., 55*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*., and 100*l*. at Newmarket 5

3. The Moor, Major O. Gore's, 50*l*. at Stourbridge, and 50*l*. at Oswestry 2

By MUSICIAN.

6. Fiddler, Lord Howth's, the Rankenborough Stakes of 60*l*. and 100*l*. at Exton Park 2

By OCTAVIUS, Son of Orville.

7. Black-and-all-Black, Mr. Farquharson's, 160*l*. at Southampton; the Dorsetshire Stakes of 95*l*. and 50*l*. at Blandford; 60*l*. at Weymouth; 65*l*. and 90*l*. at Dorchester; 50*l*. and 100*l*. at Exeter 3

3. Cricketer, Lord Egremont's, the Brighton Stakes of 250*l*. at Brighton; the Gold Cup value 100*l*. at Goodwood; and 100*l*. at Newmarket 3

3. Selection, Lord Russell's, 40*l*. at Bedford 4

7. Sir Huldibrand, Mr. Small's, the Dyrham Stakes of 45*l*. at Bath and Bristol 1

By OCTAVIAN, Son of Strippling.

3. Bay Filly (Sister to Equity), Mr. T. Peirse's, 50*l*. and 70*l*. at Lancaster 3

3. Bay Horse (Brother to Antonio), Mr. Whiteside's, 50*l*. at Winchester; 50*l*. at Bath and Bristol; 70*l*. at Lewes; 100*l*. at Canterbury; and 50*l*. at the Isle of Thanet..... 5

3. Cymbeline, Mr. Ferguson's, the Yorkshire Stakes of 90*l*. at York August Meeting; Mr. T. Peirse's, 100*l*. at Richmond 3

4. Equity (now Happy Jack), Mr. T. Peirse's, 70*l*. at Preston; Mr. T. Duncombe's, 100*l*. and 50*l*. at Lambton Park, 3

2. Garcia, Lord Muncester's, 100*l*. at Doncaster..... 1

4. North Briton, Mr. J. Ferguson's, 100*l*. and the horses Carouser and Catterick, at York Spring Meeting; Lord Kennedy's, the King's Purse of 100*g*s. at Edinburgh; 100*l*. at the Caledonian Hunt; twice 50*l*. at Perth; and 50*l*. (in dispute) at Kelso ... 5

3. North Star, Mr. Farquharson's, the Forfarshire Gold Cup value 100*l*. with 50*l*. in specie, at Montrose; a Gold Cup value 100*l*. and 55*l*. at Aberdeen 3

4. Pecania, Mr. Lambton's, 85*l*. and 50*l*. at Croxton Park, and the Stapleton Park Stakes of 80*l*. at Stapleton Park races 3

a. Randolph, Mr. Harrison's, 40*l*. at Stockton 1

By ORVILLE.

5. Bizarre, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 300*l*. and 150*l*. at Newmarket; the Gold Cup value 100*l*. at Ascot Heath; and 100*l*. at Lewes 4

2. Ellen, Colonel Yates's, 100*l*. at Doncaster..... 1

4. Georgiana, Mr. E. Wilson's, 60*l*. at Chelmsford 1

2. Louisa, Mr. Mytton's, 225*l*. at Chester, 80*l*. at Nottingham, and 100*l*. at Derby 3

6. Posthuma, Duke of Grafton's, 300*l*. at Newmarket..... 1

4. Vargas, Mr. Grame's, the County Stakes of 70*l*. at The Hoo 1

By ORION, Son of Sancho.

5. Bay Mare, Mr. Heselstine's, 50*l*. at Northallerton... 1

By OSSIAN, Son of Benningbrough.

10. Why-not, Mr. Mackenzie's, the Gold Cup value 100*g*s. at Inverness 1

By OUTCRY, Son of Camillus.

1. Bravura, Mr. Pettit's, 70L. 50L. and 40L. at Newmarket 3
4. Freischutz, Mr. Petre's, the Gold Tureen value 100L. with 80L. in specie, at Leeds 1

By PARTISAN, Son of Walton.

3. Bay Filly (out of Sister to Caroline), Lord Egremont's, the Cowdray Stakes of 100L. at Goodwood 1
5. Bay Mare (dam by Trumpator), Colonel Wilson's, 50L. at Yarmouth 1
2. Beloro, Duke of Grafton's, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 500L. and 840L. at Newmarket 3
3. Comrade, Mr. Benson's, the Craven Stakes of 70L. at Epsom, and 60L. at the Potteries 2
4. Gironette, Mr. Wortley's, 100L. and 200L. at Newmarket 2
3. Pastime, Mr. F. Craven's, the Foal Stakes of 340L. at Winchester 1
2. Paul Jones, Duke of Grafton's, the Anson Stakes of 1360L. 70L. and 150L. at Newmarket 3
3. Peter Proteus, Duke of York's, 100L. and 175L. 100L. at Newmarket 3
4. Skiff, Lord Kennedy's, 50L. at Montrose; the Meeting Stakes of 138L. the Caledonian Welter Stakes of 110L. and 75L. at Aberdeen; the Trial Stakes of 40L. the Ross and Cromarty Gold Cup value 100gs. and twice 50L. at Inverness; and 90L. at Perth 9

By PAULOWITZ, Son of Sir Paul.

3. Cain, Mr. Yates's, 180L. at Burton upon Trent, and 70L. at Stourbridge 2
2. Claudia, Mr. Yates's, 50L. at Walsall; Mr. Massey's, 40L. at Rugeley; and 40L. at Stafford 3
2. King Cole, Lord Kennedy's, 125L. at Kelso 1
2. Little-bo-Peep, Mr. Yates's, 120L. at Manchester; 80L. at Wolverhampton; 75L. at Stourbridge; and 150L. at Lichfield 4
3. Madame Poki, Mr. Yates's, 50L. at Buxton; 50L. at Wolverhampton; 50L. at Burton-upon Trent; 65L. at Stourbridge; and 40L. at Walsall 3

By PAYNATOR, Son of Trumpator.

17. Markman, Mr. Brown's, 50L. at Tonbridge Wells 1

By PERICLES.

8. Athenian, Lord Exeter's, 100L. at Newmarket 1
4. Plutarch, Mr. White's, 50L. a Gold Cup value 100L. with 100L. in specie, and 70L. at Lambton Park 2
4. Progress, Lord Exeter's, the Burghley Stakes of 145L. at Stamford 1
5. Twist, Mr. Longden's, 75L. at Lincoln 1

By PERUVIAN.

- a. Lima, Mr. Grosvenor's, twice 50L. and 80L. at Lambton Park 3
- a. Mexican, Mr. Heathcote's, 20L. at The Hoe 1

By PETRONIUS, Son of Sir Peter.

5. Scotch Lass, Mr. Jackson's, 100L. at Catterick 1

By PHANTOM, Son of Walton.

3. Ariel, Lord Jersey's, 500L. 100L. and 30L. at Newmarket 3
3. Bay Filly (dam by Stamford), Mr. Bodenham's, 55L. and 50L. at Leominster, 2
4. Cedric, Sir J. Shelley's, 300L. at Newmarket 1
4. Ches. Colt (Shadow), Mr. Wyndham's, twice 70L. at Newmarket; Lord Tavistock's, 50L. at Bedford; and 100L. at Newmarket 4
3. Dahlia, Duke of York's, 225L. at Newmarket; 600L. at Ascot Heath; 60L. at Lewes; and 100L. at Newmarket 4
3. Enamel, Lord Exeter's, the 2000gs. Stakes of 700L. at Newmarket 1
3. Frogmore, Duke of York's, the Albany Stakes of 200L. at Ascot Heath, and 70L. at Brighton 2
3. Greyley, Lord Palmerston's, the Coronation Stakes of 37l. 10s. at Stockbridge; the Gold Cup value 100L. and 40L. at Southampton; the Gold Cup value 100L. with 50L. in specie, at Salisbury; the Dorsetshire Gold Cup value 100L. at Blandford; and the Devon Stakes of 165L. at Exeter, 6
3. Infelix, Sir J. Shelley's, 100L. 60L. and 100L. at Newmarket 3
3. Middleton, Lord Jersey's, the Derby Stakes of 1750L. at Epsom; 100L. and 50L. at Newmarket 3
3. Mystery, Mr. West's, 125L. at Worcester 1
4. Orion, Mr. Stonehewer's, 160L.; Lord Orford's, 100L. 500L. 150L. and twice 100L. at Newmarket 6
3. Phantasma, Duke of Richmond's, a Handicap Stakes, at Goodwood, and 50L. at Egham 2
3. Second Sight, Lord Stradbroke's, 150L. at Newmarket 1
4. Serab, Mr. Batson's, the Port Stakes of 400L. and 400L. at Newmarket 2
3. The Brownie, General Grosvenor's, 50L. at Ascot Heath; Duke of Richmond's, 50L. at Goodwood; and the Egham Stakes of 55L. at Egham 3
4. Warwick, Mr. Howe's, 50L. at Bath and Bristol, and the Ham Stakes of 50L. at Tewksbury 2

By PIONEER, Son of Whiskey.

3. Bay Colt (out of Discord), Mr. Rush's, 50L. at Ipswich, and 45L. at Chelmsford 2
- By PLOUGHBOY, Son of Governor.
9. Burnby, Mr. Williams's, 80L. at Croxton Park 1

By **POULTON**, Son of Sir Peter.

6. Healey, Mr. Boast's, 50l. at Ludlow, and the Huntingdon Stakes, of 50l. at Huntingdon.....2
- a. Jessy, Mr. P. Jones's, 55l. at Blonmouth.....1
3. Lydia, Mr. Jones's, 40l. Glamorgan-shire.....1
5. Tripoli, Mr. Tomas's, 50l. at Wolverhampton, and 50l. at Leicester.....2

By **PRIME MINISTER**, Son of Sancho.

6. Negotiator, Lord Kennedy's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at York August Meeting.....1
6. Orator, Captain Lock's, 50l. at Lewes, and the Hackwood Stakes of 55l. at Basingstoke.....3
6. Plumper, Mr. J. Wilkinson's, the Craven Stakes of 42gs. at York Craven Meeting; 50l. at Durham; 45l. at South Shields; the Silver Tureen value 70gs. at York August Meeting; the Gold Cup value 100l. at Rotherham; Mr. Smith's 50l. at Chesterfield.....6
5. Proseody, Mr. Maule's, 50l. at Montrose.....1
6. Tom Paine, Mr. Watson's, the Bilesdon Coplow Stakes* of 175l. at Croxton Park; Mr. Lewis's, 50l. at Inverness.....2

By **PROSELYTE**, Son of Sorcerer.

3. Ches. Colt (out of Miss Cantley), Mr. Uppleby's, 50l. at Leeds.....1

By **PYRAMUS**, Son of Meteor.

4. Bay Colt (out of Witch of Endor), Mr. Dundas's, 45l. at Wells.....1

By **QUIZ**, Son of Buzzard.

4. Cydnus, Mr. Theobald's, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Ascot Heath, Guildford, Lewes, and Canterbury.....4
9. Euphrates, Mr. Mytton's, the Gold Cup value 100l. with 100l. in specie, at Newton; the Gold Cup value 100l. with 20l. in specie, at Worcester; the Darlington Cup value 100l. with 120l. in specie, at Wolverhampton; the Gold Cup value 100l. with 90l. in specie, at Lichfield; the Gold Cup value 100l. and 50l. at Oswestry.....6
4. Hurly Burly, Duke of Richmond's, 50l. at Newmarket; Mr. De Burgh's, the Gold Cup value 100l. at Hampton.....2

By **QUIZZER**, Son of Quiz.

3. Berengaria, Mr. Lantour's, 65l. at Southampton.....1
5. Lara, Mr. Peel's, 50l. at Aberystwith.....1

By **RABY**, Son of Sorcerer.

3. Mexico, Mr. J. G. Clarke's, 50l. at Stockton.....1

By **RAINBOW**, Son of Walton.

6. Biondetta, Lord Palmerston's, 35l. at Salisbury; and 50l. at Weymouth.....2
3. Ches. Filly (out of Jannette), Mr. Prendergast's, 50l. at Newmarket.....1
2. Elizabeth, Duke of York's, 110l. at Ascot Heath; 190l. at Newmarket; and 160l. at Brighton.....3

By **RAPHAEL**, Son of Rabens.

5. Maid of the Mill, Mr. Baillie's, the Nimrod Stakes of 40l. at Kelso Spring Meeting.....1

By **RHADAMANTHUS**, Son of Camillus.

3. Proserpine, Mr. Johnson's, 50l. at Knutsford.....1

By **RINALDO**, Son of Milo.

- Brown Gelding, Mr. Cork's, 60l. at Rugeley.....1

By **ROBIN ADAIR**, Son of Walton.

5. Young Robin Adair, Mr. Goodman's, 100l. and a Silver Cup value 50l. with 10l. in specie, at Burderop.....2

By **RUBENS**, Son of Buzzard.

3. Bay Colt (out of Brunette), Mr. Helbrook's, the Durdan Stakes of 40l. at Epsom.....1
2. Bay Filly (out of Virgin), Mr. Fleming's, the Stoneham Park Stakes of 30l. at Southampton.....1
4. Bertha, Lord Grosvenor's, 45l. and 50l. at Chester.....2
5. Claude Lorraine, Mr. West's, the Gloucestershire Stakes of 625l. at Cheltenham.....1
3. Crockery, General Grosvenor's, the Newmarket Stakes of 700l. 200l. and twice 100l. at Newmarket.....4
9. Doctor Eady, Mr. Pryse's, the Bbury Stakes of 145l. and 50l. at Bibury; 60l. at Cheltenham; twice 50l. at Glamorganshire; and 50l. at Brecon.....6
3. Hogarth, Mr. Batson's, 250l. at Newmarket.....1
4. Hybla, Lord Grosvenor's, 50l. at The Potteries; and 50l. at Shrewsbury.....2
3. Miss West, Mr. C. Day's, the Wye Stakes of 90l.; the Foley Stakes of 50l. at Hereford; and 50l. at Glamorganshire.....3
4. Sir Gray, Mr. Tomas's, the Gold Cup value 100l. with 40l. in specie, at Derby; the Gold Cup value 160l.; and the Burgess Purse of 100l. at Leicester; the Champagne Stakes of 190l. and the Harwarden Castle Stakes of 60l. at Holywell Hunt.....5
3. Velasquez, Mr. Maberley's, 50l. at Woolwich; 50l. at Rochester and Chatham; Mr. Mockford's, 50l. at Canterbury.....3
5. Wisacre, Mr. O'Conner's, 40l. and

* We understand that the Steward of Croxton Park Races has decided this race in favour of Bogtrotter, in consequence of Tom Paine being the thorough-bred horse Tybalt, by Thunderbolt, out of Meteora, by Meteor, now eight years old.

60l. at Stamford; the Cup Stakes of 70l. at Huntingdon, and the Woburn Stakes of 110l. at Bedford.....4

By RUMBO, Son of Whiskey.

4. Wildboy, Mr. Palmer's, 80l. at Canterbury.....1

By ST. HELENA, Son of Stripling.

2. Bay Colt (dam by Waxy) Mr. Parkinson's, 80l. at Leeds.....1

By ST. VINCENT, Son of Fortanio.

6. Croxby, Mr. Jackson's, 50l. at Lincoln; and Mr. Brook's, 45l. at Northampton.....2

By SCARECROW, Son of Canopus.

4. Bay Gelding (Gower), Mr. Lucas's, 45l.; and Mr. Guest's, 50l. at Glamorgan-shire.....2

By SCUD, Son of Benningbrough.

2. Surprise, Mr. Thornhill's, 300l. at Newmarket.....1

By SEAGRAVE, Son of Walton.

2. Leon, Mr. Hutton's, 80l. at Lincoln, 1

By SELIM, Son of Buzzard.

3. Chesnut Colt (Lochiel), Mr. M. Forbes's, 75l. at Epsom.....1

5. Logic, Mr. Powlett's, 60l. 50l. 20l. and 100l. at Newmarket.....4

3. Saladin, Mr. Petre's, 500l. at Doncaster.....1

3. Scandal, Mr. Wortley's, thrice 100l. and 200l. at Newmarket.....4

4. Shacabac, Mr. Lee's, 100l. at Ascot Heath, and 50l. at Yarmouth.....2

By SERTORIUS.

3. Elizabeth, Mr. Biggs's, 50l. at Weymouth.....1

By SHUTTLE POPE, Son of Shuttle.

4. Humbug, Mr. Neale's, 50l. at Stamford.....1

By SIR MALAGIGI, Son of Sir Peter.

7. Champagne, Mr. Long's, the Union Stakes of 60l. at Doncaster Hunt Meeting, and 50l. at Buxton.....2

By SIR LAUNCELOT, Son of Delpini.

a. May Day, Colonel Latour's, 50gs. at Northampton.....1

a. Orthodox, Mr. Sparrow's, 50l. at Sourbridge.....1

By SIR OLIVER, Son of Sir Peter.

4. Man Friday, Mr. Stewart's, 90l. at Worcester.....1

By SIR WALTER RALEIGH, Son of Waxy.

El Dorado, Mr. Scath's, 50l. at As-
th.....1

By SKIM, Son of Gohanna.

Black, Mr. Holbrook's, the Maiden
The Moo.....1

By SMOLENSKO, Son of Sorcer.

5. Augustin, Mr. Hyde's, the Ladies' Subscription Stakes at Hampton.....1

4. Borysthenes, Mr. F. Lamley's, 40l. at Malton, and 105l. at Doncaster.....1

2. Fawn, Mr. Greville's, 100l. at Newmarket.....1

4. Ina, Sir J. Byng's, 50l.; Lord Anson's, 60l. twice 100l. and 50l. at Newmarket.....1

3. Isabella, Mr. Hudson's, 50l. at Molepeth; 50l. at Carlisle; 50l. at Dumfries; 50l. (in dispute) and 50l. at Kelso; and the Palatine Stakes of 60l. at Lambton Park, 6

6. Picton, Mr. Whitehead's, the Oakham Stakes of 220l. and 50l. at Ascot Heath, and the Hampshire Stakes of 134l. at Winchester.....1

2. Skirmisher, Sir J. Byng's, the Bledston Stakes of 250l. and 50l. at Newmarket.....1

2. Syphon, Mr. West's, 45l. at Cheltenham, and 200l. at Warwick.....1

By SOUTHSAYER, Son of Sorcer.

3. Adeliza, Duke of Rutland's, 300l. at Newmarket; the Windsor Forest Stakes of 175l. and 40l. at Ascot Heath; and 100l. at Newmarket.....1

3. Ches. Colt (Salisbury), Mr. Ryan's, 50l. at Winchester; the Wiltshire Stakes of 205l. at Salisbury; and 50l. at Blandford.....1

3. Ches. Filly (out of Metre), Mr. Hornby's, 50l. at Rochester and Chatham; Mr. Hill's, the Powell Stakes of 70l. and 50l. at Isle of Thorns.....1

6. Fortune-teller, Mr. Whyte's, the Rockingham Stakes of 60l. at Rochester and Chatham, and 50l. at Canterbury.....1

4. Helenus, Mr. F. Craven's, 500l. at Newmarket, and the Swinley Stakes of 100l. at Ascot Heath.....1

5. Maid of Kent, Mr. Browne's, the Gold Cup value 100l. and 50l. at Canterbury.....1

4. Miss Foote, Mr. Patrick's, 50l. at Tenbury, and twice 50l. at Bridgnorth.....1

3. Rigmarol, Captain Rous's, 50l. at Beccles.....1

2. Spae Wife, Sir W. Maxwell's, 300l. at Edinburgh; 155l. and 50l. at the Caledonian Hunt.....1

4. Witch, Mr. Prendergast's, the Woodcot Park Stakes of 50l. at Epsom; 100l. and Capt. Rous's, 100l. at Newmarket.....1

By STAMFORD, Son of Sir Peter.

7. Brown Gelding (out of Diana), Mr. Rennie's, 45l. at Kelso Spring Meeting.....1

a. The Lancer, Mr. Kennedy's, the Ayr Gold Cup value 100l. with 10l. in spec, at the Caledonian Hunt.....1

By STAVELEY, Son of Shuttle.

a. Ches. Gelding, Mr. Walker's, 50l. at Lincoln.....1

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1835.

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By SWINLEY.

a. Grinnace, Mr. Bayly's, 30l. at Bath and Bristol; Mr. Harris's, the Gold Cup and Silver Cup at Tiverton; and 48l. at Taunton

By TEASDALE, Son of Mr. Teazle.

3. Mortgage, Duke of Portland's, 600l. at Newmarket

By THUNDERBOLT, Son of Sorcerer.

3. Hymettus, Lord Grosvenor's, the Tradesmen's Cup value 100gs. with 270l. in specie, at 80l. at Chester

a. Thundercliff (since dead), Mr. Mayetson's, 50l. at Kendal

By TRAMP, Son of Dick Andrews.

5. Barefoot, Lord Darlington's, the Gold Cup value 100l. with 160l. in specie, at Lancaster

5. Lottery, Mr. Whitaker's, 120l. and the Gold Cup value 100l. with 100l. in specie, at York Spring Meeting; the Gold Cup value 100gs. with 270l. in specie, and received 20l. at Preston; the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 90l. at York August Meeting; the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 110l. and the Gold Cup value 350l. at Doncaster

By TRISTRAM, Son of Teddy the Grinder.

3. Grey gelding (dam by Clinker), Mr. Hussey's, 30l. at Yarmouth

5. Young Tristram, Mr. Pelgrave's, 50l. at Beccles

By TROPHONIUS, Son of Bening-brough.

6. Squirrel, Mr. Mills's, 100l. and the Club Cup, with 130l. in specie, at Lambton Park

By USQUEBAUGH, Son of Young Whiskey.

3. Burgundy, Mr. C. Day's, the St. Leger Stakes of 62l. 10s. at Bath and Bristol; the Abingdon Stakes of 60l. and 60l. at Abingdon; the Swindon Stakes of 68l. at Burderop; and 116l. at Monmouth ...

By VISCOUNT, Son of Stamford.

3. Benvoirlich, Sir D. Moncrieff's, 40l. at Perth

5. Ben Ledi, Sir W. Maxwell's, 200l. at Edinburgh, and the King's Purse of 100gs. at the Caledonian Hunt

3. Grey colt (out of Georgiana), Mr. Blair's, 100l. at the Caledonian Hunt ...

3. Kyle, Mr. C. Alexander's, the St. Leger Stakes of 200l. at the Caledonian Hunt

5. Rally, Mr. Hudson's, a Handicap Stakes at Kendal

By VIVALDI.

0. Bay mare, Mr. Burrow's, the Farmer's Purse of 50gs. at Croxton Park ...

By WALTON, Son of Sir Peter.

3. Barytes, Mr. Jaques's, 235l. at Catterick; Mr. Payne's, 100l. at Doncaster, and the Hornby Castle Stakes of 110l. at Richmond

3. Bay filly (dam by Sir Paul), Mr. Edwards's, 50l. at Inglewood Hunt

3. Bay filly (out of Altisidora), Mr. Watt's, the Filly Sapping Stakes of 125l. at York Spring Meeting

3. Cinderella, Mr. Paulden's, 85l. at Newcastle-under-Lyne, and 100l. at the Potteries

4. Elizabeth, Mr. Gascoigne's, 100l. at Leeds; 100l. at Newcastle; two of the Subscription Great Purses amounting together to 358l. 6s. 8d. at York August Meeting

3. Galena, Mr. Jaques's, 100l. at Catterick

3. Grey filly (out of Lissette), Mr. Hunter's, 25l. at Newmarket

5. Linda, Mr. Drew's, the Farmers' Cup value 40l. with 12l. in specie, at Southampton

3. Princess Mary, Mr. Maundrell's, 50l. at Canterbury

3. The Orphan, Mr. Hutchinson's, 50l. at Kendal

By WATERLOO, Son of Walton.

3. Conquest, Lord Palmerston's, twice 50l. at Salisbury

4. Grenadier, Sir T. Stanley's, 50l. at Knutsford, and 50l. at Lichfield

3. Hougoumont, Mr. Shard's, 175l. at Stockbridge

2. Leila, Sir J. Shelley's, 200l. and 25l. at Newmarket

5. Sloe, Mr. C. Day's, the Somersetshire Stakes of 425l. at Bath and Bristol, 1

By WARRIOR, Son of Alexander the Great.

3. Bay colt (out of Effie Deans' dam), Mr. W. Arnall's, 45l. at Brighton

By WAXY, Son of Pot80's.

a. Miss Page, Lord G. Lennox's, 30l. at Goodwood

By WAXY POPE, Son of Waxy.

4. Canteen, Lord Sligo's, the Gold Cup value 100l. with 150l. in specie, at Pontefract

7. Gossoon, Mr. Payne's, the Bosworth Stakes of 275l. at Anson Hunt; 500l. at Doncaster; the Broomfield Stakes of 133l. at Northallerton; and the Harraton Stakes of 100l. at Lambton Park

4. Sligo, Lord Anson's, 50l. at Lichfield; 50l. at Walsall; 100l. and the Audley End Stakes of 110l. at Newmarket

By WELBECK, Son of Soothsayer.

2. Bedlamite, Lord Kennedy's, the Yearling Stakes of 80l. at Middleton; and

H 2

4. Guy Faux, Mr. Yates's, 60l. at Buxton, and 50l. at Preston

3. Bay Colt (Brother to Addy), Mr. Wyndham's, 100l. and 40l. at Newmarket

3. Bay Colt (Brother to Spermaceti),
Mr. Wyndham's, 167l. 10s. at New-

581. 6s. 8d., and 200L at Newmarket4
5. Dandizette, Duke of Richmond's, 70L.

some; the Original Stakes of 120*L.* at Bath and Bristol; the Sherborne Stakes of 70*L.* at Cheltenham: the Gold Cup value 100*L.*

Stakes of 80*l.* at Shrewsbury; 50*l.* at Oswestry; 110*l.* and 100*l.* at Holywell Hunt, 9

4. Longwaist, Mr. F. Craven's, the Craven Stakes of 1891. and the Oatland

Cup value 100l. with 60l. in specie, at Cheltenham; the Gold Cup Stakes of 160l. at Oxford; the Gold Cup stakes 100l.

2. Mignonette, Mr. Wyndham's, 1901

3. Stumps, Lord Egremont's, His Ma-

Lewes; the Goodwood Stakes of 235l. and
Goodwood; the Trial Stakes of 50l. 50l.

3. Whipcord, Mr. Scaith's, 701. a Brighton

5. Abron, Mr. Russell's, 1000l. at York Spring Meeting: the Gosforth Stakes of

4. Caccia Piatti, Mr. Russell's, the
Draven Stakes of 120l. at Catterick; the

of 140l. and 100l. a

.....

3. Meranon, Mr. Watt's, the St. Leger
Stakes of 200l. at York Spring Meeting:

2401. at Doncaster.....
4. Mustachio, Mr. Russell's, the Com-

170l. in specie; and the Manchester
Stakes of 230l. at Manchester.....

4. Reformer, Mr. Thornhill's, three
2001 at Newmarket

5. Strathern, Sir D. Menckieffe's, **50**
at Fife Hunt.....1

3. Aline, Mr. J. Rogers's, 5001 and 8001 at Newmarket

6. Cinder, Mr. Molony's, 501. at Newmarket

value 100l. and twice 50l. at Edinburgh—3

a. Norma, Mr. Trelawny's, 501. and 22
at Totness; and the Ladies' Cup at Tiver-

4. P.P.C., General Sharpe's, 1001 at the Caledonian Hunt.....1

4. Worthy, Mr. Sudbury's, 50L. st
Walsall.....

3. Brigand, Mr. Riddell's, the Donal
Stakes of 105l. at Middleham, and 350l. at
Newcastle.

3. Jack Bunce, Mr. Scath's, the Cl.

501. at Egham.....

By YOUNG SCREVETON.

Smiddy Haugh Stakes of 42l. at Durham; 60gs. at Newton; 60l. and 40l. at Lancaster; 50l. at Preston; 50l. and twice 40l.

1001. at Lambton Park 13

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1895.

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By **YOUNG SORCERER**, Son of Sorcerer.

6. Collins, Mr. Hopkinson's, 56l. at Beverley.....1

5. Little Devil, Mr. J. Stevens's, 70l. at Guildford, and 50l. at Worcester.....2

By **YOUNG WOODPECKER**, Son of Woodpecker.

a. Woodpecker, Mr. Brown's, the Renishaw Hunt Stakes at Rotherham.....1

By **ZODIAC**, Son of St. George.

6. Fencer, Mr. Benson's, the Welter Stakes of 40l. at Bibury.....1

4. Leo, Mr. Pickernell's, 50l. at Presteign, and 50l. at Warwick.....2

By **BLACKLOCK** or **AMADIS**.

3. Zirza, Mr. Watt's, 180l. at York August Meeting.....1

By **CARDINAL YORK** or **LANGTON**.

7. Ledstone, Mr. Maule's, 50l. and 50l. at Aberdeen; the Gold Cup value 100l. at Fife Hunt; and the Gold Cup value 100l. at Perth4

By **CASTREL** or **SOOTHSAYER**.

4. Tiana, Duke of Grafton's, the King's Purse of 100ga. (for mares) at Newmarket.....1

By **FILHO DA PUTA** or **HETMAN**.

5. Alecko, Mr. Barrow's, 50l. at Robert Town; 50l. at Newcastle; and 52l. at Stafford.....3

By **ORVILLE** or **CASTREL**.

4. Bonassus, Mr. Russell's, 100l. at York Spring Meeting; 100l. 50l. and 200l. at Lambton Park4

WINNING HORSES, &c. WHOSE GETS ARE AT PRESENT UNKNOWN.

4. Bay colt, Mr. West's, 50l. at Tonbridge Wells1

4. Black filly, Mr. Fraser's, 50l. at Inverness1

4. Bay geld. Mr. Wedgrave's, the Hunter's Stakes at Swaffham.....1

5. Bay mare, Mr. Anderson's, a Handicap Stakes at Robert Town1

6. Bonny Fan, Mr. Henton's, 50l. and the Yeomanry Purse of 50l. at Leicester...2

4. Candidate, Mr. Davidson's, a Stakes at Inverness.....1

6. Chance, Mr. Coleman's, the Clifton Stakes of 50l. at Rochester and Chatham; Mr. Wilks's, 55l. at Isle of Thanet.....2

a. Chronometer, Mr. Johnson's, 50l. and the County Stakes of 70l. at Rochester and Chatham2

4. Cinderella, Mr. Harper's, a Silver Cup value 50l. and 100l. at Ellesmere.....2

5. Cock Robin, Mr. Deakin's, 80l. at Worcester November Meeting1

9. Dennybrook, Mr. Barton's, 50l. at Croxton Park.....1

5. Denbighshire Lass, Mr. Birch's, a Silver Cup value 50l. at Oswestry.....1

0. Don Cossack, Capt. Ferguson's, the Ladies' Purse at Tavistock.....1

0. Earwig, Capt. Stuart's, 50l. at Croxton Park1

0. Escape, Mr. Dane's, 50l. at Canterbury1

5. Fair Charlotte, Mr. C. Tyson's, 50l. at Canterbury1

a. Falstaff, Mr. Worrell's, 96ga. at Mostyn Hunt1

5. Falcon, Mr. Blesard's, 60l. at Ellesmere.....1

6. Fanny, Mr. Rutter's, 100l. at Anson Hunt.....1

0. Fox, Capt. Leach's, 40l. at Totness, and a Stakes at Tavistock.....2

a. George, Mr. B. Boomer's, the Sandbeck Hunt Stakes of 70l. at Doncaster....1

4. Gipsy, Mr. Foster's, 50l. at Rotherham1

a. Glowworm, Mr. Leeds's, the Oakley Hunt Stakes of 85l. at Bedford1

0. Gipsy, Mr. Westcott's, a Silver Cup at Taunton1

6. Grey mare, Mr. W. Tomlinson's 50l. at Ellesmere.....1

6. Grey mare, Mr. M. Parry's, 50l. at Ellesmere.....1

0. Gulnare, Mr. Trelawney's, a Hunter's Stakes at Totness1

4. Hercules, Mr. Foster's, the Farmer's Cup value 10ga. with 40 in specie, at Mostyn Hunt1

a. Jenny Sutton, Capt. Ferguson's, 50l. at Dorchester1

0. Kent, Mr. Belsey's, the Westwood Cup value 50l. at Canterbury1

0. Louisa, Mr. Fraser's, the Second Class of the Port Stakes of 80l. at Inverness1

0. Maria, Mr. Fraser's, the First Class of the Port Stakes of 35l. at Inverness....1

6. Mary Rose, Mr. Williams's, a Silver Cup, with 12l. in specie, at Dorchester....1

a. May-Day, Col. Lantour's, 50l. at Northampton1

4. Miss Downs, Mr. Edwards's, the Radnorshire Stakes of 47l. at Knighton...1

6. Miss Edwards, Mr. Oldham's, the Cavalry Cup value 50ga. at Knutsford...1

4. Miss Holland, Mr. Fenna's, the Farmer's Cup at Tarporley Hunt.....1

0. Othello, Mr. Tardrew's, 50l. at Inverness1

a. Pavilion, Mr. Gough's, 40l. at Leominster, and 45l. at Brecon2

5. Polly Hopkins, Mr. Price's, 45l. at Tenbury1

a. Poor George, Mr. Harvey's, the Hack Stakes of 31l. at Woolwich1

a. Sandy, Mr. Fraser's, the Macaroni Stakes of 150l. and Lord Stafford's, the Macaroni Stakes of 200l. at Inverness....2

3. Shall I be Seen Enough, Mr. Tottisbell's, a Silver Cup value 50l. at Ellersmere.....1	3. The Ladies' Delight, Gen. Hunter's, 50l. at Montrose.....1
6. Sir Gregor, Mr. Cookerill's, the North Wales Yeomanry Cup value 50l. at Oswestry.....1	a. Thundercliff, Mr. Margotson's, the Cavalry Stakes of 50l. at Kendal.....1
6. Sunflower, Mr. Robson's, 50l. at Barton-on-Trent.....1	a. Tipple, Mr. Hickman's, 50l. at Rochester and Chatham.....1
a. Sweetbriar, Mr. J. H. Powell's, 55l. (in dispute) at Brecon.....1	6. Tom Pipes, Mr. G. Bower's, 50l. at Malton.....1
6. Sybil, Lieut. King's, the Ladies' Purse at Woolwich.....1	0. Tom Starboard, Mr. Miller's, 45l. at Stafford.....1
4. Tenbury Lass, Mr. Walker's, the Yeomanry Purse of 50l. at Hereford; 45l. at Knighton; and a Cup value 30l. with 12l. in specie at Kingston.....3	0. Topsy Tarvy, Mr. Huntley's, a Cup at Tavistock.....1
	0. Whipcord, Capt. Caldwell's, 50l. at Weymouth.....1
	a. Why-net, Mr. Fraser's, 50l. at Tewksbury.....1

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES, AND GOLD AND SILVER CUPS—1825.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES.

Ascot Heath	Mr. Theobald's Cydnus, by Quiz, May 31.
Caledonian Hunt ...	Sir W. Maxwell's Ben Ledi, by Viscount, September 7.
Canterbury.....	Mr. Theobald's Cydnus, by Quiz, August 17.
Carlisle	Mr. Simpson's Young Corrector, by Corrector, September 27.
Chelmsford.....	Mr. R. Wilson's Isabella, by Comus, August 9.
Chester	Mr. Houldsworth's Elephant, by Filho da Puta, May 3.
Doncaster	Lord Fitzwilliam's Confederate, by Comus, September 19.
Edinburgh	Lord Kennedy's North Briton, by Octavian, June 22.
Guildford	Mr. Theobald's Cydnus, by Quiz, June 8.
Ipawich	Col. Wilson's Black Daphne, by Juniper, July 26.
Lewes	Mr. Theobald's Cydnus, by Quiz, August 4.
Lichfield.....	Mr. Houldsworth's Elephant, by Filho da Puta, September 13.
Lincoln	Mr. Haworth's Minna, by Camillus, September 23.
Manchester	Mr. Simpson's Young Corrector, by Corrector, May 25.
Newcastle	Mr. Lambton's Royalist, by Leopold, July 12.
Newmark.1st Spring	Col. Wilson's Oscar, by Juniper, April 20.
Ditto (for mares)	Duke of Grafton's Tiara, by Castrel or Soothsayer, April 19.
Ditto 1st October	Mr. Bloss's Double Entendre, by Comus, October 6.
Nottingham	Mr. Houldsworth's Elephant, by Filho da Puta, July 19.
Richmond (mares)	Lord Normanby's Lady Blanche, by Bigot, October 6.
Salisbury	Mr. Dilly's Prosody, by Don Cossack, August 3.
Warwick	Mr. Houldsworth's Elephant, by Filho da Puta, September 2.
Weymouth	Mr. Dilly's Prosody, by Don Cossack, August 25.
Winchester	Mr. Shard's Razor, by Whisker, June 21.
York	Lord Kennedy's Negotiator, by Prime Minister, August 8.

WINNERS OF GOLD CUPS OF THE VALUE OF 50L. AND UPWARDS.

Aberdeen, &c.	Mr. Farquharson's North Star, by Octavian, September 1.
Abingdon	Mr. F. Craven's Triumph, by Fyldener, August 9.
Ascot Heath	Lord G. H. Cavendish's Bizarre, by Orville, June 2.
Ayr and Caledo- nian Hunt	Mr. Kennedy's The Lancer, by Stamford, September 6.
Ditto	Mr. Hawthorn's Glenlivet, by Ardrossan, September 8.
Basingstoke	Lord Palmerston's Luxborough, by W.'s Ditto, September 8.
Beccles	Col. Wilson's Augur, by Interpreter, July 19.
Beverley.....	Mr. F. Lumley's Falcon, by Interpreter, May 19.
Blandford	Lord Palmerston's Grey Leg, by Phantom, August 17.
Bridgewater	Mr. Pulsford's Aura, by Guy Mannering, July 26.
Brighton	Lord Egremont's Stumps, by Whalebone, July 23.
Burderop	Mr. F. Craven's Longwaist, by Whalebone, August 23.
Barton-on-Trent ...	Mr. Yates's Fille de Joie, by Filho da Puta, August 24.
Canterbury	Mr. Brown's Maid of Kent, by Soothsayer, August 17.
Carlisle	Sir J. H. Maxwell's Springkell, by Epperstone, September 27.

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1885.

Ocheltenham	Mr. F. Craven's Longwaist, by Whalebone, July 22.
Chelmsford	Mr. B. Wilson's Isabella, by Comus, August 10.
Chester	Lord Grosvenor's Hymettus, by Thunderbolt, May 2.
Ditto	Lord Derby's Urganda, by Milo, May 4.
Derby	Mr. Tomes's Sir Gray, by Rubens, July 24.
Doncaster	Mr. Whitaker's Lottery, by Tramp, September 21.
Edinburgh	Mr. Carleton's Theodore, by Wofal, June 20.
Egham	Duke of Richmond's Spree, by Frolic, August 23.
Epsom	Gen. Grosvenor's Wings, by The Flyer, May 18.
Exeter	Mr. Dilly's Prosody, by Don Cossack, September 15.
Fife	Mr. Maule's Ledstone, by Cardinal York or Langton, Sept. 22.
Goodwood	Lord Egremont's Cricketer, by Octavius, August 10.
Hampton	Mr. De Burgh's Hurly Burly, by Quiz, July 7.
Hereford	Major Ormsby Gore's Rowston, by Camillus, August 18.
Hoo (Herts)	Mr. Pickford's Monimia, by Muley, April 9.
Huntingdon	Mr. O. Conner's Wiseacre, by Rubens, August 2.
Inverness	Mr. Fraser's Richmond, by Grey Middleham, September 21.
Ditto	Lord Kennedy's Skiff, by Partisan, September 22.
Ditto	Mr. Mackenzie's Why-not, by Ossian, September 23.
Kendal	Mr. J. Smith's Sophy, by Comus, July 27.
Knutsford	Sir T. Stanley's Hajji Baba, by Filho da Puta, July 26.
Lambton Park	Mr. Mills's Squirrel, by Trophonius, October 24.
Ditto	Mr. White's Plutarch, by Pericles, October 26.
Lancaster	Lord Darlington's Barefoot, by Tramp, June 29.
Leeds (Tureen)	Mr. Petre's Freischutz, by Outcry, June 9.
Leicester	Mr. Tomes's Sir Gray, by Rubens, September 14.
Lichfield	Mr. Mytton's Euphrates, by Quiz, September 13.
Lincoln	Mr. Haworth's Minna, by Camillus, September 30.
Manchester	Mr. Russell's Mustachio, by Whisker, May 26.
Montrose	Mr. Farquharson's North Star, by Octavian, August 2.
Newcastle	Duke of Leeds's Blue Beard, by Blacklock, July 14.
Newton	Mr. Mytton's Euphrates, by Quiz, June 1.
Northallerton	Mr. Russell's The Alderman, by Bourbon, October 14.
Northampton	Mr. R. Wilson's Isabella, by Comus, September 14.
Nottingham	Sir T. Stanley's General Mina, by Camillus, July 20.
Oswestry	Mr. Mytton's Euphrates, by Quiz, September 27.
Oxford	Mr. F. Craven's Longwaist, by Whalebone, August 17.
Perth	Mr. Maule's Ledstone, by Langton or Cardinal York, October 6.
Pontefract	Lord Sligo's Canteen, by Waxy Pope, September 7.
Preston	Mr. Whitaker's Lottery, by Tramp, June 13.
Richmond	Mr. Russell's The Alderman, by Bourbon, October 4.
Rotherham	Mr. Bentley's Plumper, by Prime Minister, September 15.
Salisbury	Lord Palmerston's Grey Leg, by Phantom, August 5.
Shrewsbury	Mr. Mytton's Oswestry, by Filho da Puta, September 21.
Southampton	Lord Palmerston's Grey Leg, by Phantom, July 23.
Stamford	General Grosvenor's Wings, by The Flyer, June 29.
Stapleton Park	Lord Normanby's Newbrough, by Mowbray, September 9.
Stockton	Mr. Haworth's Minna, by Camillus, August 19.
Stourbridge	Mr. Bartley's Flexible, by Whalebone, August 31.
Swaffham	Mr. R. Wilson's Isabella, by Comus, September 21.
Tiverton	Mr. Harris's Grimace, by Swinley, August 26.
Ditto	Mr. Bailly's Dotty, by Gainsborough, August 27.
Walsall	Mr. Beardsworth's Arachne, by Filho da Puta, September 29.
Warwick	Mr. F. Craven's Longwaist, by Whalebone, September 7.
Winchester	Mr. F. Craven's Longwaist, by Whalebone, June 23.
Wolverhampton	Sir T. Stanley's Hajji Baba, by Filho da Puta, August 15.
Ditto	Mr. Mytton's Euphrates, by Quiz, August 18.
Worcester	Mr. Mytton's Euphrates, by Quiz, August 4.
Yarmouth	Colonel Wilson's Augur, by Interpreter, August 16.
York (Spring)	Mr. Whitaker's Lottery, by Tramp, May 10.

WINNERS OF SILVER CUPS OF 50l. VALUE AND UPWARDS.

Burderop	Mr. Goodman's Y. Robin Adair, by Robin Adair, August 25.
Canterbury	Mr. Belcey's Kent, August 18.
Catterick	Mr. Armstrong's Newbrough, by Mowbray, April 8.
Doncaster (Spring)	Mr. Dyson's Bay Horse, by Guildford, March 29.
Dorchester	Mr. Williams's Mary Rose, September 8.

Durham	Mr. Armstrong's Newbrough, by Mowbray, April 28.
Ditto	Mr. Russell's Caccia Piatti, by Whisker, April 29.
Egham	Mr. Bayard's chea. mare, by Mowbray, August 25.
Goodwood	Duke of Richmond's Pantomine, by Grimaldi, August 11.
Knutsford	Mr. Oldham's Miss Edwards, July 27.
Newcastle	Mr. Russell's Caccia Piatti, by Whisker, July 13.
Oswestry	Mr. Cockerill's Sir Gregor, September 26.
Ditto	Mr. Birch's Denbighshire Lass, September 28.
Richmond	Lord Normanby's Lady Blanche, by Bigot, October 6.
Salisbury (a Bowl) ..	Mr. Biggs's Bulow, by Blucher, August 5.
Tiverton	Mr. Harris's Grimace, by Swinley, August 26.
Ditto	Mr. Clarke's Norma, by White Rose, August 26.
Tarporley Hunt.....	Mr. Pigot's Brown Mare, by Friend Ned, November 3.
Ditto	Mr. Fenna's Miss Holland, November 3.
Tonbridge Wells...	Mr. H. Smith's Isabella, by Granicus, August 24.
Wells	Mr. Phillpots's Uncle John, by Benningbrough, July 14.
York Craven (aureen)	Captain Ramsden's Hexgrave, by Filho da Puta, March 21.
Ditto August (do)	Mr. Wilkeson's Plumper, by Prime Minister, August 13.

RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING, 1826.

WEDNESDAY, March 29.—PRODUCE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.:
for colts, 8st. 3lb., fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Lambton's c. by Soothsayer, out of Lady Heron.
Mr. Gascoigne's f. by Walton, out of Trulla.
Mr. Petre's c. by Ardrossan, out of Juliana.
Lord Queensberry's c. by Magistrate, out of Sally.
Mr. Jaques's f. by Walton, out of Comedy.
Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. f. by Phantom—Lady of the Vale.
Mr. J. Ferguson's f. by Whisker, dam by Sir Paul.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's c. by Catton—Caifacaradadera.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—for colts, 8st. 3lb., fillies, 8st.—Two miles.

Lord Queensberry's h. f. by Catton, out of Woodbine.
Sir E. Dodsworth's blk. c. by Magistrate, dam by Smolenako.
Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. f. by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews.
Mr. Riddell's b. c. by XYZ, dam by Comus.
Mr. Russell's b. c. by Orville, dam by Dick Andrews.
Mr. H. Claridge's ch. c. by Muley, dam by Alexander.
Mr. J. Croft's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade.
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. by Octavian—King David's dam.

THE RICHMOND CLUB STAKES of 20 sovs. each:—for yearling colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile.

Mr. Loftus's br. f. Brownlock, by Blacklock.
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa.
Duke of Leeds's gr. c. by Grey Middleham—Miss Cliffe.
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Oberon.
Mr. Metcalfe's b. f. by Grey Middleham—Floranthe.

Lord Kelburne's f. by Ardrossan (bought of Mr. Crowther), agst. Colonel Cradock's bl. f. Marianne, by Blacklock, 8st. 3lb. each, mile and a quarter, 200 sovs. h. ft.,

THURSDAY, March 30.—The OLD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—for colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Two miles.

Mr. Darnell's ch. c. Why-tell, by Walton.
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Masquerade.
Duke of Leeds's gr. f. by Walton, out of Læette.
Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Catton, by Catton.
Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Bedlamite, by Welbeck.
Colonel Cradock's br. c. Hussar, by Whisker.
Mr. Stephenson's br. c. by Walton, out of Phantom.

Lord Queensberry's ch. c. Randolph, by Magistrate.
 Lord Queensberry's b. f. Jessamine, by Catton, out of Woodbine.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. c. by Catton, out of Calicarataddera.
 Mr. Petre's ch. f. Missey, by Catton, out of Agathe.
 Mr. Petre's b. c. by Ardrossan, out of Juliana.
 Sir P. Musgrave's colt, by Catton, dam by Orville.
 Sir J. H. Maxwell's br. f. by Epperston, out of Anna.
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Tom, by Walton, out of Louisa.

BEVERLEY MEETING, 1826.

THE FIRST WEEK AFTER YORK SPRING MEETING.

THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—Three miles.

Mr. Watt's ch. f. Zirza, by Amadis or Blacklock, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. Redbreast, by Perchance, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Burton Peter's b. f. by Tramp, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Hill's b. c. Octavus, by Bourbon, 4 yrs old.
 Major Yarborough's b. c. M'Adam, by Tramp, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. Russell's b. h. Abron, by Whisker, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Richardson's br. c. Brownlock, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old.

Mr. G. L. Fox, Mr. Pearse, and Mr. Horsley are subscribers, but did not name.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, p. p. for colts, &c. then two years old:—colts to carry 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.

Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Miss Paul.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews.
 Mr. Crompton's b. f. by Blacklock.
 Mr. Wormald's b. c. by the Laird, dam by Governor.
 Mr. Richardson's ch. c. Chance, by Filho da Puta.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, p. p.: for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Catton, dam by Paynator—Sister to Zodiac.
 Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Catton, out of Altisidora.
 Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. Redbreast, by Perchance, out of Tit.
 Mr. B. Peter's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl.
 Mr. Wilkinson's ch. c. Red Cross Knight, by Amadis.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, p. p. for horses, &c. of all ages:—three-year olds, 6st.; four, 7st. 11lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six, 8st. 10lb.; and aged, 8st. 12lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner once in 1825 to carry 3lb. and twice, 5lb. extra.—Three miles.

Colonel King's ch. f. Ultima, by Bourbon, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. Redbreast, by Perchance, 3 yrs old.
 Mr. B. Peter's b. f. by Tramp, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Haworth's gr. m. Minna, by Camillus, 6 yrs old.
 Mr. Richardson's br. c. Brownlock, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Lord Scarbrough's bay, Sister to Coronation, by Catton.
 Mr. G. L. Fox's bay, by Blacklock, or Tramp, dam by Sir Peter.
 Mr. Horsley's bay, by Blacklock, dam by Walton—L'Huile de Venus.
 Mr. Stephenson's bay, by Blacklock, dam by Sir Malagiti.

The TALLYHO STAKES, and the two HUNTERS' STAKES, close on the 1st of March.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1826.

MONDAY, April 10.—The Twelfth RIDDLESWORTH STAKES of 200gs each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1822:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Ab. M.—Untried mares, or untried stallions, allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.

Duke of York's c. by Woful, dam by Rubens, out of Sister to Parisot.
 Duke of York's colt, by Whalebone, out of Amabel's dam.

Duke of Rutland's colt (dead), by Smolensko, out of Elizabeth.
 Duke of Rutland's filly, by Partisan, out of Smolensko.
 Mr. Thornhill's f. by Scud or Merlin, out of Gossamer.
 Mr. Curteis's c. Tweedle-dum, and f. Tweedle-dee, by Wansley, out of Polyphemus.
 Duke of Grafton's f. Parapluie, by Merlin, out of Paroed.
 Mr. Hill's c. by Poulton, out of Sarcraan.
 Lord Grosvenor's f. Pasquinade, by Sovereign, out of Pommersquoddi.
 Mr. Udry's ch. f. Emilia, by Abjer, out of Emily.
 Lord Verulam's c. The Moslem, by Selim, out of Tredrille.
 Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. The Constable, by Magistrate, out of Tristram.
 Lord Jersey's f. by Woful, out of Master Henry's dam.
 Mr. Rush's f. by Pioneer, out of Discord.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Partisan, out of Ridicule.
 Gen. Grosvenor's colt, The General, by Comus, out of Briscis.
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville—Blue Stockings.
 Sir J. Shelley's filly (dead), by Merlin, or Partisan—Cressida.
 Sir J. Shelley's colt, by Phantom, out of Ivanhoe's dam.
 Lord Exeter's b. f. (dead), by Woful, out of Augusta's dam.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. (dead) by Woful, out of Zaida.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts got by untried stallions, out of untried mares, 8st. 7lb. each.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's, by Merlin, dam Waxy—Sister to Castanea.
 Lord Exeter's ches. by Captain Candid, out of Advance.
 Mr. Wortley's bay, Crusader, by Cervantes, out of Octavians.
 Duke of Grafton's ches. Norman, by Abjer, out of Rowena.

SWEEPSTAKES of 150 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. M.

Mr. Greville's c. by Whalebone, out of Gramarie.
 Mr. Vansittart's b. c. by Whisker, out of Slight.
 Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias—L'Huile de Venus.
 Lord Exeter's f. by Woful, out of Pantina.
 Duke of Grafton's c. Bolivar, by Comus, out of Minuet.
 Duke of Grafton's c. by Woful, out of Sister to Nectar.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. then rising three-years-old, and got by untried stallions, out of untried mares.—R. M.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Dervise, by Merlin, out of Pawn Jailer, by Waxy, out of Pawn.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Captain Candid, out of Advance.
 Duke of Portland's f. by Tiresias, out of Ambiguity, by Election, or Blucher, out of [Selim's dam].
 Mr. Greville's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Sea-gew.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's ch. Cremona, by Partisan, out of Catgut.
 Mr. Greville's b. Fawn, by Smolensko, out of Jerboa.
 Mr. Vansittart's, by Whisker, out of Uganda.
 Mr. Thornhill's, by Merlin, out of Morel.

Lord Darlington's ch. h. Basefoot, by Tramp, agst Lord Exeter's ch. h. Zealot, both 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. each, T. M. M. 300, h. ft.

Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias, out of Oriana, 8st. 10lb. agst Duke of Grafton's b. c. Saracen, by Selim, dam by Trumpator (bought of Mr. R. Wilson), 8st. 2lb. D. M. 100, h. ft.

Lord Orford's b. c. Swiss Guide, by Tramp, dam by Haphazard, agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Allegro, out of Pagoda, 8st. 8lb. each, R. M. 300, h. ft.

Col. Wilson's c. by Merlin, out of Spotless, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Nowell's b. c. The Link Boy, by Aladdin, 8st. 4lb. B. M. 100, h. ft.

TUESDAY, April 11.—The OATLANDS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 10 if declared, &c.—D. I.

Lord Exeter's ch. h. Zealot, by Partisan, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.
 Mr. F. Craven's Triumph, by Fydenor, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.
 Lord Anson's Sligo, by Waxy Fope, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.
 Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. Stumpa, by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.
 Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Crockery, by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.
 Mr. Thornhill's br. f. Surprise, by Scud, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.

Duke of Portland's c. *Montague*, by *Tussock*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. *Wings*, by *The Flyer*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.

Mr. T. Scath's ch. c. *Whipcord*, by *Whalebone*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.

Lord Oxford's ch. g. *Flance*, by *Comus*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.

The following having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, are only to pay 10 sovs. each to the owner of the second horse :

Lord Warwick's ch. f. *Double Entendre*, by *Comus*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.

Mr. Mills's br. c. *Trinculo*, by *Comus*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.

Mr. C. Stephenson's br. c. by *Bourbon*, dam by *Governor* or *Petrenius*, out of *Hen-*

Lord Exeter's *Attica*, by *Comus*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.

THE BREAKFAST STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb. each, then rising three years old.—D. M. Those got by untried stallions, or mares that never produced a winner before the 1st of January 1884, allowed 3lb. ; if both, 5lb.

Mr. Wortley's by *Cervantes*, out of *Calypso*.

Lord Dunwich's br. *Toil-and-Trouble*, by *Manfred*, out of *Witchery*.

Lord Verulam's, by *Abjer*, out of *Laurel Leaf*.

Mr. Rogers's gr. *Turban*, by *Selim*, dam by *Hambletonian*—*Marcia*.

Mr. Batson's, by *Orville*, out of *Franks*.

Mr. Wilson's h. *The Constable*, by *Magistrate*, out of *Trictrac*.

SWEETSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—R. M.

Lord Exeter's f. by *Woful*, out of *Zealot's* dam.

Mr. Rogers's br. c. *Monarch*, by *Comus*, out of *Corinna*.

Mr. Hunter's h. c. by *Orville*, out of *Canvas*.

Mr. Greville's f. *Rachel*, by *Whalebone*, out of *Sister to Castanea*.

Mr. Fox's b. c. *The Constable*, by *Magistrate*, out of *Trictrac*.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. (dead), by *Woful*, out of *Zaida*.

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. *Cedric*, by *Phantom*, 8st. 8lb. agst Lord Anson's b. c. *Sligo*, by *Waxy Pope*, 8st. both 4 yrs old, last mile and a half of B. C. 500, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, April 12.—SWEETSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—R. M.

Mr. Greville's c. by *Merlin*, dam by *Waxy*, *Sister to Castanea*.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by *Allegro*, out of *Pagoda*.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Goshawk*, by *Merlin* (3lb.).

THURSDAY, April 13.—SWEETSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's h. f. *Paraphia*, by *Merlin*, out of *Parasol*.

Mr. Greville's *Rachel*, *Sister to Moses*.

Duke of Portland's c. by *Tiresias*—*L'Huile de Venus*.

Lord Verulam's c. by *Abjer*, out of *Laurel Leaf*.

Lord Exeter's f. by *Woful*, out of *Zealot's* dam.

SWEETSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, 8st. 5lb.—R. M.

Duke of Portland's f. by *Tiresias*, out of *Ambiguity*, by *Election* or *Blacker*, out of Mr. Petre's ch. f. *Missey*, by *Catton*, out of *Agatha*. [Selim's dam.]

Lord Jersey's ch. f. by *Magistrate*, out of *Fliegree*.

SWEETSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 4lb. ; and fillies, 8st. 1lb.—D. M. or R. M. (both mentioned in the article).

Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by *Allegro*, out of *Barossa*.

Sir J. Shelley's Brother to *Ivanhoe*, by *Phantom*.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Norman*, by *Abjer*, out of *Rowena*.

Mr. Rogers's ch. f. *Nanine*, by *Selim*, out of *Bizarre*.

Mr. Rogers's b. c. *Waterman*, by *Woful*, out of *Rivulet*.

Mr. Hunter's b. c. by *Orville*, out of *Canvas*.

Lord Oxford's f. by *Comus*, out of *Nine*, agst Duke of Grafton's f. by *Woful*, out of *Milstonia*, 8st. 4lb. each, A.F. 300, h. ft.

THE CLARET STAKES of 200 sovs. each :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. I.

Mr. F. Craven's b. f. *Pastine*, by *Partisan*.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Enamel*, by *Phantom*.

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. *Brother to Addy*.

General Grosvenor's b. c. *Crookwy*, by *Rubens*.

FRIDAY, April 14.—The **PORT STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. M. M.—The owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake.

Lord Exeter's b. c. Redgauntlet, by Scud.
Mr. Shard's b. c. Hougoumont, by Waterloo.
Duke of York's br. c. Lionel Lincoln, by Whalebone.
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Camel, by Whalebone.
Duke of Rutland's b. f. Adaliza, by Sothebyer.
Mr. Scath's ch. c. Whipcord, by Whalebone.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of untried mares, covered by tried stallions, or of tried mares covered by untried stallions, in 1822 :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Duke of Portland's c. by Theresia, out of Oriana.
General Grosvenor's c. The Palfrey, by Abjer, out of Paleface.
General Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville—Blue Stockings.
Duke of Grafton's c. Wamba, by Merlin, out of Penelope.
Mr. Greville's f. by Partisan, out of Sister to Prince Leopold.

The **BILDESTON STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—D. M.
General Grosvenor's br. c. Skirmisher, by Smolensko, out of Skipjack's dam, 8st. 7lb.
Mr. Williamson's c. by Smolensko—Whiskey, 8st. 2lb.
Mr. R. Wilson's Brother to Lisinka, 8st. 1lb.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.

Duke of York's c. by Woful dam by Rubens.
Duke of Grafton's c. by Woful, out of Sister to Nectar.
Lord Exeter's f. by Woful, out of Pantina.
Sir J. Shelley's f. by Merlin or Partisan—Cressida.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Sophist, by Scud, out of Prue.
Mr. Howard's b. c. Swiss Guide, by Tramp, dam by Haphazard, grandam by Stamford.
Mr. Rush's c. Carthago, by Pioneer, out of Reserve.
Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Scud, out of Tippetwitchet.
Lord Stradbroke's br. c. Toil and Trouble, by Manfred, out of Witchery.

- NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1826.

MONDAY, April 24.—The **CLARENDON STAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. then rising three years old.—D. M.

Mr. J. Rogers's br. c. Scamper, Brother to Scratch.
Mr. J. Rogers's br. c. Monarch, by Comus, out of Corinne.
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Parapluie, by Merlin, out of Parasol.
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Norman, by Abjer, out of Rowena.
Duke of Portland's c. by Theresia, out of Oriana.
Mr. Udny's ch. f. Emilia, by Abjer, out of Emily.
Lord Exeter's b. f. (dead), by Woful, out of Augusta's dam.
Mr. Worley's b. c. Crusader, by Cervantes, out of Octaviana.
Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Orville, out of Canvas.
Mr. Wilson's c. by Filho da Puta—Camillus—Helen.
Lord Verulam's c. by Abjer, out of Laurel Leaf.
Lord Verulam's c. The Moslem, by Selim, out of Tredrille.
Mr. Greville's c. by Whalebone, out of Amabel's dam.
Mr. Prendergast's ch. f. by Rainbow, out of Janette.
General Grosvenor's c. The General, by Comus—Briscis.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.

General Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville—Blue Stockings.
Mr. Howard's b. c. Swiss Guide, by Tramp—Haphazard.
Mr. Willis's b. c. by Seagrave, dam by Cardock.

SWEEPSTAKES of 150 sovs. each :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. then rising three years old.—R. M.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Sal:

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Woful, dam by Rubens.

Mr. Greville's c. by Whalebone, out of Amabel's dam.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.
D. M.

Duke of York's f. Rachel, by Whalebone, out of Sister to Castanea.

Lord Exeter's f. by Woful, out of Pantina.

Sir J. Shelley's f. (dead), by Merlin or Partisan—Cressida.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Sea-mew.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Middleton, by Phantom, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Exeter's b. c. Redgauntlet, by Scud, 8st. 4lb. A. F. 300, h. ft.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Paul Jones, by Partisan, agst Mr. Greville's ch. f. Elizabeth, by Rainbow, 8st. 1lb. Ab. M. 300, h. ft.

Mr. Greville's b. c. Lionel Lincoln, by Whalebone, 8st. 9lb. agst Lord Orford's ch. g. Fleance, by Comus, 8st. 2lb. A. F. 100, h. ft.

TUESDAY, April 25.—The Two THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.

Duke of Grafton's f. by Woful, out of Miltonia.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Dervise, by Merlin, out of Pawn Junior.

General Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville.

Mr. Greville's bl. c. by Whalebone, out of Gramaria.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Comus, out of Phantom.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Allegro, out of Barossa.

Mr. Goddard's br. c. by Comus, out of Viscountess.

Mr. Vansittart's b. c. by Whisker, out of Slight.

Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. by Whalebone, out of Centaur's dam.

Mr. Theakston's ch. c. by Aladdin, out of Rantipole.

Mr. Theakston's b. c. by Aladdin, out of Brown Duchess.

Lord Jersey's f. by Woful, out of Master Henry's dam.

WEDNESDAY, April 26.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 200 each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb. rising three years old.—R. M.

Duke of York's f. Rachel, by Whalebone, out of Sister to Castanea.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Bolivar, by Comus, out of Minuet.

Lord Anson's b. c. (dead), by Smolensko, out of Elizabeth.

Sir J. Shelley's, Brother to Ivanhoe, by Phantom.

Mr. Thornhill's c. The General, by Comus, out of Briseis.

Mr. Fremdergast's ch. f. by Rainbow, out of Janette.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—A. F.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Middleton, by Phantom, 8st. 11lb.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Rufus, by Election, 8st. 9lb.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Enamel, by Phantom, 8st. 9lb.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Bolero, by Partisan, 8st. 6lb.

Mr. F. Craven's b. f. Pastime, by Partisan, 8st.

Mr. H. Scott's ch. f. Wings, by The Flyer, 7st. 11lb.

Sir J. Byng's br. c. Comedian, by Comus, 7st. 10lb.

THURSDAY, April 27.—The One THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Problem, by Merlin, out of Pawn.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Paraphia, by Merlin, out of Parasol.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. Sister to Faust.

Mr. Udny's Tears, by Woful, dam by Sorcerer or Scud.

Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Nanine, by Selim, out of Bizarre.

Mr. Turlington's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Sal.

Lord Exeter's b. f. (dead), Sister to Augusta, by Woful.

Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Magistrate, out of Filagree.

Sir J. Shelley's f. (dead), by Merlin or Partisan, out of Cressida.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Elfrid's dam.

Mr. Molony's f. by Selim, out of Sister to Remembrancer.

Mr. Theakston's b. f. by Waterloo, out of Blowing.

Mr. Dilly's b. f. Penitence, by Rubens, out of Bertram's dam.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 6lb. each.—Ab. M.

Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Magistrate, out of Filagree.

Mr. Thornhill's f. by Merlin, out of Geosander.

Lord Anson's f. by Bustard, out of Maid of Orleans.
Mr. Prendergast's ch. f. by Rainbow, out of Janetta.

SWEKPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.
D. M.—Warranted not to have had a sweat before the 30th April 1836.

Mr. Wortley's f. by Tiresias, out of Proponcia.
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. by Whisker, out of Slight.
Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias, out of L'Huile de Venise.
Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville, out of Blue Stockings.

Duke of York's ch. f. Elmboth, by Rainbow, agst Mr. Prendergast's f. by Rainbow, out of Janetta, 8st. 5lb. each. T.Y.C. 200.

FRIDAY, April 28.—The Second Year of the **NEWMARKET STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—D. M.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs.

Duke of Portland names c. by Cervantes, out of Calypso.
Duke of Grafton names ch. c. Goshawk, by Merlin—Coquette.
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Cremona, by Partisan—Catgut.
D. of Grafton names Gen. Grosvenor's br. s. Skimshank, by Smolensko, out of ^{John} ~~Shirley~~.
D. of Grafton names Lord Strathbrooke's br. c. Tell-and-Tattle, by Manfred, out of ^{John} ~~Shirley~~.
Mr. Greville's b. c. by Merlin, dam by Waxy.
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Captain Candid, out of Advance.
Lord Exeter's b. f. (dead), Sister to Augusta, by Rubens.
Mr. Batson's c. by Orville, out of Franka.
Mr. Goddard's b. c. by Rubens, out of Flame, by Pheasant.
Mr. Rush names Mr. Meynell's b. f. Leda, by Waterloo—Sahakowatsa.
Mr. Dedington names Mr. S. Bernard's b. c. Baron Munchausen, by Wafal, dam by ^{John} ~~Tottenham~~.
Lord Lowther names b. c. Monarch, by Comet—Corinna.
Lord Grosvenor names Mr. Uday's b. f. Sister to Blue Rain.
Lord Grosvenor names Mr. Montgomery Campbell's br. f. by Manfred, out of ^{John} ~~Cham~~.
Mr. J. Dilly names br. f. Gamelia, by Whalebone.
Mr. J. Dilly names b. f. Pasithea, by Rubens—Lamia.
Lord Warwick's b. f. by Partisan—Cardinal Puff's dam.
Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Allegro, out of Pagoda.
Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville—Blue Stockings.
Sir J. Shelley's Brother to Ivanhoe, by Phantom.
Mr. Wyndham's Brother to Twatty.
Mr. Biggs names The General, by Comet, out of Brisk.
Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Partisan, out of Erameline.
Mr. Blagrove names gr. c. Turhan, by Selim, dam by Hambletonian.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1836.

MONDAY, May 28.—**SWEKPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, then two years old.—First half of Ab. M.

Lord Anson's b. c. by Magistrate—Maid of Orleans, 8st. 7lb.
Mr. Greville's c. by Manfred, out of Quadrille, 8st. 7lb.
Duke of Grafton's f. by Partisan, out of Niobe, 8st. 5lb.

WEDNESDAY, May 30.—The **SCUR STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. :—for colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb. not named in the Derby, Oaks, or Middletonworth.—D. M.

Mr. Rogers's b. c. Georgian, by Selim, out of Seintail.
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Goshawk, by Merlin—Coquette.
Mr. Goddard's c. by Smolensko, out of Nora.
Mr. Smith's c. Nolens Volens, by Cannon Ball—Cham.
Mr. Poynter's c. by Octavia, out of the Pishill mare.
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Allegro, out of Pagoda.
Mr. Wortley's c. by Cervantes, out of Calypso.
Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias, out of L'Huile de Venise.
Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Spinning Jenny.
Lord Jersey's s. by Phantom, out of Blunder's dam.
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Camillea, out of Helen.
Mr. Theakston's b. c. by Waterloo, dam by Sothebyer, out of Edna Teagle.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING, 1888.

MONDAY, July 10.—First Year of a RENEWAL of the JULY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New T.Y.C.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. by Amadis, out of Pawn Junior.
 Duke of Grafton's b. f. Crochet, by Partisan, out of Catgut.
 Duke of Grafton's f. by Partisan, out of Niobe.
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. Brother to The Juggler.
 Mr. Greville's b. c. by Manfred, out of Quadrille.
 Mr. Greville's ch. f. by Waterloo, out of Belvoirina.
 Lord Anson's ch. c. by Merlin, dam by Scud or Pioneer, out of Fandango's dam.
 Lord Anson's b. c. by Magistrate, out of Miss of Orleans.
 Mr. Rogers's b. c. Borderer, by Catton, dam by Orville, out of Ebbett.
 Mr. Rogers's b. f. Flounce, by Clinker, out of Tancred's dam.
 General Grosvenor's ch. f. by Tiresias, out of Sprite, by Bobtail.
 Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Orville, out of Dukamara, by Waxy.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. by Sam, out of Romp's dam.
 Mr. Wyndham's c. by Whalebone, out of Cricketer's dam.
 Mr. Wyndham's c. by Whalebone, out of Sir Huddibrand's dam.
 Lord Jersey's c. Mameluke, by Partisan, out of Master Henry's dam.
 Mr. Hunter's ch. f. Soubrette, by Gustavus, out of Sprightly.
 Mr. Lee's b. f. by The Flyer, out of Bellaria.
 Mr. Rush's ch. c. by Selim, out of Chintz.
 Mr. Pettit's f. by The Flyer, out of Mita.
 Mr. Milner's ch. f. Millicent, by Comus, out of Harpooner's dam.
 Mr. W. Edwards's ch. f. by Selim, dam by Scud or Sorcerer, out of Sister to Potworth.
 Mr. Forth's gr. c. Intruder, by Interpreter, out of Jest.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Partisan, out of Pagoda.
 Mr. Newton's b. f. by Catton, dam by Waxy, out of Bunsie.

WEDNESDAY, July 12.—Duke of Grafton's f. by Partisan, out of Niobe, 8st. 7lb., agst Mr. Greville's c. by Manfred, out of Quadrille, 8st. T.Y.C. 100.

THURSDAY, July 13.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—The winner of the July Stakes to carry 5lb. extra.

General Grosvenor's ch. f. by Tiresias, out of Sprite, by Bobtail.
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. by Amadis, out of Pawn Junior.
 Lord Anson's ch. c. by Merlin, dam by Scud or Pioneer.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. Brother to Attica.
 Lord Jersey's c. Mameluke, by Partisan, out of Master Henry's dam.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. by Aladdin, out of Doll Tearsheet.
 Mr. Platell's ch. f. by Smyrna, out of Madcap, agst Mr. W. Edwards's ch. f. by Selim, dam by Scud or Sorcerer, 8st. each, T.Y.C. 500 sovs., 200 ft.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1888.

MONDAY, October 2.—Fourth RENEWAL of the GRAND DUKES MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. each:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 5lb.—A.F.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Bellver, by Comus—Minuet.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Problem, by Merlin, out of Pawn.
 Duke of Grafton's c. by Woful, out of Sister to Nectar.
 Sir J. Shelley's Brother to Ivanhoe, by Phantom.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Comus, out of Phantom.
 Lord Exeter's b. f. (dead), Sister to Augusta.
 Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias, out of L'Huile de Venne.
 Mr. Rogers's b. c. Monarch, by Comus, out of Corinne.
 Mr. Rogers's b. c. Georgian, by Selim, out of Stingtail.
 General Grosvenor's b. c. Peffie, by Orville—Blue Stockings.
 Mr. Udny's ch. f. Emilia, by Abjer, out of Emily.
 Mr. Greville's bl. c. by Whalebone, out of Gramercy.
 Mr. Greville's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Rosalina.
 Lord Jersey's b. f. by Woful, out of Master Henry's dam.
 Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Magistrate, out of Filagrec.

Mr. Wadham Wyndham's c. by Rubens, out of Dorina.
 Mr. Theakston's b. c. by Waterloo, dam by Soothsayer.
 Mr. Theakston's b. c. by Aladdin, out of Brown Duchess.
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Orville, out of Canvas.
 Mr. Theakston's b. c. by Aladdin, out of Brown Duchess.
 Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Elfrid's dam.
 Mr. Thornhill's c. The General, by Comus, out of Briseis.

SWEEPSTAKES of 300 sovs. each, for fillies, then 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.—A. F.
 Mr. Greville's Rachel, by Whalebone, out of Sister to Castanea.
 Duke of Grafton's, by Woful, out of Miltonia.
 Mr. Thornhill's, by Merlin, out of Morel.

Mr. Molony's bl. f. by Smolensko, out of Mockbird's dam, agst Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. by Fungus, out of Young Rhoda, by Walton, 8st. 7lb. each, T.Y.C. 100 sovs. h. ft.

TUESDAY, October 3.—Duke of Grafton's b. f. Parapluie, by Merlin, out of Paraoi, agst Lord Jersey's b. f. by Woful, out of Master Henry's dam, 8st. 7lb. each, A. F. 200.

Mr. Wyndham's f. by Whalebone, dam by Teddy, out of Sister to Wanderer, agst Colonel Lynges's c. Number Nip, by Whalebone, out of Effie Deans' dam, 8st. 4lb. each, T.Y.C. 100 sovs. 75 ft.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.

General Grosvenor's ch. f. by Tiresias, out of Sprite.
 Mr. J. Rogers's b. f. by Woful, out of Scratch's dam.
 Mr. Nowell's f. by Grey Walton, out of Rosanne.
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. by Amadis, out of Pawn Junior.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.—T. Y. C.
 Lord Orford's c. by Merlin, dam by Smolensko, out of Cornical's dam, 8st. 7lb.
 Mr. Greville's f. by Waterloo, out of Aladdin's dam, 8st. 2lb.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Partisan, out of Mouse, 8st.

WEDNESDAY, October 4.—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each:—for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.

Mr. Mills's b. c. Panic, by Spectre, out of Zuleika.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Bolivar, by Comus, out of Minnet.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Saracen, by Selim, dam by Trumpator.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Norman, by Abjer, out of Rowena.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Problem, by Merlin, out of Pawn.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Gooshawk, by Merlin, out of Coquette.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Paul Jones, by Partisan, out of Niobe.
 Duke of Portland's c. by Octavia, out of the Pitchill Mare.
 Lord Jersey's b. c. by Phantom, out of Blunder's dam.
 Lord Tavistock's ch. f. Leeway, by Aladdin, out of Joanna Southcote.
 Mr. J. Rogers's b. c. Monarch, by Comus, out of Corinne.
 Mr. J. Rogers's br. c. Jocko, by Filho da Puta, out of a Sister to Bereto.
 Lord Stradbroke's br. c. Toil-and-Trouble, by Manfred, out of Witchery.
 Mr. Pettit's b. c. Baron Munchausen, by Woful.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Allegro, out of Pagoda.
 Mr. Bush's c. Carthago, by Pioneer, out of Reserve.
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Camillus, out of Helen.
 Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Sister to Pinwire.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1896.

MONDAY, October 13.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 300 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—D. I.

Duke of York's b. f. Rachel, by Whalebone, out of Sister to Castanea.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Bolivar, by Comus, out of Minnet.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Sophist, by Scud, out of Frue.

The Frocmore STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 60 ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 5lb.—D. I.

Duke of York's ch. f. Elizabeth, by Rainbow, out of Belvoirina.
 Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Problem, by Merlin, out of Pawn.

The Filly Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 8st. each.—One mile and a half.

Mr. S. Laurence's ch. Eucrosia, by Walton.
 Mr. Horsley's bay, by Blacklock, dam by Walton.
 Mr. Riddell's bay, by Soothsayer—Caccia Piatti's dam.
 Mr. Russell's b. Fairy, by Magistrate—Gibside Fairy.
 Mr. Rolling's b. Grecian Queen, Sister to Homer.
 Duke of Leeds's b. by Whisker, out of Sir Anthony's dam.
 Mr. Bailey's bl. Marianne, by Blacklock.
 Mr. Whitelock's bay, by Juniper—Sister to King David.

The Yearling Stakes of 20 sovs. each:—rising two yrs old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile.

Duke of Leeds's gr. c. by Grey Middleham—Miss Cliffe.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.
 Mr. Riddell's b. f. by XYZ, dam by Comus.
 Mr. W. Scott's b. c. by Catton, dam by Walton.
 Mr. Jagne's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Merryfield's dam.
 Mr. Whitelock's gr. f. by Grey Walton, dam by Remembrancer.
 Mr. Darnell's b. c. by Walton, out of Redlock's dam.
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. f. by Grey Middleham—Floranthe.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Abies, out of Blue Stockings.
 Mr. J. Croft's ch. f. by Whisker, out of North Star's dam.
 Colonel Cradock's b. c. Lancer, by Grey Walton.

A Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, &c. not thorough-bred:—rising three-year-old colts, 10st.; and fillies, 9st. 11lb.—Mile and a quarter.

Colonel Cradock's bl. c. by Grey Middleham, dam by Velvet Horn.
 Mr. Booth's gr. c. by Revenue, dam by Apollo.
 Mr. Parkinson's ch. c. by Walton, dam by Apollo.
 Mr. Simpson's b. f. by Catton, dam by Adonis.
 Mr. Cross's b. c. by Cannon-Ball, dam by Norton.
 Mr. James Hopkinson's bay f. by Blacklock, dam by Young Shuttle. [Launcelet,
 Mr. John Hopkinson's br. f. by Blacklock, dam by Mr. Hudson's Arabian or Sir

YORK SPRING MEETING, 1826.**MONDAY.—HANDICAP Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for four-year-olds.—One mile and a half.**

Mr. Russell's b. c. The Alderman, by Bourbon, 8st. 5lb.
 Mr. Holyoake's b. c. Dauntless, by Whalebone, 8st.
 Mr. Richardson's br. c. Brownlock, by Blacklock, 7st. 12lb.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Acton, by Scud, 7st. 11lb.
 Mr. Uppleby's gr. f. Cameline, by Camillus, 7st. 9lb.
 Mr. Russell's ch. f. Sophy, by Comus, 7st. 9lb.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Count Porro, by Leopold, 7st. 7lb.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Daredevil, by Viscount, 7st. 5lb.
 Mr. Wright's b. c. Octavus, by Bourbon, 7st. 5lb.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for horses of all ages:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—4lb. allowed to maiden horses at the time of naming.—Fillies allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Phantom, out of Emmeline, 4 yrs old.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. Catterick, by Whisker, 4 yrs old.
 Mr. Petre's b. c. Rothelan, by Tiresias, 4 yrs old.
 Sir M. W. Ridley's b. f. Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, 4 yrs old.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Acton, by Scud, 4 yrs old.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Florismart, by Amadis, 5 yrs old.
 Mr. Whitaker's br. h. Lottery, by Tramp, 6 yrs old.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and three quarters.

Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Conjuror, by The Juggler.
 Mr. R. Harrison's b. c. Royal Oak, by Catton, dam by Smolensko.
 Mr. Stephenson's br. c. by Walton, dam by Phantom.
 Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.
 Mr. B. Peter's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl.

Sir T. Sykes's b. c. by Juniper, dam by Camillus.
 Major Yarborough's br. c. M'Adam, by Tramp, dam by Prime Minister.
 Lord Muncaster's b. f. Garcia, by Octavian, dam by Shuttle.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Catton, by Catton.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Cole, by Paulowitz, out of Isidora.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Barataria, by Cervantes.
 Mr. Brandling's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Sancho.
 Mr. Payne's br. c. by Octavius, dam by Election, out of Amazon.

THE FILLY SAPHLING STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies,
 8st. 3lb. each.—Last mile and a half.

Mr. Watt's ches. by Catton, out of Altisidora.
 Lord Scarbrough's br. Sister to Diadem.
 Mr. Kirby's ches. by Welbeck, out of Thomasina.
 Mr. Gascoigne's bay, by Walton, out of Trulla.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.;
 fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—T.Y.C.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. by Comus, out of Clinkerina (3lb.)
 Mr. Watt's br. f. by Magistrate, out of Manuella (3lb.)
 Mr. A. Heywood's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa (3lb.)
 Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews.
 Mr. Ellis's ch. f. Lunacy (late Deira), by Blacklock, out of Maniac.

Mr. Holyoake's b. c. Dauntless, by Whalebone, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Baird's b. c. Cleveland, by Prime Minister, 8st., both 4 yrs old, 1000 sovs. One mile and three quarters.

THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts,
 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and three quarters.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade.
 Mr. Watt's br. c. Belzoni, by Blacklock, out of Manuella.
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. Brother to Barefoot.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Tramp, out of Rhubarb's dam.
 Lord Muncaster's b. f. Garcia, by Octavian, dam by Shuttle.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Catton, by Catton, out of Swiss's dam.
 Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Bedlamite, by Welbeck, out of Maniac.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Brother to Cymbeline.
 Lord Milnes's b. c. Mulatto, by Catton, out of Deademona.
 Sir W. Milner's b. c. by Catton, out of Neva.
 Mr. Payne's b. c. The Captain, by Welbeck, dam by Cerberus.

Lord Queensberry's b. c. The Constable, by Magistrate, out of Trictrac, 8st. 4lb.,
 agst Mr. Lambton's b. f. Claudine, by Ebor, 8st. 2lb., 100 sovs. each, h. ft. Last mile.

SECOND DAY.—**THE FILLY STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb. each.—Last mile and a half.

Mr. Mason's ches. by Egremont, out of Lancashire Witch.
 Sir E. Dodsworth's ches. Miss Patrick, Sister to St. Patrick.
 Mr. Rolling's bay, Grecian Queen, Sister to Homer.
 Mr. Jaques's br. Galena, Sister to Barytes.
 Duke of Leeds's gr. by Walton, out of Lisette.
 Duke of Leeds's br. by Whisker, dam by Sir Paul.
 Mr. Watt's ches. by Catton, out of Altisidora.
 Lord Muncaster's bay, Garcia, by Octavian, dam by Shuttle.
 Lord Kennedy's bl. Mary Ann, Sister to Streatham.
 Lord Milton's bay, Theodosia, by Tramp, out of Sister to St. Helena.
 Mr. Brandling's br. Sister to Osmond.

THE SHORTS.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—
 colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile.

Duke of Leeds's gr. f. by Walton, out of Lisette.
 Mr. Duncombe's b. c. by St. Helena, dam by Waxy.
 Mr. Lambton's b. f. Claudine, by Ebor, out of Orphan.
 Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. by Oiseau, out of Medora, by Swordsman.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Catton, by Catton, out of Swiss's dam.
 Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Bedlamite, by Welbeck, out of Maniac.
 Lord Milton's ch. c. Barataria, by Cervantes, out of Governante.
 Lord Queensberry's b. c. The Constable, by Magistrate.—Trictrac.

Sir W. Milner's ch. c. by Amadis, dam by Juniper.
Mr. Payne's b. c. by Anticipation, out of Gilder Rose.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. the surplus in specie, by subscribers of 20 sovs. each:—for three-year olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Watt's ch. f. Zirza, by Amadis or Blacklock, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Petre's ch. h. Der Freischutz, by Outcry, 5 yrs old.
Sir M. W. Ridley's b. f. Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, 4 yrs old.
Lord Kelburne's bl. h. Jerry, by Smolensko, 5 yrs old.
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Actæon, by Scud, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Russell's b. c. The Alderman, by Bourbon, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Holyoake's br. h. Mustachio, by Whisker, 5 yrs old.
Mr. Whitaker's br. h. Lottery, by Tramp, 6 yrs old.
Mr. Payne's ch. c. Barytes, by Walton, 4 yrs old.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—for two-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Whaley's ch. c. Comus Secundus, by Chiseller or Ivanhoe.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. by Ardrossan, out of Jack Spigot's dam.
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Hartsbury, by Abjer, dam by Ardrossan.
Mr. Jaques's ch. f. Sister to Ringlet, by Whisker.
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Oberon.
Duke of Leeds's gr. c. by Grey Middleham, out of Miss Cliffe.
Mr. Allworthy's ch. f. Prospective, by Oiseau, out of Perspective.
Mr. Crompton's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Margaret.
Sir M. W. Ridley's b. c. by Catton, out of Harriet.
Mr. Wright's b. c. Sampson, by Blacklock, out of Octavus's dam.
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Ardrossan, dam by Haphazard.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Troubadour, by Blacklock, out of Minstrel.

LAST DAY.—The CONSTITUTION STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. of all ages:—three-year-olds, 7st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Daredevil, by Viscount, 4 yrs old.
Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. by Catton, out of Eliza Leeds's dam, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Holyoake's b. c. Dauntless, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Russell's b. c. The Alderman, by Bourbon, 4 yrs old.
Duke of Leeds's b. c. Catterick, by Whisker, 4 yrs old.
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Ferguson's br. c. by Bourbon, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Whitaker's br. h. Lottery, by Tramp, 6 yrs old.
Mr. F. Lumley's br. c. by Ardrossan, out of Marigold, 3 yrs old.
Lord Milton's b. c. Humphrey Clinker, by Comus, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Sister to Elizabeth, 3 yrs old.
Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. h. Conductor, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old.
Mr. B. Peter's b. f. by Tramp, 4 yrs old.
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Decision, by Magistrate, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Crompton's ch. f. Zirza, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old.

The COLT SAPLING STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for three-years-old colts 8st. 3lb. each.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Last mile and three quarters.

Lord Milton's b. Tickhill, by Catton, out of Orrvillina.
Mr. Watt's b. Belzoni, by Blacklock, out of Manuella.
Lord Queensberry's ch. Randolph, by Magistrates, out of Sally.
Sir W. Maxwell's g. Viscount Meldon, by Viscount.
Lord Scarbrough's b. Tarrare, Brother to Fair Charlotte.
Lord Scarbrough's ch. Conjuror, by The Juggler.

NO DAY MENTIONED.—Lord Kelburne's br. filly, by Ardrossan, dam by Rubens, agst Lord Queensberry's ch. f. Mrs. Fry, by Walton, 8st. 3lb. each, 200 sovs. 50 ft. One mile and a half.

Mr. Russell's b. h. Abron, by Whisker, 6 yrs old, agst Mr. Payne's ch. h. Helenus, by Soothsayer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. each, 500 sovs. each, h. ft. Last mile.

Mr. Russell's b. h. Caccia Piatti, by Whisker, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Payne's ch. c. Barytes, by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 500 sovs. each, h. ft. Last three miles.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Grey Walton, out of Blue Stockings, agst Lord Queensberry's ch. c. Randolph, by Magistrate, 8st. 3lb. each, 500 sovs. 50 ft. One mile and a half.

YORK AUGUST MEETING, 1826.

RENEWAL of the GREAT SUBSCRIPTIONS for four years.—A subscription of 25 sovs. each, divided into Three Purses, with 50l. added to each, by the Corporation of the City of York, to be run for by horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of a subscriber or a declared confederate, on WEDNESDAY, by four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb. Two miles.—On THURSDAY:—for five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st. Four miles.—On FRIDAY:—for four-year-olds, 8st. 3lb.; and five, 8st. 10lb. Two miles.—Subscribers to pay their annual subscriptions on or before Tuesday in each race week, to the Keeper of the Match Book, or pay double. The horses, &c. are to be entered at the Grand Stand, upon Knavesmire, on Saturday preceding the races, between Ten and Twelve o'clock in the forenoon.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Fitzwilliam	T. Houldsworth	R. Milnes	T. O. Powlett
Milton	Sir E. Dodsworth	W. Russell	F. Lumley
C. Wilson	Kelburne	F. L. Holyoake	B. Thompson
J. A. S. Wortley	Queensberry	Scarborough	Kennedy
J. G. Lambton	E. Watt	Devonshire	R. O. Gascoigne
J. G. Lambton	Leeds	Darlington	G. Crompton
E. Petre	Muncaster	J. Clifton	T. Whitaker.

FIRST DAY.—The GREAT YORKSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—for three-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and three quarters.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. by Rhadamanthus, out of Loo Choo.

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.

Mr. B. Peter's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Tramp, out of Rhubarb's dam.

Colonel Cradock's b. c. Pirate, by Tramp, out of Minna's dam.

Mr. Brandling's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Sancho.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies 8st. 4lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Four miles.

Mz. Lambton's b. f. by Leopold, out of Loo (3lb).

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. by Ardrossan, out of Kitten.

Mr. Watt's b. f. by Whisker, out of Madame.

Lord Milton's b. f. Beatrice, by Ardrossan, out of Maritornes (3lb).

Lord Milton's b. c. Dramatist, by Comus, out of Desdemona (3lb).

Mr. Petre's b. c. Lord John, by Interpreter, out of Agatha (3lb).

Mr. Lambton's b. c. (dead) by Whisker, out of Borodino's dam.

THE HARTFORTH STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies 8st. 3lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—T.Y.C.

Mr. G. Healey's b. g. Smacksmooth, by Comus, dam by Delpini.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Blacklock—Caifacaratadadders (3lb).

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Abier, out of Leopoldine (3lb).

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. by Comus, out of Clinkerina (3lb).

Mr. F. Lumley's b. f. by Tramp, dam by Shuttle—Drone.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli (3lb).

Mr. Witham's b. f. (dead) by Whisker, out of Sister to Corduroy.

Sir W. Gerard's c. (dead) by Milo.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and half.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Fanny Davies, Sister to Palatine.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. His Worship, by Filho or Magistrate.

Lord Scarborough's b. c. by Catton, dam by Paynator.

Mr. Watt's br. c. Belzoni, by Blacklock, out of Manuella.

Mr. R. W. Whaley's br. f. Craven Lass, by Chiseller.

SECOND DAY.—The PEREGRINE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 1½ ft.:—for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile and three quarters.

Major Yarborough's br. c. M'Adam, by Tramp—Prime Minister.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Mulatto, by Catton, out of Deademona.

Mr. Payne's br. c. by Octavius, dam by Election, out of Amazon.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each:—for two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Troubadour, by Blacklock, out of Minstrel.

Lord Kelburne's br. c. by Abjer, out of Blue Stocking.

Mr. Whaley's ch. c. Comus Secundus, by Chiseller or Ivanhoe.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Caifacaratadaddera.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli.

Mr. Vansittart's b. c. by Blacklock, out of the Dog.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Oberon.

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Wathcote Lass.

Mr. Crompton's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Margaret.

Mr. Petre's b. f. Matilda, by Comus, out of Juliana.

Mr. Petre's ch. f. Sister to Hampden, by Rubens.

Mr. Wormald's b. c. by The Laird, dam by Governor.

Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Selina.

Mr. Loftus's br. c. by Ardrossan, dam by Remembrancer.

Mr. Wright's b. c. Sampson, by Blacklock, out of Octavia's dam.

Mr. Taunton's b. c. Shylock, Brother to Streatham.

THIRD DAY.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 5lb. each.—Last mile and three quarters.

Lord Scarbrough's b. Pasta, by Catton, dam by Luck's-all.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Fanny Davies, Sister to Palatine.

Duke of Leeds's b. by Whisker, dam by Sir Paul.

Duke of Leeds's g. by Walton, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian.

Mr. Lambton's b. Claudine, by Ebor, out of Orphan.

Lord Muncaster's b. f. Garcia, by Octavian, dam by Shuttle.

Lord Kennedy's bl. Mary Ann, Sister to Streatham.

Lord Milton's b. Theodosia, by Tramp, out of Sister to St. Helena.

Sir W. Milner's b. Sister to Osmond, by Filho da Puta.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Kirby's ch. f. by Welbeck, out of Thomasina.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. by Soothsayer, out of The Duchess.

Mr. Jaques's br. f. Galena, Sister to Baryta.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Tickhill, by Catton, out of Orrivilla.

Mr. Crompton's ch. c. Brother to Barefoot.

Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Catton, out of Altisidora.

Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. by Walton, out of Trulla.

Sir W. Milner's b. c. by Catton, out of Neva.

Mr. Petre's ch. f. Missey, by Catton, out of Agatha.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's bl. c. by Walton, out of Miss Fanny's dam.

Mr. Armstrong's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Staveley Lass.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Meeta, by Filho da Puta, out of Eleanor.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. His Worship, by Magistrate.

Lord Milton's b. f. (dead) by Partisan, out of Clinkerina.

FOURTH DAY.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a quarter.

Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Conjuror, by The Juggler.

Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Sister to Coronation, by Catton.

Lord Dundas's br. c. by Amadis, dam by Pandolpho.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. by Rhadamanthus, out of 1.00 Choo.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade.

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.

Duke of Leed's gr. f. by Walton, out of Lisette.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Magister, by Soothmayer.
 Mr. Lambton's b. f. Claudine, by Ebor, out of Orphan.
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. Brother to Barefoot, by Traup.
 Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Catton, out of Altisidora.
 Mr. Wilkinson's ch. c. Red Cross Knight, by Amadis, out of Cantata.
 Mr. Pelham's br. c. by Tiresias, dam by Hambletonian.
 Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. by Oiseau, out of Medora, by Swordsman.
 Mr. Wright's ch. c. South Holme, by Catton, out of Octavus's dam.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Catton, by Catton, out of Swiss's dam.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Cole, by Paulowitz, out of Isidora.
 Lord Kennedy's bl. f. Mary Ann, Sister to Streatham, by Blacklock.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Brother to Cymbeline, by Octavian.
 Lord Milton's ch. c. Barataria, by Cervantes, out of Governante.
 Sir W. Milner's ch. c. by Amadis, dam by Juniper.
 Mr. Payne's b. c. by Anticipation, out of Gilder Rose.

The Renewed TWENTY-FIVE SOVEREIGNS SUBSCRIPTION, for three years.—

A SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for horses, &c. *bona fide*. the property of a Subscriber or his declared confederate, three months before the day of running; three-year-old colts, 7st. 2lb.; fillies, 6st. 11lb.; four-year-olds, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—The horses, &c. to be named to Mr. W. Lockwood, Pavement, on the Wednesday before running, between the hours of four and seven o'clock in the afternoon.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Kelburne.	Thos. Houldsworth.	Leeds.	E. Petre.
F. L. Holyoake.	Fitzwilliam.	R. Ridsdale.	Kennedy.
Wm. Russell.	Milton.	J. G. Lambton.	W. M. Milner.
Muncaster.	Scarborough.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.; then four years old.—Two miles.

Lord Queensberry's ch. c. Arsenic, by Comus, out of Sally.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. His Grace, by Filho da Puta or Magistrate.
 Lord Scarborough's ch. c. by Interpreter, out of Catton's dam.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts and fillies, now foals:—colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 11lb.—T.Y.C.

Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. f. by Comus, out of St. Patrick's dam.
 Mr. Wyvill's ch. g. Smacksmooth, by Comus, out of My Lady's dam.
 Duke of Leeds's gr. c. by Grey Middleham, out of Miss Cliffe.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Thomasina.
 Lord Kelburne's br. c. by Abjer, out of Blue Stocking.
 Mr. Petre's b. f. Matilda, by Comus, out of Juliana.
 Mr. Wortley's colt, by Catton, out of Bistirpa.

DONCASTER MEETING, 1826.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—From the Red House In.—The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Doncaster Club.

Mr. Whaley's ch. c. Comus Secundus, by Chiseller or Ivanhoe.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Caifacaratadaddera.
 Col. Cradock's ch. f. Sister to Ringlet, by Whisker.
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. by Magistrate, dam by Orville—Epsom Lass.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.
 Duke of Leeds's gr. c. by Grey Middleham, out of Miss Cliffe.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Leopoldine.
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. by Magistrate, out of Altisidora.
 Mr. Petre's b. f. Matilda, by Comus, out of Juliana.
 Mr. W. Scott's b. c. by Catton, dam by Walton.
 Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Selina.
 Lord Muncaster's gr. f. Tittle Tattle, by Blacklock, dam by Camillus.

Lord Muncaster's b. f. The Pet, by Palmerin.
 Lord Kelburne's br. c. by Abjer, out of Blue Stocking.
 Sir J. Byng's ch. c. Pedlar, by Tramp, out of Gadabout.
 Lord Kennedy's ch. c. by Octavian, dam by St. George.
 Mr. Darnell's ch. f. Lunacy, by Blacklock, out of Maniac.
 Mr. Darnell's b. c. Paul Pry, by Octavian, dam by Sir Paul.
 Mr. Russell's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Gibeide Fairy.
 Mr. Payne's f. by Whisker, out of Vicissitude.
 Lord Queensberry's c. Sillery, by Catton, out of Sister to Bourbon.
 Mr. Wyvill's ch. g. Smacksmooth, by Comus, out of My Lady's dam.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. ;
 fillies, 8st. 4lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Four miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Humphrey Clinker, by Comus—Chinkerina.
 Lord Milton's b. f. Bearice, by Ardrossan, out of Maritornes.
 Lord Milton's bl. f. by Amadis, out of Marianne.
 Mr. Petre's br. c. Lord John, by Interpreter, out of Agatha.
 Mr. Croft's b. c. Saladin, by Selim, out of Juliana.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Escape, by Filho da Puta—Sister to Agnes Sorrel.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Maid of Mansfield, Sister to The Miller.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. (dead) by Whisker, out of Borodino's dam.

TUESDAY.—PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Red House In.

Mr. Heywood's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli.
 Lord Milton's br. c. by Cervantes, out of Marianne.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Leopoldine.
 Sir W. Maxwell's c. by Viscount, out of Mrs. Barnet.
 Col. Cradock's f. (dead) by Whisker, out of Swiss's dam.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb. ;
 fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Neville's b. c. Smuggler, by Tiresias, dam by D. Andrews.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Tarrare, Brother to Fair Charlotte.
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Conjuror, by The Juggler—Lucy Gray.
 Mr. Wortley's b. c. Crusader, by Cervantes, out of Octaviana.
 Mr. Wortley's br. c. by Cervantes, out of Calypso.
 Mr. S. Laurence's ch. f. Eucrosia, by Walton, out of Emma.
 Mr. Frankland's b. f. by Don Juan, dam by Haphazard—Reticule.
 Mr. Johnson's b. f. Vesta, by Governor, dam by Sir Peter.
 Mr. Baird's ch. c. by Ardrossan, out of Lady Crampeazer.
 Mr. Platel's b. c. Nolens Volens, Brother to Conviction.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Fanny Davies, Sister to Palatine.
 Mr. Powell's b. c. by Norton, dam by Canterbury—Merrythought.
 Mr. Mason's ch. f. by Egremont, out of Lancashire Witch.
 Lord Dundas's br. c. by Amadis, dam by Pandolpho.
 Mr. Rolling's b. f. Grecian Queen, Sister to Homer.
 Mr. Walker's b. f. Fair Star, by Mho, dam by Young Woodpecker.
 Mr. R. Harrison's b. c. Royal Oak, by Catton, dam by Smolensko.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's bl. c. Brother to Miss Fanny.
 Mr. F. Lumley's br. c. by Ardrossan, out of Marigold.
 Mr. Stephenson's br. c. by Walton, dam by Phantom.
 Sir W. Gerard's br. c. Euxton, by Rinaldo—Sister to Oriana.
 Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Rinaldo, dam by Young Chariot.
 Mr. Wilkinson's b. c. by Octavian, out of Don Antonio's dam.
 Mr. Jaques's br. f. Galena, Sister to Barytes.
 Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Magistrate, out of Pluto's dam.
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Camillus.
 Duke of Leeds's gr. f. by Walton, out of Lisette.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade.
 Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonias.
 Mr. Ridesdale's b. c. by Bastard, out of Olympia.
 Mr. Ridesdale's ch. c. by Tramp, out of Rhubarb's dam.
 Mr. Ridesdale's b. c. by Oiseau, out of Medora.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Magister, by Soothsayer, out of Loretta.

Mr. Lambton's br. f. Claudine, by Ebor, out of Orphan.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Waterloo, dam by Soothsayer.
 Mr. Watt's br. c. Belsoni, by Blacklock, out of Manuella.
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. Brother to Barefoot, by Tramp.
 Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Catton, out of Altisidora.
 Mr. Petre's ch. f. Missy, by Catton, out of Agatha.
 Mr. Wilkinson's ch. c. Red-Cross Knight, by Amadis.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Catton, by Catton.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Cole, by Paulowitz, out of Isidora.
 Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Bedlamite, by Welbeck.
 Lord Kennedy's bl. f. Mary Ann, Sister to Streatham.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. Scaramouch, by Don Juan, out of Wagtail.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. Cour de Lion, by Cervantes.
 Col. Cradock's br. c. Hussar, by Whisker, Sister to Torchbearer.
 Col. Cradock's br. c. Pirate, by Tramp, out of Minna's dam.
 Mr. Whitelocke's b. f. Gin, by Juniper, out of Princess Jemima.
 Mr. Darnell's b. f. Decision, by Magistrate, out of Remembrance.
 Mr. Darnell's b. f. Jessamine, by Catton, out of Woodbine.
 Mr. Darnell's ch. f. Redlock, by Blacklock.
 Mr. Pelham's br. c. by Tiresias, dam by Hambletonian.
 Mr. Loftus's b. c. by Catton, out of Kitty, by Orville.
 Sir T. Sykes's b. c. by Juniper, dam by Camillus.
 Lord Muncester's b. f. Garcia, by Octavian.
 Major Yarborough's br. c. M'Adam, by Tramp—Prime Minister.
 Mr. Holyoake's b. c. by Grey Orville, dam by Hambletonian.
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Restless, by Magistrate, out of Shepherds.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Brother to Cymbeline.
 Lord Milton's b. c. Tickhill, Brother to Sandbeck.
 Sir J. Byng's b. c. Mulatto, by Catton, out of Desdemona.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Barataria, by Cervantes.
 Mr. Cradock's ch. c. Thales, by Tramp, out of Margaret.
 Mr. Russell's b. c. Hardwick, by Orville, dam by Dick Andrews.
 Lord Queensberry's b. c. The Constable, by Magistrate.
 Lord Londonderry's b. c. by Whisker, out of Castella.
 Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Catton, out of a Sister to Benedict.
 Sir W. Milner's b. c. by Catton, out of Neva.
 Sir W. Milner's ch. c. by Amadis, dam by Juniper.
 Sir W. Milner's br. f. Sister to Osmond.
 Mr. Brandling's br. f. by Welbeck, out of Sheba's Queen.
 Mr. Brandling's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Sancho.
 Sir J. H. Maxwell's br. f. by Epperston, out of Anna.
 Lord Orford's ch. c. Rector, by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews.
 Lord Orford's b. c. Swiss Guide, by Tramp, dam by Haphazard.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Sophist, by Scud, out of Prue.
 Mr. Thornhill's br. c. The General, by Comus, out of Briscis.
 Mr. Pettis's b. c. Baron Munchausen, by Woful, dam by Totteridge.
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Orville, out of Canvas.
 Mr. Clifton's b. c. Tom, by Walton, out of Jerry's dam.
 Mr. S. Lee's ch. c. Massetto, by Muley, dam by Alexander the Great.
 Mr. Payne's b. c. The Captain, by Welbeck, dam by Cerberus.
 Mr. Payne's br. c. by Octavius, dam by Election, out of Amazon.
 Mr. Payne's b. c. by Anticipation, out of Gilder Rose.
 Mr. Rogers's b. c. Waterman, by Woful, out of Rivulet.
 Mr. Mills's b. c. Panic, by Spectre, out of Zuleika.
 Mr. Mills's ch. c. Apelles, by Rubens, dam by Woful, Sister to Brandon.
 Mr. Marriot's b. c. Clothier, by Cannon Ball, out of Julietta.
 Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. Full Moon, by The Flyer, out of Moonshine.
 Mr. J. Pickford's ch. c. The Captain, by Abjer, Sister to Petworth.
 Mr. Wardell's b. c. Horncliffe, by Whitworth, dam by St. George.
 Mr. Mytton's b. c. Bowspit, by Rainbow, out of Cobben.
 Mr. Yates's b. f. Little-Bo-Peep, Sister to Eve, by Paulowitz.
 Mr. Yates's b. c. Paul Pry, Brother to Madame Poki, by Paulowitz.
 Mr. Forth's ch. c. Skyrocket, by Selim, out of Young Chryseis.
 Mr. Forth's b. c. Memier, by Phantom, dam by Rubens, out of Chryseis.
 Mr. Forth's ch. c. by Interpreter, dam by Canopus.
 Mr. Forth's b. f. by Interpreter, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Spitfire.

The RENEWED DONCASTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of a Subscriber or his declared confederate:—three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—This subscription continues in 1897 and 1898.—And the horses to be named on the day of entry for the plates.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Fitzwilliam.
Milton.
Kelburne.
Scarborough.
J. A. S. Wortley.
C. Wilson.
T. O. Powlett.
E. Petre.

T. S. Duncombe.
W. M. Milner.
J. C. Brandling.
M. W. Ridley.
F. Lumley.
T. Houldsworth.
J. G. Lambton.
R. Watt.

S. Cradock.
R. O. Gascoigne.
Darlington.
T. Whitaker.
R. W. Darnell.
Kennedy.
W. Russell.

D. Baird.
R. Ridsdale.
G. Crompton.
F. L. Holyoake.
G. Payne.
Muncaster.
Leeda.

WEDNESDAY.—The FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.

Lord Scarborough's b. c. Tarrare, Brother to Fair Charlotte.

Lord Milton's b. c. Tickhill, Brother to Sandbeck.

Lord Queensberry's ch. c. Randolph, by Magistrate, out of Sally.

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Magistrate, out of Pluto's dam.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. His Worship, by Magistrate—Miller's dam.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Fanny Davies, by Filho da Puta—Camillus.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Maiden horses at the time of naming allowed 4lb.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. His Grace, by Filho da Puta.

Mr. Petre's b. c. Rothelan, by Tiresias, out of Lucilla.

Mr. Russell's b. c. The Alderman, by Bourbon, out of Maniac.

Lord Darlington's b. c. Memnon, by Whisker, out of Mannella.

The DONCASTER CLUB STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. of all ages:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. His Grace, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Lambton's b. h. Canteen, by Waxy Pope, 5 yrs old.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Actson, by Scud, 4 yrs old.

Mr. Russell's b. h. Mustachio, by Whisker, 5 yrs old.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Florismart, by Amadis, 5 yrs old.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. Barytes, by Walton, 4 yrs old.

THURSDAY.—The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the Great St. Leger Stakes to carry 5lb. extra.—St. Leger Course.

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.

Mr. Duncombe's b. c. by St. Helena, dam by Waxy.

Mr. Lambton's b. c. by Waterloo, dam by Soothsayer.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Brother to Cymbeline, by Octavian.

Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Bedlamite, by Welbeck, out of Maniac.

Mr. Russell's b. c. The Constable, by Magistrate.

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Barataria, by Cervantes.

Mr. Brandling's b. c. by Catton, out of Neva.

Lord Muncaster's b. f. Garcia, by Octavian, dam by Shuttle.

Mr. Mills's b. c. Panic, by Spectre, out of Zuleika.

Mr. Payne's b. c. The Captain, by Welbeck, dam by Cerberus.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—St. Leger Course.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Grey Walton, out of Blue Stocking.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. by Soothsayer, out of Borodino's dam.

Mr. Watt's br. c. Belzoni, by Blacklock, out of Mannella.

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SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Str E. Dodsworth's bl. c. by Grey Walton, dam by Raphael.
 Mr. Whaley's ch. c. Comus Secundus, by Chiseller or Ivanhoe.
 Mr. O. Powlett's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Caifarataadaddera.
 Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Hartsbury, by Abjer, dam by Ardrossan.
 Mr. Platel's ch. f. Blaze, Sister to Conviction, by Cannon Ball.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli.
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. by Magistrate, dam by Orville.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, dam by Trophonius.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Oberon.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Leopoldine.
 Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Abjer, out of Wathcote Lass.
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. by Magistrate, out of Altisidora.
 Mr. Petre's b. f. Matilda, by Comus, out of Juliana.
 Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Selma.
 Mr. Haworth's br. c. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl.
 Mr. Wright's b. c. Sampson, by Blacklock, out of Octavus's dam.
 Lord Muncaster's gr. f. Tittle Tattle, by Blacklock.
 Lord Kelburne's br. c. by Abjer, out of Blue Stocking.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Marchesa.
 Sir J. Byng's ch. c. Pedlar, by Tramp, out of Gadabout.
 Lord Kennedy's ch. c. by Octavian, dam by St. George.
 Mr. Taunton's b. c. Shylock, Brother to Streatham, by Blacklock.
 Mr. Darnell's ch. f. Lunacy, by Blacklock, out of Maniac.
 Mr. Darnell's b. c. Paul Pry, by Octavian, dam by Sir Paul.
 Mr. Russell's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy.
 Lord Queensberry's c. Silery, by Catton, out of Sister to Bourbon.

FRIDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Rolling's b. Grecian Queen, Sister to Homer, by Catton.
 Mr. Jaques's br. Galena, Sister to Barytes, by Walton.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. Pasta, by Catton, dam by Luck's-all.
 Mr. Johnson's b. Vesta, by Governor, dam by Sir Peter.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. Fanny Davies, Sister to Palatine.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. Sister to Miss Maltby, by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Yates's b. Little-Bo-Perp, Sister to Eve, by Paulowitz.
 Mr. Clifton's b. Grizzle, by Amadis, out of Doctor Syntax's dam.
 Duke of Leeds's gr. by Walton, out of Lisetta.
 Duke of Leeds's b. by Whisker, dam by Sir Paul.
 Mr. Lambton's b. Claudine, by Ebor, out of Orphan.
 Mr. Watt's ch. by Catton, out of Altisidora.
 Mr. Petre's ch. Missey, by Catton, out of Agatha.
 Lord Muncaster's b. Garcia, by Octavian, dam by Shuttle.
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. Sister to Elizabeth, by Walton.
 Lord Kennedy's bl. Mary Ann, Sister to Streatham.
 Mr. Darnell's ch. Redlock, Sister to Crowcatcher, by Blacklock.
 Mr. Brandling's br. by Welbeck, out of Sheba's Queen.
 Sir W. Milner's br. Sister to Osmond, by Filho da Puta.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs., 10ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the St. Leger Stakes to carry 7lb. extra.—The last mile.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's bl. c. Brother to Miss Fanny, by Walton.
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Conjuror, by The Juggler—Catton's dam.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Sister to Coronation, by Catton.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. by Rhadamanthus, out of Loo Choo.
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Camillus.
 Mr. S. Laurence's ch. f. Eucrosia, by Walton, out of Emma.
 Duke of Leeds's gr. f. by Walton, out of Lisette.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Whisker, out of Masquerade.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Magister, by Soothsayer, out of Loretta.
 Mr. Lambton's b. f. Claudine, by Ebor, out of Orphan.
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. Brother to Barefoot, by Tramp.
 Mr. Loftus's b. c. by Catton, out of Kitty, by Orville.

Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. Restless, by Magistrate, out of Isabella's dam.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Brother to Cymbeline, by Octavian.
 Sir J. Byng's br. c. Skirmisher, by Smolenako, out of Skiff's dam.
 Lord Kennedy's ch. c. Bedlamite, by Welbeck, out of Maniac.
 Lord Kennedy's b. c. King Catton, by Catton, out of Swiss's dam.
 Lord Kennedy's bl. f. Mary Ann, Sister to Streatham.
 Mr. Darnell's b. f. Jessamine, by Catton, out of Woodbine.
 Mr. Russell's b. c. The Constable, by Magistrate, out of Trictrac.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Tickhill, Brother to Sandbeck.
 Sir W. Milner's ch. c. by Amadis, dam by Juniper.
 Mr. Mills's b. c. Panic, by Spectre, out of Zuleika.
 Mr. Yates's b. c. Paul Pry, Brother to Madame Poki.
 Mr. Payne's br. c. by Octavius, dam by Election, out of Amazon.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of a subscriber or his declared confederate, three months before the day of naming:—four-year-old colts, 7st. 9lb.; fillies 7st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Four miles.—This subscription to continue in 1827 and 1828.—The horses to be named to the Clerk of the Course on the Thursday in the race week, before nine o'clock in the evening.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Milton	E. Petre	T. Houldsworth	Scarborough
W. Russell	G. Payne	W. M. Milner	T. Whitaker.
Leeds	Darlington	F. L. Holyoake	

NO DAY MENTIONED.—Mr. Yates's b. f. Linnet, by Bustard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. agst Lord Muncaster's b. f. Garcia, by Octavian, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 300 sovs. h. ft. One mile and a half.

PONTEFRACT MEETING, 1826.

FIRST DAY.—**SWEEPSTAKES of 30gs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—**colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters.

Lord Dundas's br. c. by Amadis, dam by Pandelpho.
 Mr. F. Lumley's br. c. by Ardrossan, out of Marigold.
 Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Magistrate, out of Pluto's dam.
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Magister, by Soothsayer, out of Loretta.
 Mr. Loftus's b. c. by Catton, out of Kitty, by Orville.
 Mr. Wright's ch. c. South Holme, by Catton, out of Octavius's dam.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. by Rhadamanthus, out of Loo Choo.
 Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Catton, dam by Paynator.
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. Conjuror, by The Juggler—Catton's dam.
 General Grosvenor's ch. c. Full Moon, by The Flyer—Moonshine.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Sister to Miss Maltby, by Filho da Puta.
 Sir J. Byng's ch. c. Thales, by Tramp, out of Margaret.
 Lord Queensberry's b. c. The Constable, by Magistrate—Trictrac.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1822:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.—5lb. allowed, &c.—One mile and three quarters.

Mr. Petre's ch. f. Missey, by Catton, out of Agatha.
 Mr. Brown's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Bella Donna's dam.
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Restless, by Magistrate, out of Shepherdess.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Fanny Davies, by Filho da Puta.
 Lord Milton's b. f. (dead) by Partisan.

The YORKSHIRE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1823:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Paul Pry, by Octavian—Sir Anthony's dam.
 Mr. Jaques's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Merryfield's dam.
 Col. Sykes's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Sorcerer.
 Mr. Lambton's c. (dead) by Abjer, dam by Haphazard.

SECOND DAY.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. by subscribers of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, for all ages:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.

5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wilson	J. G. Lambton	T. Houldsworth	J. G. Lambton
C. Wilson	E. Petre	Leeds	W. Russell

THIRD DAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—
colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Seven furlongs.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. Granby, by Cannon Ball, out of Shoe Horn.
Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Miss Paul.
Mr. Haworth's br. c. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl.
Mr. Loftus's br. c. by Ardrossan, dam by Remembrancer.
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. Jessy, by Comus, out of Jerry's dam.
Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews.
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. by Magistrate, dam by Orville—Epsom Lass.
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Pedlar, by Tramp, out of Gadabout.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies,
8st. 3lb. each.—Last mile and a quarter.

Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. f. Miss Patrick, own Sister to St. Patrick.
Mr. S. Laurence's ch. f. Eucrosia, by Walton, dam by Hambletonian.
Mr. Lambton's b. f. Claudine, by Ebor, out of Orphan.
Mr. Bell's bay, by Blacklock, dam by Sir Malagigi.
Lord Scarbrough's bay, Pasta, by Catton, dam by Luck's-all.
Mr. Houldsworth's bay, Sister to Miss Maltby, by Filho da Puta.
Lord Kennedy's bl. Mary Ann, Sister to Streattham, by Blacklock.
Lord Fitzwilliam's bay, Theodosia, by Tramp—Sister to St. Helena.

MALTON CRAVEN MEETING, 1826.

TUESDAY, March 21.—The CRAVEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—for two-year-olds, 6st. 2lb.; three, 8st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 1lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Petre's b. c. Saladin, by Selim, out of Juliana, 3 yrs old.
Col. King's ch. f. Ultima, by Bourbon, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Wright's ch. c. South Holme, by Catton, 2 yrs old.
Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. Dramatist, by Comus, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Watt's ch. f. Zirza, by Amadis or Blacklock, 3 yrs old.
Mr. Kirby's br. c. by Bourbon, out of Sister to Prime Minister, 3 yrs old.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for three-year-old fillies,
8st. 3lb. each.—One mile.

Mr. Stephenson's bay, by Blacklock, dam by Sir Malagigi.
Lord Muncaster's bay, Garcia, by Octavian, dam by Shuttle.
Mr. Petre's ch. Missey, by Catton, out of Agatha.

The BARTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for rising three-year olds:—
colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Duncombe's b. c. by St. Helena, dam by Waxy.
Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Catton, out of Altisidora.
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Tramp, out of Rhubarb's dam.
Mr. Yarborough's br. c. M'Adam, by Tramp, dam by P. Minister.

WEDNESDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for rising two-year olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Half a mile.

Mr. Allworthy's ch. f. Prospective, by Oiseau, out of Perspective.
Mr. Crompton's b. f. by Blacklock.
Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Miss Paul.
Lord Muncaster's gr. f. Tittle Tattle, by Blacklock, dam by Camillus.
Mr. Wormald's b. c. by The Laird, dam by Governor.

MIDDLEHAM MEETING, 1826.

THE BOLTON STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. allowed, &c.—One mile and a half.

Duke of Portland's a. by Tiresias, out of L'Huile de Venus.

Sir J. Shelley's Brother to Ivanhoe.

General Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville.

Lord Exeter's f. (dead) Sister to Augusta.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Goshawk, by Merlin, out of Coquette, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Greville's b. f. Rachel, Sister to Moses, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 200, h. ft.

TUESDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—The winner of the July Stakes to carry 7lb. extra.

Mr. Haffenden's b. c. by Waxy Pope, out of Bella Donna.

Mr. Haffenden's br. c. by Waxy Pope, out of Pythones.

Mr. Rogers's b. f. Flounce, by Clinker, out of Tancred's dam.

Mr. Rogers's gr. c. by Clinker, out of Charm.

General Grosvenor's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Brillante.

General Grosvenor's b. f. by The Flyer, dam by Dick Andrews—Beningbrough.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. Pandarus, by Whalebone, out of Bertrand's dam.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. Crony, by Comus, out of Scarborough's dam.

Lord Exeter's Brother to Attica.

Mr. Forth's ch. f. by Interpreter, out of Sagana.

Lord Orford's br. c. Jocko, Brother to Wanton, by Woful.

Sir J. Byng's ch. c. by Catton, out of Ursula.

Mr. Novell's b. c. by Comus, out of Young Caprice.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Frolic, dam by Stamford—the mare bought at Tattersall's.

Mr. H. Scott's b. f. by The Flyer, out of Mite.

Lord Verulam's Brother to Arbutus.

Lord Verulam's ch. c. by Mr. Lowe, out of Willow.

WEDNESDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—No weight mentioned.—T. Y. C.

Mr. J. Rogers's c. Barber, by Clinker, out of a Barb mare.

General Grosvenor's ch. f. by Tiresias, out of Sprite.

Lord Verulam's Brother to Arbutus.

Mr. Molony's c. The Devil, by Anticipation, out of Atalanta.

THURSDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, 60 ft.:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Norman, by Abjer, out of Rowena.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Allegro, out of Pagoda.

Mr. Thornhill's c. The General, by Comus, out of Briscis.

Mr. Greville's bl. a. by Whalebone, out of Amabel's dam.

General Grosvenor's b. c. Pollio, by Orville.

FRIDAY.—RENEWAL of the PRENDERGANT STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Udry's ch. c. Constantine, by Comus, dam by Gohanna.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. by The Flyer, dam by Dick Andrews, grandam by Beningbrough.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. by Tiresias, out of Sprite, by Bobtail.

Gen. Grosvenor's bl. c. by Blacklock, out of Brillante.

Lord Jersey's Mameluke, by Partisan, out of Master Henry's dam.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Zoffani, Brother to Zinc.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. by Amadis, out of Pawn Junior.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Brother to Attica.

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Woful, out of Phantom.

Mr. Wortley's b. f. Sister to Gourette.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. Pandarus, by Whalebone, out of Bertram's dam.

Mr. Dilly's b. c. Crony, by Comus, out of Scarborough's dam.

Mr. Newton's b. c. by Orville, dam by Popinjay, out of Medora's dam.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. by Waterloo, out of Belveirina.

Mr. Hunter's ch. c. by Gustavus, dam by Scud, out of Curw's dam.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Sister to Addy.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Morel.

Mr. Chifney's b. c. by Whisker, out of Castrella.

Mr. Mockford's br. c. by Smolenako, dam by Ardrossan, grandam by Sir Peter.

Mr. Mockford's b. f. by Smolenako, out of Stella.

Mr. Abbey's c. by Ashton, out of Idle Boy's dam.

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NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1896.

MONDAY.—The SCRUB STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.:—for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; not engaged in the Derby, Oaks, or Riddleworth.—R. M.

Duke of Richmond's c. Almack, by Comus, dam by Precipitate, out of Colibri.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Wamba, by Merlin, out of Penelope.
 Duke of Rutland's ch. c. by Wodol, out of Penny-trumpet.
 Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias, out of L'Huile de Venus.
 Mr. Theakston's ch. c. by Aladdin, out of Rantipole.
 Lord Jersey's ch. c. by Phantom, out of Blunder's dam.

Lord Orford's ch. c. The Rector, by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews, agst Col. Wilson's b. c. by Merlin, out of Spotless, A. F. 200, h. ft., no weights mentioned.

Mr. Thornhill's c. by Sam, out of Romp's dam, 8st. 7lb., agst Mr. Greville's c. by Manfred, out of Quadrille, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C. Mr. Greville stakes 100 to 80.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 5lb.—T. Y. C.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. by Tiresias, out of Sprite.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's filly, by Partisan, out of Ridicule.
 Mr. Greville's b. f. by Waterloo, out of Aladdin's dam.

FRIDAY.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.—A. F.

Duke of Portland's b. c. by Tiresias, out of L'Huile de Venus.
 Lord Orford's ch. c. The Rector, by Muley.
 Lord Anson's ch. c. by Aladdin, out of Rantipole.

NEWCASTLE.

THURSDAY, July 6.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by Subscribers of 10gs.—Two Miles.

Sir M. W. Ridley's b. f. Fleur de Lis.
 Capt. Baird's b. h. Robin Hood.
 Mr. Lambton's b. h. Buzzard.
 Mr. Lambton's b. h. Canteen.
 Mr. Beaumont's b. c. by Walton.

Mr. Russell's b. h. Abron.
 Mr. Ellison's br. c. by Bourbon.
 Mr. Baker's br. h. Lottery.
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. Brigand.
 Mr. Joliffe's bl. m. Elizabeth.

CHELTENHAM.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by Subscribers of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie.—About three miles.

Mr. Canning's b. f. Cressy.
 Mr. Polhill names b. m. Reality.
 Mr. Dolphin names ch. f. Miss West.
 Sir J. Stewart names ro. f. Resemblance.
 Sir J. Stewart names br. c. Comedian.
 Mr. Brown names ch. c. Burgundy.
 Mr. Mytton's b. h. Longwaist.
 Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates.

Mr. Mytton's b. h. Whittington.
 Mr. F. Craven's br. h. Triumph.
 Mr. F. Craven's br. c. Cricketer.
 Major Gore's br. c. The Moor.
 Lord Sherborne names br. f. Phantasma.
 Mr. Whiteside's br. h. Picton.
 Mr. West and Mr. Elwes are subscribers but did not name.

MANCHESTER.—The GOLD CUP, value 200gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's gr. h. Grildrig.
 Mr. R. Simpson's gr. c. Falcon.
 Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Rinaldo.
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. General Mina.
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Hajji Baba.
 Lord Darlington's b. c. Memnon.
 Mr. T. Peirce's b. c. Scaramouch.
 Mr. T. Peirce's b. f. by Don Juan.
 Mr. Leicester's br. f. Signiora.
 Mr. T. Simpson's b. h. Young Corrector.

Mr. W. Hatton's b. c. The Alderman.
 Mr. Thompson's ch. c. Cymbeline.
 Mr. Billington's br. c. Sam.
 Mr. Dutton's br. h. Lottery.
 Mr. Mytton's br. h. Longwaist.
 Mr. Mytton's br. h. Whittington.
 Mr. Mytton's br. c. Flexible.
 Mr. Yates's b. f. Linnet.
 Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Mr. Mann.
 Lord Grey is a subscriber but did not name.

NEWTON.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles.

Lord Derby's gr. h. Grildrig.
Mr. Leigh's b. f. Signiora.
Sir E. T. Farquhar's ch. c. Predictor.
Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Rinaldo.
Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates.
Mr. Mytton's b. h. Whittington.
Mrs. Mytton's b. h. Longwaist.
Colonel Yates's b. h. Hajji Baba.

Lord Wilton's ch. m. Governess.
Mr. Simpson's b. h. Young Corrector.
Mr. Thompson's ch. c. Cymbeline.
Mr. Haworth's gr. m. Minna.
Mr. Willis's ch. c. Mr. Munn.
Mr. Clifton's b. h. Brutandorf.
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. General Mina.

LANCASTER.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles.

Colonel Rawston's b. f. by Catton.
Mr. Rigbye's ch. c. Cymbeline.
Duke of Leeds's b. c. Crowcatcher.
Lord Darlington's ch. h. Barefoot.
Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Mr. Munn.

Mr. Simpson's b. h. Young Corrector.
Mr. Whittaker's br. h. Lottery.
Mr. Russell's ch. f. Sophy.
Mr. Green's b. c. John o'Gaunt.

NOTTINGHAM.—**GOLD CUP** of 100 sovs. by subscribers of 10 sovs. each.

Duke of Newcastle names ch. c. Predictor.
Duke of Portland's br. c. Mortgage.
Lord Titchfield's c. by Tiresias.
Earl Manvers names ch. f. Conviction.
Lord Raneliffe's ch. c. Wiscacre.
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. General Mina.
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Doctor Faustus.
Mr. Mytton's b. c. Flexible.
Mr. Mytton's b. h. Longwaist.

Mr. Charlton's br. c. Bestwood.
Mr. Sherwin's ch. m. Lady Blanche.
Admiral Sotheron names b. f. Sister to Miss Maltby.
Mr. T. Houldsworth's b. c. Escape.
Mr. J. S. Lumley names b. f. Signoria.
Mr. Poljambe names br. c. by Ardrossan.
Col. G. Gardiner names ch. g. Euphrates.
Mr. Thompson's ch. c. Cymbeline.

RACES PAST.

ANSON HUNT MEETING, 1896.

WEDNESDAY, March 15.—The **TRIAL STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for all ages:—two-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; and five, 9st. 11lb.—The **Last Mile**.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Paul Fry</i> , Brother to	3 yrs old	3
Madame Poki, by Paulowitz, 2 yrs	Mr. Yates's gr. f. Fille de Joie, 4 yrs	
old (W. Lear)	old	4
Mr. Cleave's br. c. The Miller of Mans-	Mr. Smith's c. Northwood, by Tagus,	
field, 4 yrs old	2 yrs old	5
Mr. Gisbourne's b. f. Susan, by Mango,		

The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Anson's b. c. Victory, by Blucher,	Mr. Tongue's br. c. Boryathoson, 4 yrs...	0
2 yrs old	Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Milo, 2 yrs	
Mr. Payne's br. h. Charnwood, 5 yrs ...	old	0
Mr. Morris's b. f. Emerald, by Smolen-	Colonel Yates's b. g. Fritz, by Blucher,	
sko, 2 yrs old	2 yrs old	0

A good race.

The **BOSWORTH STAKES** of 25gs. each, h. ft.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Twenty-two subscribers.

Mr. R. Grosvenor's b. h. <i>Tawpy</i> , by	old, 11st. 7lb.	2
Young Screveton, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	Mr. Payne's b. g. Gossoon, aged, 12st.	
(Earl Wilton)	5lb.	3
Mr. Painter's b. g. Fitzwilliam, 5 yrs		

The following also started but were not placed:

Mr. Walmealey's ch. g. Waxlight, aged,	old, 10st. 9lb.	0
12st.	Colonel Yates's ch. g. St. Govin, 6 yrs	
Mr. Cork's br. g. by Rinaldo, 5 yrs old,	old, 12st.	0
11st. 7lb.	Mr. E. Peel's br. g. Bonehill, 6 yrs old,	
Mr. Longden's br. c. Ashbourne, 4 yrs	12st.	0

Gossoon the favorite. A fine race.

The FARMERS' PURSE of 50 sovs.:—for three-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; four, 11st. 7lb.; and five, 12st. 7lb.—The second to receive 10 sovs.—Heats, two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Burton's gr. f. <i>May-Flower</i> , by Cannon-Ball, 3 yrs old	0	1	1
Mr. Clarke's br. m. Lady Jane, 4 yrs old	1	0	0
Mr. Robinson's b. m. Vesta, 4 yrs old	0	0	2
Mr. Sudbury's b. m. Miss Lee, 3 yrs old	2	2	0
Mr. Griffin's ch. g. Sandie, by Magic, 5 yrs old	0	0	0

MALTON CRAVEN MEETING, 1826.

THURSDAY, March 16.—The CRAVEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages:—two-year-olds, 6st. 2lb.; three, 8st. 2lb.—Mile and a quarter.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Petre's b. c. <i>Saladin</i> , by Selim, out of Juliana, 3 yrs old, (J. Garbot)	1	Catton, 3 yrs old	1
Colonel King's ch. f. <i>Ultima</i> , by Bourbon, 3 yrs old	2	Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. Dramatist, by Comus, 3 yrs old	4
Mr. Wright's ch. c. South Holme, by Even betting on Zirza, and 5 to 2 agst Saladin. A very good race, and won by only a head.		Mr. Watt's ch. f. Zirza, by Amadis or Blacklock, 3 yrs old	5

The BARTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.:—colts 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.; rising three years old.—One mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Yarbrough's br. c. <i>M'Adam</i> , by Tramp, dam by Prime Minister, (T. Nicholson)	1	out of Rhubarb's dam	2
Mr. Riddale's ch. c. Barelegs, by Tramp, Six to 4 agst M'Adam, and 5 to 2 agst Barelegs.—A good race with the first two.		Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Catton, out of Altisidora	3

The EAST-RIDING UNION STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thoroughbred:—four-year-olds, 11st.; five, 11st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Bayard's ch. h. <i>St. Leger</i> , by Cap-sicum, aged (Captain Ramsden)	1	T. Sykes	2
Mr. Teesdale's b. f. Fairy, 4 yrs old (Sir St. Leger the favorite. Won easy.		Mr. Legard's br. h. Vagrant, by Tramp, 5 yrs old (Owner)	3

The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, mile and half.

Mr. Skipsy's b. h. <i>Don Antonio</i> , by Octavian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (M. Noble)	1	7st. 2lb.	3	3
Sir T. Sykes's br. c. by Ardrossan, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2	Mr. Hill's ch. c. South Holme, by Catton, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0	0
Mr. Fox's b. c. Redbreast, 2 yrs old, Sir T. Sykes's c. the favorite. Won easy.		Mr. J. Scott's br. f. Gift, by Magistrate, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0	0

FRIDAY, March 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.:—for yearling colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Half a mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Crompton's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Rosa Mundi (W. Scott)	1	Mr. Alworthy's ch. f. Prospective, by Oiseau—Prospective	3
Mr. W. Fox's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Miss Paul	2	Lord Muncaster's gr. f. Title Tatle, by Blacklock	4
Five to 4 agst Prospective. Won easy.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added:—for fillies rising three years old, 8st. 3lb.—One mile.—Three subscribers.

Lord Muncaster's bay, <i>Garcia</i> , by Octavian, dam by Shuttle (T. Nicholson) 1	Mr. Petre's ch. Missy, by Catton, out of Agatha	2
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The MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Wright's b. c. <i>Octavus</i> , by Bourbon, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (S. Templeman)	1	2	0	1
Mr. Skipsy's b. h. Don Antonio, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2	1	0	2
Mr. Breckon's ch. m. Bacchante, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	3	3	3
Five to 4 on Don Antonio; after the heat, 3 to 1 on Octavus; after the second heat, 4 to 1 on Don Antonio; and after the dead heat, 5 to 4 on him.				

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